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THE

MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS,

IN

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PROSE and VERSE,

OF

Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe:

Published by her Order,

By Mr. *THEOPHILUS ROWE.*

To which are added,

POEMS on SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

By Mr. *THOMAS ROWE.*

And to the Whole is prefixed,

An Account of the LIVES and WRITINGS of the AUTHORS.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

The FOURTH EDITION, Corrected.

To which is added,

The HISTORY of *JOSEPH*, a Poem in Ten Books.

LONDON:

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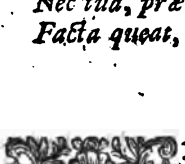
THE

THE LIFE OF *Mrs.* Elizabeth Rowe.

Nec tua, præter te, chartis intexere quisquam
Facta queat, dictis ut non majora supersint.

TIBULLUS.



RS. ELIZABETH ROWE, not more admired for her fine writings by the ingenious that did not know her, than esteemed and loved by all her acquaintance, for the many amiable qualities of her heart, was born at *Ilchester* in *Somersetshire*, *Sept.* 11. 1674. being the eldest of three daughters of Mr. *Walter Singer*, a gentleman of a good family, and Mrs. *Elizabeth Portnell*, both of them persons of very great worth and piety. Mr. *Singer* was not a *native* of the town now-mentioned, nor an *inhabitant*, before his imprisonment there for his non-

conformity in the reign of King *Charles* II. Mrs. *Pownell* thinking herself obliged to visit those that suffered for the sake of a good conscience, as a testimony of her regard, not to them only, but also to our *common* Lord, agreeably to the representation he himself makes of such kind and christian offices: It was from hence that acquaintance first commenced between these two virtuous and well-pair'd minds, which afterwards proceeded to a union that death alone could dissolve. And this it did too soon for the mournful survivor, if the tenderest affection might be judge, and for the world, which can badly bear to lose any, and much more such eminent examples of virtue and religion in the several scenes and relations of life. 'Till her death Mr. *Singer* resided at *Ilchester*, but not long after removed into the neighbourhood of *Frome* in the same county, where he became so well known and distinguish'd for his good sense, primitive integrity, simplicity of manners, uncommon prudence, activity and faithfulness in discharging the duties of his station, inflexible adherence to his principles, and at the same time truly catholic spirit, as to be held in high esteem, even by persons of superior rank; My Lord *Weymouth*, who was reckoned a very good judge of men, not only writing to him, but honouring him with his visits; as did the devout Bishop *Kenn* very frequently, sometimes once a week; such a charm is there in unaffected goodness, and so naturally do kindred souls, warmed and actuated by the same heavenly passion, and pursuing the same glorious end, run and mingle together, with the greatest pleasure, after they are once acquainted, notwithstanding any accidental diversity of sentiments in some smaller things.

Mr. *Singer* was religiously inclined, as he said himself, when about ten years old, and never from that time neglected prayer; and, as far as he knew his own heart, had sincerely endeavoured to keep a good conscience; and he died as he had lived, *April* 18. 1719. full of that blessed calm and peace of mind, and humble

confidence

confidence in the mercy of God, through a Redeemer, which a long course of active virtue, and constant lively devotion, joined with the most generous and exalted ideas of the divine goodness, free from all mixtures of a gloomy, sullen superstition, may be expected to produce. A worthy and intimate friend of his, and witness to the heroic and christian manner in which he finished life, observes, that he settled his affairs, and took leave of the world with the same freedom and composure, as if he had been setting out on a journey; was peculiarly careful that the widows and orphans, with whose concerns he was intrusted, might not be injured after he was gone; conversed, tho' under great bodily disorders, with those that came to see him, who were not a few, in the easiest, freest manner; spent his time in praising and blessing God, and praying to him, and giving good counsel to those about him; shewed an uncommon sweetness and patience in his behaviour; and was exceeding thankful to those who did the least thing for him, tho' they owed him a great deal more. In a memorandum relating to her father's last sickness and death, Mrs. *Rowe* herself hath these words, *My father often felt his pulse, and complain'd that 'twas still regular, and smil'd at every symptom of approaching death: He would be often crying out, Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; Come, ye holy angels, that rejoice at the conversion of a sinner, come and conduct my soul to the skies, ye propitious spirits; and then would add, But thy time, Lord, not mine, is best.* If I may use the expression, how lovely and tempting is such a death! What an instance of the power of religion, and the true dignity of human nature, when raised and supported by the grace of God, and the hope of immortality! The sight was so affecting, that a person listed among the *free-thinkers* of the age, as they are pleas'd to compliment themselves, being present, was exceedingly struck with it, and ready to say, *Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian*; as every one who rightly considers such examples, and how naturally they arise out of the principles of the gospel, firmly believed,

and steadily practised upon, must be *entirely persuaded* by them; persuaded to embrace it, not merely as a pleasing imagination, but a most sacred truth, which all that allow it to be the former, have reason to wish it may prove; and which no man that wishes it to be true, so far as to examine the evidences of it with candor and sincerity, can pronounce to be false.

THOSE who were acquainted with Mrs. *Rowe* in her childish years, could not but have observed a great many things not common in that age of life, which promised the bright day that afterwards ensued; and it must have been with peculiar satisfaction that Mr. *Singer*, in whom parental affection conspir'd with a penetrating discernment to heighten the pleasure, beheld the early dawnings of a great and good mind in his charming daughter.

WHEN she received the first serious impressions of religion, does not appear; not unlikely it might be as soon as she was capable of it, at once *perceiving* her obligations to the Author of her *being*; and, in the same measure as her opening reason discovered these to her, *feeling* the force of them. A lady of character for good sense and piety, who began her life with her, thinks so; and in one of her pious addresses she herself thus speaks to God: * *My infant hands were early lifted up to thee, and I soon learned to know and acknowledge the God of my fathers.* To this, with a prudent and pious education, the felicity of her natural disposition, under the heavenly influence, conspired; for tho' she had an unusual sprightliness in her temper, which held out to the last, yet she was at the same time blest with a turn of mind to noble and elevated subjects, that gave her a high relish for the pleasures of devotion.

* *Devout Exercises*, p. 36.

THERE

THERE is so great a similitude between *painting* and *poetry*, as being each of them a pleasing and judicious imitation of nature, and depending upon the beauty and strength of the imagination, that 'tis no way surprising, one who possessed this faculty in so high a degree of perfection, did very early discover an inclination to these two sister arts; which have often the same *followers*, perhaps always, the same *admirers*, it having been, I believe, seldom known that those who have excelled in one of these arts, have not, at least, had a taste for the charms of the other, and been qualified to judge of its beauties, whether they have made any attempts in it or no.

SHE lov'd the *pencil* when she had hardly strength and steadiness of hand sufficient to guide it; and in her infancy (one may almost venture to say so) would squeeze out the juices of herbs to serve her instead of colours. Mr. *Singer* perceiving her fondness for this art, was at the expence of a master to instruct her in it; and it never ceased to be her amusement at times, and a very innocent one it was, 'till her death. Perhaps (saith an ingenious gentleman, who knew her perfectly well) she liked it the better for the opportunities it yielded her of pleasuring her friends with presents of the best of her *drawings*, and therein gratifying her beneficent disposition; for she kept very few of them herself, and these only such as she judged unworthy the acceptance of any one else.

SHE was also what every one acquainted with her writings will suppose of such a well-tun'd soul, very much delighted with *music*; chiefly of the grave and solemn kind, as best suited to the grandeur of her sentiments, and the sublimity of her devotion.

BUT her strongest bent was to *poetry* and *writing*. Poetry indeed was her favourite employment, in youth her most distinguishing excellence. So prevalent was

her genius this way, that her very *prose* hath all the *charms* of *verse*, without the *fetters*; the same fire and elevation, the same bright images, bold figures, rich and flowing diction. She could hardly write a familiar letter but it bore the stamp of the poet. One of her acquaintance remembers to have heard her say, she began to write verses at twelve years old, which was almost as soon as she could write at all. In the year 1696. the 22d of her age, a collection of her poems on various occasions was published at the desire of two of her friends, which we may suppose did not contain all that she had by her, since the ingenious prefacer gives the reader to hope that the author might in a little while be prevailed with to oblige the world with a *second part*, no way inferior to the former.

The occasion of her poetical name, *Philomela*, which from this time she was known by to the world, and whether she assumed it herself, or was complimented with it by her friends, I have not been able to learn. The latter is most probable, and that it was given her at the publication of her poems, before which her modesty not consenting that her own name should appear, this was substituted in the room of it, as bearing a very easy allusion to it, and happily expressing the softness and harmony of her verses, not less soothing and melodious than the strains of the nightingale, when from some leafy shade she fills the woods with her melancholy plaints.

Tho' many of these poems are of the religious kind, and all of them consistent with the strictest regard to the rules of virtue; yet some things in them gave her no little uneasiness in advanced life. To a mind that had so entirely subdued its passions, or devoted them to the honour of its Maker, and indued with the tenderest *moral sense*, what she could not absolutely approve, appeared unpardonable; and, not satisfied to have done nothing that injured the sacred cause of virtue, she was displeased with

with herſelf for having writ any thing that did not directly promote it. How were it to be wiſhed, that none of our celebrated poets had any thing worſe to anſwer for than the harmleſs gayeties of a youthful muſe, for which too they had atoned by more ſerious and inſtructive compoſitions; or, that after all the guilt they had contracted, by corrupting the manners of the age with their looſe productions, they were conſcious but of half the remorſe the virtuous *Philomela* felt, for what no ingenious reader will impute as a reproach to her memory.

WHAT firſt introduced her into the notice of the noble family at *Longleate*, was a little copy of verſes of her's, with which they were ſo highly delighted, as to expreſs a curioſity to ſee her; and the friendſhip that commenced from that time, ſubſiſted ever after; not more to her honour, who was the favourite of perſons ſo much ſuperior to her in the outward diſtinctions of life, than to the praiſe of their judgment and taſte who knew how to prize, and took a pleaſure to cherish ſuch blooming worth. She was not then twenty. Her paraphraſe of the 38th chapter of *Job* was writ at the requeſt of Biſhop *Ken*, who was entertained in that family, and gained her a great deal of reputation.

SHE had no other tutor for the *French* and *Italian* languages, than the honourable Mr. *Thynne*, ſon to the Lord Viſcount *Weymouth*, who willingly took that taſk upon himſelf, and had the pleaſure to ſee his fair ſcholar improve ſo faſt under his leſſons, that in a few months ſhe was able to read *Taſſo*'s *Jeruſalem* with great eaſe.

HER ſhining merit, with the charms of her *perſon* and *converſation*, had procured her a great many admirers. Among others, 'tis ſaid, the famous Mr. *Prior* would have been glad to ſhare the pleaſures and cares of life with her; ſo that, allowing for the double licenſe

of the *Poet* and *Lover* in the manner of expreſſion, the concluding lines in his anſwer to the paſtoral on *Love and Friendſhip*, by Mrs. *Singer*, were not without all foundation in truth *. She was the nameleſs lady to whom the following copy of verſes in the ſame author is inſcribed. But Mr. *Thomas Rowe* was the perſon reſerved by Heaven to be the happy man; both to be made, and to make happy.

THIS gentleman was born at *London*, *April* 25. 1687. the eldeſt ſon of the Rev. Mr. *Benoni Rowe*, who, with a very accurate judgment, and a conſiderable ſtock of uſeful learning, joined the talents of preaching, and a moſt lively and engaging manner in converſation. By both his parents he was creditably deſcended †; but, as he had too much perſonal worth to be under a neceſſity of borrowing from ſuch foreign aids, ſo he thought too juſtly to pride himſelf upon it, being able to ſay with the Poet,

Et genus & proavos, & quæ non fecimus ipſi,
Vix ea noſtra voco. OVID.

His ſuperior genius, and inſatiable thirſt after knowledge, made themſelves taken notice of, at an age when the generality of mankind have ſcarcely out-grown the merely

* Vide *Prior*'s Poems, p. 32.

† He was the grandſon of *William Rowe*, Eſq; a gentleman of worth and conſiderable eſtate, and *Alicia* (a lady of diſtinguiſh'd ſenſe, beauty, and virtue) daughter of *Thomas Scot*, Eſq; member of parliament for *Aileſbury*, in the county of *Bucks*: And by the maternal ſide he was deſcended from the *Rowes* of *Devon*; ſome account of which ancient family is given by Dr. *Welwood*, in his preface to the tranſlation of *Lucan*, by *N. Rowe*, Eſq; folio edit. p. 18.

merely ſenſitive life. He was able to *read* as ſoon almoſt as he could *ſpeak*; had ſuch a pleaſure in books, as to take none at all in the diverſions which children are uſually ſo fond of; and, when he was prevailed on by his companions, which was but ſeldom, to make one in their little parties at play, his unreadineſs and inattention plainly ſhewed it was not out of choice he engaged, but purely from his good-nature and complaiſance, to which he ſhould offer too much violence, always to deny their importunity.

He commenced his acquaintance with the *Claſſics* at *Epſom*, while his father reſided there; and by his ſwift advances in this part of learning, quickly became the delight of his maſter, a man very able in his profeſſion, and was treated by him with a very particular indulgence, in ſpite of the natural ruggedneſs and ſeverity of his temper. When Mr. *B. Rowe* remov'd to *London*, he placed his ſon under the care of Dr. *Walker*, the eminently learned maſter, of the *Charter-houſe* ſchool, juſtly fam'd for the great numbers of excellent linguiſts that have received their education in that ancient nurſery of polite literature. He was one of thoſe who, the Doctor could eaſily foreſee, would do him honour when they ſhould appear abroad in the world, and, we may ſuppoſe, did not pleaſe him the leſs on that account. His exerciſes never failed of being diſtinguiſhed even among thoſe that had the approbation of the maſter, who when he had finiſhed his pupil in the *Latin*, *Greek*, and *Hebrew* tongues, would fain have perſuaded his father to ſend him to one of our *Engliſh* univerſities. But now honourably ſoever Mr. *Rowe* might think of the *learning* of thoſe noble ſeats of the muſes, not having the ſame advantageous notion of the *principles* in too much credit there, he would by no means truſt a ſon of his hopes in ſuch hands; but entered him firſt at a private academy in *London*, and ſome time before his death, that he might not want any advantages which the moſt liberal education could give him, he had determined his

going to *Leyden*, for the last hand of the great masters there. And well did the fruit reward the expence of the culture. For, after having studied *Jewish Antiquities* under *Witsius*, *Civil Law* under *Vitriarius*, the *Belles Lettres* under *Perizonius*, and *Experimental Philosophy* under *Senguerdius*; and established a reputation for capacity, application, and an obliging deportment both among the professors and students; he returned from that celebrated mart of learning with a vast accession of treasure, in books he had purchased, and knowledge he had amassed, and no loss in his *morals*, which he had preserved as uncorrupt as he could have done under the most vigilant eye and strictest hand, though left without all other restraints but those of his own virtue and prudence.

The love of liberty had been always one of Mr. *Rowe*'s most darling passions. 'Twas a kind of *ideal mistress*, to whose charms no one ever had a soul more sensible than his; the generous inclination beat strong in his breast, and was not to be extinguished but with the vital flame. In these sentiments so natural to him, he was not a little confirmed by his familiar acquaintance with the history, and the noble authors of ancient *Greece* and *Rome*, whose very spirit was transfused into him, and residing so long in a *Republic*, where he had examples continually before him, of the inestimable value of freedom, as the parent of industry, the nurse of arts and sciences, and universal source of social happiness; this made him, with so much anxiety for his native country, not very long after his return thither, in the year 1708. observe, that a set of wretched principles, destructive of its liberties and welfare, were growing in fashion under the countenance of some in power. To these he opposed himself with a zeal, which might have had more influence, indeed, in a higher sphere, but could not have been more honest and open. Tyranny of all sorts he most sincerely detested, but most of all *ecclesiastical*, in every shape; deeming the slavery of the mind

mind, as the most abject and ignominious, so, in its consequences, more pernicious than any other. His *Lives* will be a glorious monument of his love of liberty and publick good; to which may be added his *Poems*, in both which this commendable ardor is very visible. From the same cause proceeded his attachment to the illustrious house of *Hanover*, in which he had the satisfaction to see the protestant succession to the *British* throne take place before he died, leaving the world more willingly, after having been witness to this happy event.

It was with Mr. *Rowe*, in respect of his learned avarice, as with those that love money; his desires after knowledge inlarged with his acquisitions, instead of abating. All his morning hours, and a large part of the afternoon, were devoted to study, 'till the time of his being seiz'd with the distemper of which he died. His library, in collecting which he was assisted by his great knowledge of the best editions of books, consisted of a great number of the most valuable authors; and as he was making continual additions to it, amounted at his death to above five thousand volumes.

He was a perfect master of the *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French* languages, and, which is seldom known to happen, had at once such a prodigious strength of memory, and inexhaustible fund of wit, the effect of a lively imagination, as would singly have afforded a stock of reputation for any man to trade upon, and much more united. This, with an easy fluency of words, the frankness and benevolence of his temper, a readiness to communicate of his learned store, and a life and spirit which nature must bestow, since it can be but poorly imitated, made his company universally coveted and prized by those that knew him. 'Twas impossible there should be a drowsy soul where Mr. *Rowe* was present; he animated the conversation, every one was awake, and every one pleas'd. He had a penetration, and quickness

quickneſs of thought, hardly to be imagined, ſo as upon juſt glancing over an author, to ſee to the bottom of his ſentiments. None of the politer kinds of learning were neglected by him. He was a good judge in poetry, and had it in his power to have been himſelf an eminent poet; for he had actually the moſt eſſential parts belonging to that character, the *vivid fire*, the *rich vein*, the *copious diction*; but, as poetry was not his predominant inclination, his genius had not all the poliſhing which art and conſtant practice might have added to nature. Hiſtory was his favourite ſtudy, for which his talents of a vaſt memory, before taken notice of, and an exquiſite judgment, for one of his years, peculiarly qualified him.

He had formed a deſign to compile the lives of all the illuſtrious perſons in antiquity, omitted by *Plutarch*, and for this purpoſe read the ancient hiſtorians with great care. This deſign he in part executed. Eight lives were publiſhed ſince his deceaſe, by way of ſupplement to that admir'd Biographer; in which, tho' ſo young a guide, he ſtrikes out his way like one well acquainted with the dark and intricate paths of antiquity. The ſtyle is perfectly eaſy, yet conciſe and nervous, the reflections juſt, and ſuch as might be expected from a lover of truth and mankind; and the facts intereſting in themſelves, or made ſo by the ſkill uſed in relating them. There's a preface by the reverend and learned Mr. *Chandler*, writ after the uſual manner of that agreeable and lively author, with great ſpirit and elegance, and worthy of the excellent perſon for whoſe memory he expreſſes ſo high an eſteem. *He muſt be inſenſible to true merit* (ſaith the ingenious preface) *and to all juſt regards to the publick good, that can look over theſe valuable remains, without finding in himſelf a due reſpect and eſteem raiſed for the author, and his own heart inſpired with an increaſing love to the liberties and welfare of his country.* Beſides theſe *Lives*, the author had finiſhed and fitted for the preſs the life of *Thraſybulus*, which being

being put into the hands of Sir *Richard Steele*, for his revisal, was, some how or other, unhappily lost, and could never since be recovered. Should this manuscript be yet in being, Mr. *Theophilus Rowe*, the author's brother, will acknowledge it as a very great favour, if the person into whose hands it is fallen, will be so good as to return it him, in order to its being communicated to the public. The famous Mr. *Dacier* having translated *Plutarch*'s Lives into *French*, with remarks historical and critical; the Abbé *Ballinger*, 'already known (saith the '*Journal des Sçavans*) in the Republic of Letters, by 'some works that do him honour,' added in 1734. a ninth tome to the other eight, consisting of the life of *Hannibal*, and Mr. *Rowe*'s Lives made *French* by that learned Abbé; in the preface to which version he transcribes from the preface to the *English* edition the character of the author, with visible approbation; and saith, the *Lives* were written with taste, tho' being a posthumous work, the author had not put his last hand to it. We may presume, from the fidelity with which the *French* translator follows his original, not omitting the freest passages, and boldest strokes against tyranny, or any way qualifying or correcting, and expressing his dissent from them, that he had no aversion to the author's notions of the unalienable rights and liberties of mankind. And I must own, it added not a little to the pleasure this gave me, to find an approbation in form under the hand of the person appointed by the *Keeper of the seals*, to read that work. It looks as if there were some true *Frenchmen* still in being, the remains of a *generous race* (to use a warm phrase of Mr. *Rowe*'s *) *undebauch'd by slaviſh*

* The life of *Ariſtomenes*, thus faithfully translated in the *French*, *Tels étoient les principes d'un peuple généreux, qui ne s'étoit point laiſſé corrompre par de fauſſes ſubtilités, qui n'obéiſſoit point en eſclave, & qui ignoroit toute autre puiſſance que celle qui étoit dirigée & limitée par les loi*

ſlaviſh ſophiſtry, and juſtly ignorant of any power not guided by the laws, and accountable to them. May Mrs. *Rowe*'s being made to ſpeak *French*, be one means of increaſing the number, and re-kindling their zeal in the glorious cauſe!

Being at *Bath* in the year 1709. Mr. *Rowe* was introduced by a gentleman of her acquaintance, into Mrs. *Singer*'s company, who lived in a retirement not far diſtant from that city. The idea he conceiv'd of her from report, and from her writings, charmed him; but when he had ſeen and converſed with her, he felt another kind of impreſſion from the preſence of ſo much beauty, wit and virtue; and the eſteem of the *Theoriſt* was converted into the rapture of a *Lover*. During the courtſhip, he writ a poetical epiſtle to a friend that was a neighbour of Mrs. *Singer*, and intimate in the family. I ſhall take the liberty to quote a few lines out of it, not ſo much for a ſpecimen of Mr. *Rowe*'s poetical genius (tho' that appears in them too) as his paſſionate veneration for Mrs. *Singer*.

Youth's livelieſt bloom, a never fading grace,
And more than beauty ſparkles in her face;
Yet the bright form creates no looſe deſires,
At once ſhe gives, and purifies our fires,
And paſſions chaſte as her own ſoul inſpires;
Her ſoul, Heav'n's nobleſt workmanſhip, deſign'd
To bleſs the ruin'd age, and ſuccour loſt mankind;
To prop abandon'd virtue's ſinking cauſe,
And ſnatch from vice its undeſerv'd applauſe*.

Mrs.

* Thus far was wrote by the late ingenious Mr. *Henry Grove*. But as the death of this gentleman deprived the world of the pleaſure of ſeeing Mrs. *Rowe*'s life

MRS. *Elizabeth Singer* was married to Mr. *Thomas Rowe* in the year 1710, on which occasion a † learned friend of Mr. *Rowe*'s wrote the following beautiful *Latin* epigram:

In nuptias THOMÆ ROWE & ELIZABETHÆ SINGER.

Quid doctum par usque tuum, socioſque labores
Fabræ & Dacerii, Gallia *vana* crepas?
Par majus gens Angla *dedit, juvenem atque puellam,*
Quos hodie ſacro fœdere junxit amor.
Namque ea quæ noſtri Phœbo *cecinere docente,*
Explicuiſſe tuis gloria ſumma foret.

Thus tranſlated by a young gentleman:

On the marriage of Mr. THOMAS ROWE *and Mrs.* ELIZABETH SINGER.

No more, proud *Gallia,* bid the world revere
Thy learned pair, *Le Fevre* and *Dacier*;
Britain

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life completed by the ſame hand which begun it, the editor found himſelf obliged to attempt the finiſhing theſe memoirs; a taſk, which thro' decent reſpect to the public, and juſt regard to the memory of Mrs. *Rowe*, he undertook with inexpreſſible reluctance, and for which, he cannot be inſenſible, a conſtant ill ſtate of health is the ſmalleſt part of his incapacity.

Et veniam pro laude peto: contentus abunde,
Non faſtiditus ſi tibi lector ero. OVID.

† Mr. *John Ruſſel.*

Britain may boaſt, this happy day unites
Two nobler minds in *Hymen's* ſacred rites:
What *theſe* have ſung, while all th' inſpiring *Nine*
Exalt the beauties of the verſe divine;
Thoſe (humble critics on th' immortal ſtrain)
Shall bound their fame, to comment and explain.

As Mrs. *Rowe's* exalted merit and amiable qualities could hardly fail to inſpire the moſt laſting and generous paſſion, Mr. *Rowe* knew how to value that treaſure of wit, ſoftneſs and virtue, which the divine Providence had given to his arms in the moſt lovely of women, and made it his ſtudy to repay the felicity with which ſhe crowned his life. The eſteem and tenderneſs he had for her is inexpreſſible, and poſſeſſion ſeemed ſcarce to have abated the fondneſs and admiration of the lover. 'Twas ſome conſiderable time after his marriage, that he wrote to her a very tender ode, under the name of *Delia*, full of the warmeſt ſentiments of connubial friendſhip and affection; in which the following lines may appear remarkable, as it pleaſed Heaven to diſpoſe events in a manner ſo agreeable to the wiſhes expreſſed in them.

Long may thy inſpiring page,
And great example bleſs the riſing age!
Long in thy charming priſon may'ſt thou ſtay,
Late, very late, aſcend the well-known way,
And add new glories to the realms of day!
At leaſt Heav'n will not, ſure, this pray'er deny;
Short be my life's uncertain date,
And earlier far than thine the deſtin'd hour of fate!
Whene'er it comes, may'ſt thou be by,
upport my ſinking frame, and teach me how to die;

Baniſh

Banish desponding nature's gloom,
Make me to hope a gentle doom,
And fix me all on joys to come!
With swimming eyes I'll gaze upon thy charms,
And clasp thee dying in my fainting arms:
Then gently leaning on thy breast,
Sink in soft slumbers to eternal rest.
The ghastly form shall have a pleasing air,
And all things smile, while Heav'n and thou art there.

MR. *Rowe* had not a robust natural constitution, so that his intense application to study might, perhaps, contribute to that ill state of health, which allayed the happiness of his marriage-life, during the greater part of it. In the latter end of the year 1714. his weakness increased, and he appeared to labour under all the symptoms of a consumption. This fatal distemper, after it had confined him some months, cut off the fairest hopes of his doing great honour and service to his country, and put a period to his life, *May* 13. 1715. when he was but just past the twenty-eighth year of his age. He died at *Hampstead*, near *London*, where he had resided some time for the benefit of the air; and was buried in the vault belonging to his family, in the cemetry in *Bunhill-fields*; where on his tomb are only marked his name, and the date of his birth and death. But an inscription of greater pomp is rendered unnecessary by the honour Mrs. *Rowe* did his memory in the elegy she wrote on his death, which is deservedly ranked among the most admirable of her poetical works.

THE exquisite grief and affliction Mrs. *Rowe* felt for his loss, is described with such beautiful and unaffected eloquence in the poem I have just mentioned, and several of the letters inserted in the following collection, that I shall only add on this subject, that she continued to the last moments of her life to express the highest veneration and

and affection to his memory, and a particular regard and eſteem for his relations, ſeveral of whom ſhe honoured with a long and moſt intimate friendſhip. It was alſo but a ſhort time before her death, ſhe ſhewed how incapable ſhe was of forgetting him, by ſhedding freſh tears on occaſion of the mention of his name.

'Twas only out of regard to Mr. *Rowe*, that with his ſociety ſhe was willing to bear *London* during the winter ſeaſon; and as ſoon after his deceaſe as her affairs would permit, ſhe indulg'd her unconquerable inclinations to ſolitude, by retiring to *Frome* in *Somerſetſhire*, in the neighbourhood of which place the greater part of her eſtate lay. When ſhe forſook the town, ſhe determined to return to it no more, but to conceal the remainder of her life in an abſolute retirement; yet on ſome few occaſions ſhe thought it her duty to violate this reſolution. In compliance with the importunate requeſts of the honourable Mrs. *Thynne*, ſhe paſs'd ſome months with her at *London*, after the death of her daughter the Lady *Brooke*; and on the melancholy occaſion of the deceaſe of Mrs. *Thynne* herſelf, ſhe could not diſpute the commands of the Counteſs of *Hertford*, * who earneſtly deſired her to reſide ſome time with her at *Marlborough*, to ſoften, by her converſation and friendſhip, the ſevere affliction of the loſs of ſo excellent a mother: And I think, once or twice more, the power this laſt Lady had over Mrs. *Rowe*, drew her, by an obliging kind of violence, to ſpend a few months at this or ſome other of her Ladyſhip's country ſeats. Yet even on theſe occaſions, ſhe never quitted her retreat without very ſincere regret, and always returned to it again as ſoon as ever ſhe could with decency diſengage herſelf from the importunity of her noble friends.

* Now Ducheſs of *Somerſet*.

'Twas

'TWAS in this receſs that ſhe compoſed the moſt celebrated of her works, * *Friendſhip in Death*, and the ſeveral parts of the *Letters Moral and Entertaining*. *The drift of the* Letters from the dead *is* (as the ingenious author of the preface expreſſes it) *to impreſs the notion of the ſoul's immortality, without which, all virtue and religion, with their temporal and eternal good conſequences, muſt fall to the ground; and to make the mind contract, as it were, unawares, an habitual perſuaſion of our future exiſtence, by writings built on that foundation, and addreſſed to the affections and imagination.* It may alſo be added, that the deſign both of *theſe*, and the *Letters Moral and Entertaining*, is by fictitious examples of heroic virtue and the moſt generous benevolence, to allure the reader to the practice of every thing that ennobles human nature, and benefits the world; and by juſt and lively images of the remorſe and miſery attendant on vice, to warn the young and unthinking from being ſeduced to ruin by the inchanting name of pleaſure; the piety of which deſign is the more worthy of the higheſt panegyric, as it is ſo uncommon in witty and polite writers. The greater part of the poets of our country have apparently employ'd all their wit and art, to diſguiſe the native deformity of vice, and ſtrew flowers on the paths to perdition. But this excellent lady (as was obſerv'd of an † eminent genius of the laſt age) *poſſeſſed ſo much ſtrength and firmneſs of mind, and*

* The dates of theſe ſeveral pieces are as follow:
Friendſhip in Death, in twenty Letters from the Dead to the Living, 1728.
Letters Moral and Entertaining, in Proſe and Verſe, PART I. 1729. PART II. 1731: PART III. 1733.
Theſe Works of Mrs. *Rowe* were tranſlated into *French*, and publiſh'd at *Amſterdam*, in the year 1740. in two volumes, 12mo.

† Mr. *Cowley*.

and such a perfect natural goodness, as could not be perverted by the largeness of her wit, and was proof against the art of poetry itself. For the elegant *Letters* which gave occasion to remark this distinction in Mrs. *Rowe*'s character as an author, are not only chaste and innocent, but greatly subservient to the interest of Heaven, and evidently designed, by representing virtue in all her genuine beauty, to recommend her to the choice and admiration of mankind.

In the year 1736, the importunity of some of Mrs. *Rowe*'s acquaintance, who had seen the *History of Joseph* in manuscript, prevailed on her (tho' not without real reluctance) to suffer it to be made public. She wrote this piece in her younger years, and when first printed, had carried it on no farther than the marriage of the hero of the poem; but at the request of her friends (particularly of an * illustrious lady, to whom she could scarce refuse any thing) she added two books, to include the relation of *Joseph*'s discovery of himself to his brethren; the composing of which, I am informed, was no more than the labour of three or four days. This additional part, which was her last work, was published but a few weeks before her death.

This grand event, to prepare for which she had made so much the business of her life, befel her, according to her wish, in her beloved recess. She enjoyed an uncommon strength of constitution, and had passed a long series of years with scarce any indisposition severe enough to confine her to her bed. But about half a year before her decease, she was attacked with a distemper, which seemed to herself, as well as others, attended with danger: Tho' this disorder (as she expressed herself to one of her most intimate friends) found her mind not quite so serene, and prepared to meet

* The Duchess of *Somerset*.

meet death, as *usual*; yet when by devout contemplations on the atonement and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, she had fortified herself against that fear and diffidence, from which the most exalted piety does not always secure in such an awful hour, she experienced such divine satisfaction and transport, that she said with tears of joy, *she knew not that she had ever felt the like in all her life*; and she repeated on this occasion, Mr. *Pope*'s verses, intitled, *The Dying Christian to his Soul*, with an air of such intense pleasure, as evidenced that she really felt all the elevated sentiments of pious ecstasy and triumph, which breathe in that beautiful piece of sacred poetry. After this threatning illness, Mrs. *Rowe* recovered her usual good state of health; and tho' at the time of her decease she was somewhat advanced in age, yet her exact temperance, and the calmness of her mind, undisturbed with uneasy cares and passions, encouraged her friends to flatter themselves with a much longer enjoyment of so valuable a [illegible] than it pleased Heaven to allow them. On the [illegible]n which she was seized with that distemper, which in a few hours proved mortal, she seemed to those about her, to be in perfect health and vigour; and in the evening, about eight of the clock, she conversed with a friend with all her wonted vivacity, and not without laughter; after which she retired to her chamber. At about ten, her servant hearing some noise in her mistress's room, ran instantly into it, and found her fallen off the chair on the floor, speechless, and in the agonies of death. She had the immediate assistance of a physician and surgeon, but all the means used were without success; and after having given one groan, she expired, a few minutes before two of the clock, on *Sunday* morning, *Feb.* 20. 1736-7. Her disease was judged to be an

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* *Feb.* 19. *Saturday*, a day of the week which she had set apart, to employ a large portion of it in extraordinary devotion.

an apoplexy. A pious * book was found lying open by her, as also some loose papers, on which she had wrote the following unconnected sentences: †

O guide, and counsel, and protect my soul from sin!
O speak, and let me know thy heav'nly will,
Speak evidently to my list'ning soul!
O fill my soul with love, with light, and peace,
And whisper heav'nly comforts to my soul;
O speak, celestial spirit, in the strain
Of love and heav'nly pleasure to my soul!

Thus it appeared, that in reading pious meditations, or forming devout ejaculations for the divine favour and assistance, Mrs. *Rowe* made the last use of the powers of reason below the skies.

As she was greatly apprehensive that the violence of pain, or langours of a sick bed, might occasion sad depressions of spirits, and melancholy fears, unsuitable to the character and expectations of a Christian, *it was her earnest and daily prayer to Heaven*, as her manuscript book of devotions informs me, that she might not in this manner dishonour her profession; and to her friends she often expressed herself desirous of a sudden removal to the skies, as it must necessarily prevent any such

* It contained some meditations on religious subjects; but the book is lost, and the title of it cannot be exactly remembered by those who were about Mrs. *Rowe* at the time of her death.

† These papers contain a few more lines which I have not transcribed, because they are so ill written (occasioned, perhaps, by the trembling of her hand at the approach of death) that it was not possible for me to make any consistent sense of them.

such indecent behaviour in her last moments: So that as the suddenness of Mrs. *Rowe*'s death must be numbered among the many felicities with which she was favoured by Providence, it may also be interpreted as a reward of her singular piety, and a mark of the divine favour in answer to her prayers.

Mrs. *Rowe* seem'd, by the gayety and chearfulness of her temper, to be peculiarly fitted to enjoy life, and all its innocent satisfactions; yet, instead of any excessive fondness for things present and visible, her contempt for what she used to term a low state of existence, and a dull round of insipid pleasures, and the ardor with which she breathed after the divine enjoyments of a future world, were inconceivably great. When her acquaintance expressed to her the joy they felt at seeing her look so well, and possessed of so much health as promised many years to come, she was wont to reply, *That it was the same as telling a slave his fetters were like to be lasting; or complimenting him on the strength of the walls of his dungeon.* And the fervor of her wishes to commence the life of angels, irresistibly broke from her lips in numberless other instances. This satiety of all things beneath the skies, and impatience after the perfect fruition of God, might, perhaps, be the occasion, that in several periods of her life she had flattered herself that she was near that blessed state on which she had fixed all her hopes. And in particular, a little time before her death, she expressed to several of her friends, her firm persuasion that her continuance on earth would be very short; but without assigning any peculiar reason for this opinion. I would not presume to lay any kind of stress on such supposed presages; but as they have already been related to the public, I thought it not proper to omit all mention of them.

She was buried, according to her request, under the same stone with her father in the meeting place at *Frome*; on

on which occasion her funeral sermon was preached to a very crowded auditory, by the reverend and worthy Mr. *Bowden*. Her death was lamented with very uncommon and remarkable sorrow, by all who had heard of her virtue and merit; but particularly by those of the town where she had so long resided, and her most intimate acquaintance. Above all, the news of her death touched the poor and distressed with inexpressible affliction; and at her doors, and over her grave, they bewailed the loss of their benefactor, poured blessings on her memory, and recounted to each other the gentle and condescending manner with which she heard their requests, and the numerous instances in which they had experienced her goodness and bounty.

In Mrs. *Rowe*'s cabinet were found the following letters to several of her friends, for whom she had an high esteem and affection, which she had ordered to be delivered to the persons to whom they were directed, immediately after her decease, and by their obliging permission I communicate them to the public.*

* Besides the letters I have here inserted, Mrs. *Rowe* wrote one to Dr. *Watts*, already printed before her *Devotions*; and another to the author of these memoirs, which seemed of too private a nature to accompany the rest.

To

To the Countess of HERTFORD. *

MADAM,

THIS is the last letter you will ever receive from me; the last assurance I shall give you, on earth, of a sincere and stedfast friendship. But when we meet again, I hope it will be in the heights of immortal love and ecstasy. Mine, perhaps, may be the first glad spirit to congratulate your safe arrival on the happy shores. Heaven can witness how sincere my concern for your happiness is: Thither I have sent my ardent wishes, that you may be secured from the flattering delusions of the world; and after your pious example has been long a blessing to mankind, may you calmly resign your breath, and enter the confines of unmolested joy.

I AM now taking my farewel of you here, but 'tis a short adieu; for I die with full persuasion that we shall soon meet again. But oh! in what elevation of happiness, in what enlargement of mind, and perfection of every faculty! What transporting reflections shall we make on the advantages of which we shall find ourselves eternally possess'd! To him that loved, and wash'd us in his blood, we shall ascribe immortal glory, dominion and praise forever.

THIS is all my salvation, and all my hope! That name in whom the Gentiles trust, in whom all the family on earth are blessed, is now my glorious, my unfailing confidence; in his merits alone I expect to stand justified before infinite purity and justice. How poor were my hopes, if I depended on those works, which my own vanity, or the partiality of men, have called good; and which, examined by divine purity, would prove, perhaps, but specious sins! The best actions of

* Now Duchess of *Somerset*.

my life would be found defective, if brought to the teſt of that unblemiſh'd holineſs, in whoſe ſight the heavens are not clean. Where were my hopes, but for a Redeemer's merits and atonement! how deſperate, how undone my condition! With the utmoſt advantages I can boaſt, I ſhould ſtart back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemiſh'd majeſty.—O Jeſus, what harmony dwells in thy name! Celeſtial joy and immortal life is in the ſound! Let angels ſet thee to their golden harps! let the ranſom'd nations forever magnify thee.

WHAT a dream is mortal life! what ſhadows are the objects of ſenſe! All the glories of mortality, my much-lov'd friend, will be nothing in your view, at the awful hour of death, when you muſt be ſeparated from the whole creation, and enter the borders of the immaterial world.

SOMETHING perſuades me this will be my laſt farewel in this world! Heaven forbid that it ſhould be an everlaſting parting! May that divine protection whoſe care I implore, keep you ſtedfaſt in the faith of Chriſtianity, and guide your ſteps in the ſtricteſt paths of virtue!

ADIEU, my moſt dear friend, 'till we meet in the paradiſe of God.

ELIZ. ROWE.

To the Earl of ORRERY.

My LORD,

THERE ſeems to be ſomething preſaging in the meſſage you ordered me to deliver to your charming *Henrietta*,* when I met her gentle ſpirit in the bliſsful

* The late Counteſs of *Orrery*.

blisful regions, which I believe will be very soon. I am now acting the last part of life, and composing myself to meet the universal terror with a fortitude becoming the principles of Christianity. 'Tis only thro' the great Redeemer's merits and atonement, that I hope to pass undamned thro' the fatal darkness.

Before him death, the grisly tyrant, flies,
He wipes the tears forever from our eyes.

ALL human greatness makes no figure to my present apprehension; every distinction vanishes but those of virtue and real merit. 'Tis this which gives a peculiar regard for such a character as yours, and gives me hopes your example will not fall short of those of your illustrious ancestors. The approaches of death set the world in a true light; its brightest advantages appear no more than a dream, in that solemn period. The immortal mind, perhaps, will quit a cottage with less regret than it would leave the splendor of a palace; and the breathless dust sleep as quietly beneath the grassy turf, as under the parade of a costly monument. These are insignificant circumstances to a spirit doom'd to an endless duration of misery, or bliss. 'Tis this important concern, my Lord, that has induced me to spend my time in a peaceful retirement, rather than to waste it in a train of thoughtless amusements. My thoughts are grown familiar with the solemnity of dying, and death seems to advance, not as an inflexible tyrant, but as the peaceful messenger of liberty and happiness. May I make my exit in that elate manner, those charming lines of Mr. *Pope* describe.

The world recedes, it disappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

THE nearer I am approaching to immortality, the more extenſive and inlarg'd I find the principles of amity and good will in my ſoul: From hence riſe the moſt ſincere wiſhes for your happineſs, and of the charming pledges your lovely *Henrietta* left. Oh! my Lord, if you would diſcharge the ſacred truſt, keep them under your own inſpection.

THIS will not reach you, my Lord, 'till I am paſt the ceremony of ſubſcribing

Your humble ſervant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

To Mr. JAMES THEOBALD.

SIR,

THE converſe I have had with you has been very ſhort, but I hope the friendſhip begun by it, will be tranſmitted to the regions of perfect amity and bliſs. It would not be worth the while to cherish the impreſſions of a virtuous friendſhip, if the generous engagement was to be diſſolv'd with mortal life: Such a thought would give the grave a deeper gloom, and add new horrors to the fatal darkneſs.

BUT, I confeſs, I have brighter expectations, and am fully perſuaded, thoſe noble attachments that are founded on real merit, are of an immortal date: That benignity, that divine charity, which juſt warms the ſoul in theſe cold regions, will ſhine with new luſtre, and burn with an eternal ardor in the happy ſeats of peace and love.

MY preſent experience confirms me in this truth; the powers of nature are drooping, the vital ſpark grows languid

languid and faint; while my affection for my surviving friends was never more warm, my concern for their happiness was never more ardent and sincere.

THIS makes me employ some of the last part of my time in writing to three or four persons, whose merit requires my esteem, in hopes this solemn farewel will leave a serious impression on their minds.

I AM going to act the last and most important part of human life; in a little time I shall land on the immortal coasts, where all is new, amazing, and unknown. But however gloomy the passage appears,

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews *old* Canaan *stood,*
While Jordan *roll'd between.*

DR. WATTS.

NATURE cannot but shiver on the fatal brinks, unwilling to try the grand experiment, whilst the hopes of Christianity alone can support the soul in this solemn crisis. In this exigence the eternal Spirit whispers peace and pardon to the dying saint, thro' the darkness, and brightens the shadow of death with some glimmering of immortal light.

TELL Mrs. *Theobald*, I hope to meet her in the shining realms of love and unmingled bliss;

Where crown'd with joy, and ever-blooming youth,
The jocund hours dance on their endless round.

ELIZ. ROWE.

To Mrs. SARAH ROWE.

My dear Mother,

I AM now taking my final adieu of this world, in certain hopes of meeting you in the next. I carry to my grave my affection and gratitude to your family, and leave you with the sincerest concern for your own happiness, and the welfare of your family. May my prayers be answered, when I am sleeping in the dust! O may the angels of God conduct you in the paths of immortal glory and pleasure! I would collect the powers of my soul, and ask blessings for you with all the holy violence of prayer. God Almighty, the God of your pious ancestors, who has been your dwelling-place for many generations, bless you!

'Tis but a short space I have to measure, the shadows are lengthening, and my sun declining. That goodness which has hitherto conducted me, will not fail me in the last concluding act of life; that name which I have made my glory and my boast, shall then be my strength and my salvation. To meet death with a becoming fortitude, is a part above the powers of nature, and which I can perform by no power or holiness of my own; for oh! in my best estate I am altogether vanity; a wretched, helpless sinner: But in the merits and perfect righteousness of God my Saviour, I hope to appear justified at the supreme tribunal, where I must shortly stand to be judg'd.

E. ROWE.

SINCE Mrs. *Rowe*'s death, agreeably to her request, the reverend Dr. *Watts* has revised and published her devotions, under the title of *Devout Exercises of the Heart*, &c. In which, if some expressions (as the ingenious editor observes, and Mrs. *Rowe* herself was not insensible) may seem a *little too rapturous*; a just regard to

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the sex, and particular genius of the author, will prevail for a gentle censure. It could scarce be expected that a lady should be versed in the art of strict reasoning; and it ought to be easily forgiven, if she wrote on religious subjects, even in prose, rather with the fire and bold licenie of a poet, than the accuracy of a divine and a philosopher. It may also be added, that many of these exercises of piety were the productions of youth; and all of them, at first, composed only to assist her own private devotion, and improvement in virtue, tho' she afterwards thought fit to order them for public view after her decease, in pursuance of the following vow *.

April 20. 1735.

MY father's God; if thou wilt now speedily deliver me, and send me an answer of peace, then I will record thy several mercies, and leave the catalogue as a testimony of thy truth, and a seal to the veracity of the scripture promises; and leave it with a charge to be published to thy honour, at my death, that ages yet unborn may rise up and bless thee, and trust in thy word.

THE miscellaneous pieces that compose the following collection, were written in various periods of Mrs. Rowe's life, and are communicated to the world, in obedience to her commands, delivered to me since her decease. *She had no other view in their publication* (to use the words of the letter in which she intrusted them to my care) *but the profit, or innocent entertainment of the reader. I hope,* (continues she) *all my present design is abstractly the interest of virtue; for a reputation among mortals is a very insignificant thing to one, who hopes before these papers are published, to be above their censure or applause, and to receive the approbation of the supreme Judge. But if they may be any advantage to the cause of virtue, it will be a great satisfaction to me.*

* Taken from the author's manuscript.

To the papers now first printed from the author's manuscripts, I have judged it proper to prefix the poems she permitted, in her life-time, to be inserted in the *Miscellanies*: So that these volumes, with her *Letters*, the *History of Joseph*, and her *Devotions*, may be reckoned to complete her works. For the small collection in verse, written in her youth, when she was at a boarding-school in the country, or soon after leaving it, appeared rather such as might be expected from this early season, and disadvantageous situation in life, than fit to accompany the productions of her maturer years: Nor could I, without violating the respect due to *Mrs. Rowe*, endeavour to revive the memory of her first attempts in poetry, which, as juvenile follies, she thought only worthy of perpetual oblivion.

'Tis also, by Mrs. *Rowe*'s order, that this edition of her remains is inlarged with some select poems on several occasions, by Mr. *Thomas Rowe*, of which no more than two small translations from the *French*, were printed in his life-time. These essays in poetry, may be looked on only as the elegant amusement of some hours of relaxation from more serious studies: They do not appear to have been fitted for the press; and, as by the immature death of the author they were deprived of the advantage of his last corrections, it would be scarce reasonable to expect they should be above all need of that candor which is eminently due to posthumous pieces. Yet they shew so much strength of genius, and true poetic fire, as will, I doubt not, easily atone for any slight inaccuracies, which the severity of malignant criticism may be able to discover.

On occasion of this present collection, it is fit to acquaint the publick, that a large debt of gratitude is due from them to Mrs. *Rowe*'s friends, for the elegant and instructive entertainment they cannot fail to receive from her *familiar letters*; and in justice to the writer's memory, it is necessary to add, that if some of these letters

ters seem abrupt and imperfect, it is owing to the delicacy of the persons to whom they were wrote, who have obliged the editor to sacrifice several passages in them, to that modesty so usually attendant on merit.

As Mrs. *Rowe* passed almost all her days in retirement, the fewness of the facts related in the former part of these memoirs, will not, I presume, appear surprising. Her * *life was not varied with accidents to divert the reader: 'Twas more pleasant for herself to live, than for an historian to describe.* So that being an uniform course of devotion, benevolence, and indifference to the world, when you have the history of one week of her life, you have the history of the whole. This occasions her character being so much longer than the historical part; her character, which only represents what she was every day, and which could not be shortened without injustice to her, and the world.

I SHALL not attempt to give a character of Mrs. *Rowe*'s works, since the number of their editions, and the approbation and applause they have received from some of the best judges, and most celebrated writers of the age, may seem to render any further panegyric superfluous. I will only add, that her exquisite wit, and beautiful imagination, were scarce any thing indebted to the assistance of art or labour; and Mr. *Prior*, who in the preface to his poems has done justice to the *sweetness of her genius*, might, with equal truth, have applied to her what he has said of an † eminent wit of the last age. *Such were the natural faculties and strength of* her *mind, that she had occasion to borrow very little from education; and* she *owed those advantages to* her *own*

* Mr. *Dryden*'s expression concerning *Plutarch*.

† The Earl of *Dorset*. See *Prior*'s dedication of his Poems.

good parts, which others acquire by study and imitation. Her *wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit, in most writers, is like a fountain in a garden, supplied by several streams, brought thro' artful pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably: But Mrs.* Rowe's *was a source arising from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhaustible supplies delighted and inriched the country thro' which it passed.* She read no critics, nor could her genius brook the discipline of rules: And as the pains of correcting appeared to her some kind of drudgery, she seldom made any great alterations in her compositures, from what they were when she first gave copies of them to her friends. For she did not set so high a value on her works, as to employ much labour in finishing them with the utmost accuracy; and she wrote verses thro' inclination, and rather as an amusement, than as a study and profession, to excel in, which she should make the business of her life.

MRS. *Rowe* was not a regular beauty, yet she possessed a large measure of the charms of her sex. She was of a moderate stature, her hair of a fine auburn colour, and her eyes of a darkish grey inclining to blue, and full of fire. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, and a natural rosy blush glowed in her cheeks. She spoke gracefully, and her voice was exceeding sweet and harmonious, and perfectly suited to that gentle language which always flowed from her lips. But the softness and benevolence of her aspect is beyond all description. It inspired irresistible love, yet not without some mixture of that awe and veneration, which distinguished sense and virtue appearing in the countenance, are wont to create.

HER acquaintance with the great, had taught her all the accomplishments of good breeding, and complacency of behaviour; and without formality or affectation, she practised, in a distant solitude, all the address and politeness of a court. But she learned no more than the

the real elegancies of grandeur, she calls on one of her most intimate friends to witness. *I can appeal to you* (says she in a letter to a lady who had long known her) *if you ever knew me descend to any thing of disguise or artifice in my whole conduct.* She was also very remote from extravagance in habit, and seemed to have perfectly subdued the love of the vain shew of life; in which she may be thought to discover an elevation of soul superior to the natural inclinations of her sex, and great strength of virtue, in resisting the general example of the age in which she lived. The labours of the toilette consumed very little of her time: She justly despised the arts of dress and ornament, and endeavoured to infuse the same contempt of them into all her acquaintance; yet without falling into the other extreme of indecent negligence.

THE love of solitude, which seems almost inseparable from a * poetic genius, discovered itself very early in Mrs. *Rowe*, and never forsook her but with life itself. Before her marriage, tho' it cannot be doubted that she was often solicited to quit her beloved obscurity, yet she had only made a short visit to the town of a few weeks. After Mr. *Rowe*'s decease, as a decent retreat seemed to her alone suited to a state of widowhood, her aversion to a public appearance in the world increased; and the approach of the decline of life, determined her yet more strongly to devote the remainder of her days to retirement; nor could any arguments or persuasions of her friends, prevail with Mrs. *Rowe* to alter her sentiments and conduct in this instance. This resolution was unhappy for the world, as it deprived them of the knowledge of so fair a pattern of piety and goodness, and must not be generally proposed to the imitation of the virtuous part of mankind. For, as a celebrated

* *Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes.*
Hor. lib. ii. ep. 2.

† celebrated writer says, *The good ought not to be allowed to forsake the world, unless the bad had the same moderation, and were willing to follow them into the wilderness.* Nor did Mrs. *Rowe* recommend such a conduct to others; for she thus expresses her sentiments on this subject, in a letter to a friend, which she wrote a few weeks before her death. *'Tis an injury to mankind, to wish you had been born to a life of repose and leisure: There are too few examples of generosity and justice in the world, to wish any person of good character conceal'd. There are, indeed, a set of insignificant and profligate mortals, who, if they should take it into their heads to elope from mankind, and run wild in the woods, the public would be so far from being detrimented, that they would be highly obliged by it; that so those only who are a grace to human nature, might appear in active and public stations. I do not,* says she, in a letter to another friend, *affect any recluse notions of religion; my thoughts of that are just the reverse, and all easy and sociable.* Upon the whole, it may be said with the greatest truth, in defence of Mrs. *Rowe*'s retreat, that she did not fly to desarts that she might wholly resign herself to sloth, and a monastic kind of devotion unprofitable to the world; but amidst the quiet and leisure of solitude, she employed no small part of her time in actions of munificence and charity; or in composing those works with which she has obliged the public, which, as they inspire the noblest sentiments of benevolence and piety, may be of the most lasting and extensive benefit to mankind.

It has been imputed to persons of recluse and ascetic lives, that tho' their austere virtue may preserve them from sensual indulgencies, against which they are wont to express the utmost severity; yet they are too frequently apt to sooth themselves in pride, ill-nature, censoriousness, and the like hateful dispositions of the mind.

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† Dr. *Sprat*, Life of *Cowley*, p. 38.

The lustre of Mrs. *Rowe*'s character was not fullied by so great a blemish. She was as exemplary for every social and good-natur'd virtue, as for the exact sanctity of her manners; and justly thought the sins, to which the soul is tempted by its union with the body, attended with less degrees of guilt than those other *vices of a graver sort*, which she believed, debased human nature into a nearer resemblance to that most evil and malevolent spirit, who is represented, in the sacred writings, as perfectly opposite to the benignity of the supreme Being.

SHE had the happiest command over her passions, and maintained a constant calmness of temper, and sweetness of disposition, that could not be ruffled with adverse accidents, nor soured by the approach of old age itself. It has been questioned whether she was ever angry in her whole life; at least with regard to those little misfortunes, and displeasing incidents, that occur in common life, which, tho' really of a trivial nature, frequently prove too strong temptations to indecencies of passion; she was only wont to turn these into subjects of mirth and agreeable raillery. And as persons are apt to be least on their guard against excesses of this kind towards inferiors and domestics, it ought to be observed, that her servant who lived with her near twenty years, scarce ever discovered in her mistress, any tendency to anger towards herself, or any warmth of resentment against others, except in the cause of Heaven, against great impiety, and flagrant crimes; on which occasions, some degree of indignation is not only irreproachable, but truly deserves the name of commendable and virtuous zeal.

THE uncommon kind of praise that is given to Mr. *Cowley*, by the author of his life, *that no one had ever reason to wish his wit had been less*, is equally due to Mrs. *Rowe*: For, together with the most manly elevation of genius, she possessed all that gentleness and softness

nefs of diſpoſition, which gives her own lovely ſex ſuch irreſiſtible charms; and was intirely free from that ſeverity of temper which has made the character of a wit unamiable, if not quite infamous. Next to lewd and profane writings, ſhe expreſſed the ſtrongeſt averſion to ſatire, as it is uſually ſo replete with perſonal malice and invective. No ſtrokes of this kind can be found in her works; and her converſation was no leſs innocent of every appearance of ill nature, than her writings. She fortified her reſolutions againſt evil ſpeaking, by particular and ſolemn vows, as appears by the following ſacred engagement, tranſcribed from her manuſcript.

Oct. 6. 1726.

O let me once again bind myſelf to the Lord, never (by thy grace) to ſpeak evil of any perſon. O help me to govern my tongue by the ſtricteſt rules of charity and truth, and never to utter any evil ſurmiſes, or make the leaſt reflection to the diſhonour of my neighbour. Let me, in the minuteſt circumſtance, do to others, as I would they ſhould act to me. Let me hope, let me believe all things to the advantage of others. Give me thy divine aſſiſtance to perform this great duty, and ſet thou a watch on my words; and keep, O ſtrictly keep the door of my lips, that I offend not with my tongue. Now let thy grace be ſufficient for me, and thy ſtrength be manifeſt in my weakneſs. In thy ſtrength, in the name of the Lord my Redeemer, let me engage with all my future temptations. Look graciouſly on this petition, and remember me when I am in any ſuſpence, any exigence, or am ready to forget my engagements. In the moment that I ſhall waver, ſtrengthen me; reſtrain me when the malignant thought ariſes; and while the yet unuttered words are ready to iſſue from my lips, ſet thou thy bridle there, and govern my rebellious faculty.

Mrs. *Rowe* ſtrictly regulated her conduct by this ſolemn vow, and could hardly think any occaſion would juſtify the reporting what was prejudicial to the repu-

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tation of another. *I can appeal to you* (says she, in a letter to a lady, with whom she had lived in a long and most intimate friendship) *if you ever knew me make an envious, or an ill natur'd reflection on any person upon earth. Indeed, the follies of mankind would afford a wide and various scene; but charity would draw a veil of darkness here, and chuse to be for ever silent, rather than expatiate on the melancholy theme.* Scandal and detraction appeared to her such extreme inhumanity, as no charms of wit and politeness could make tolerable. If she was forced to be present at such kind of converſation, ſhe had ſometimes (when the freedom might be decently uſed) the courage openly to condemn it; and, I believe, always the generoſity to undertake the defence of the abſent, when unjuſtly accuſed, and to extenuate even their real faults and errors.

She was as unacquainted with envy, as if it had been impoſſible for ſo baſe a paſſion to enter into the human mind; and was always forward to do juſtice to every fine writer, and illuſtrious character of the age. She exceedingly lov'd to praiſe, and never fail'd to obſerve and applaud every appearance of merit in thoſe with whom ſhe was acquainted, but ever looked all their frailties, with more than even the uſual partiality of friendſhip. Yet, tho' ſhe could have wiſhed to have made no other uſe of ſpeech, than to commend worth and virtue, on ſome occaſions, a ſenſe of duty compelled her to reprove; but the ſeeming ſeverity of this virtue, was tempered by the ſofteſt arts of gentleneſs and goodneſs. In proof of which it may not be improper to add, as an inſtance of the honeſt artifice ſhe uſed to diſguiſe her admonitions, that ſhe has been frequently obſerved to commend perſons of diſtinguiſhed eminence for one kind of moral worth, before ſome of her friends who were deficient in that particular virtue, in hopes they might be ſtruck with the beauty of the example, which ſhe propoſed to their imitation in a manner ſo little apt to give offence.

She had few equals in her excellent turn for conversation. Her wit was inexhaustible, and she expressed her thoughts in the most beautiful and flowing eloquence: and as these uncommon advantages were accompanied with an easy goodness, and unaffected openness of behaviour, she infinitely charmed all who knew her. A peculiar elevation of understanding made her despise those trifles which usually dwell on the lips of the fair sex, and she would always have chosen to talk on important and instructive themes; yet, least constant discourse of a serious kind should prove disasteful and wearisome, she sometimes entertained her friends on more gay and indifferent subjects. But as soon as it could be done without the appearance of affectation, she returned to her favourite topics, on which she exerted all her exquisite talents, to recommend the most exact morality and sublime piety; so that it seemed impossible to be in her company without growing wise and better, or to leave it without regret.

Mrs. *Rowe*'s wit, beauty and merit, had even from her youth, conciliated to her much compliment and praise, and from such judges of worth, as might have made some degree of vanity seem almost pardonable in a lady and an author. Yet, amidst these temptations to pride, she retained all the humility of the meanest and most obscure person of the human race. She rarely mentioned any of her writings, even to her most intimate friends; nor ever discovered the least elation of mind at their great success, and the approbation they receiv'd from some of the finest writers of the age. The praises with which her works were honoured, only led her to ascribe the glory to the Original of all perfection, on whose power she maintained a constant sense of her dependance, and with the most grateful piety own'd him obligations to his goodness. *It is but for Heaven*, said she, *to give a turn to one of my nerves, and I should be an idiot.* She affirmed no indecent share conversation, and has been frequently known to be silent

silent on subjects she well understood, and on which she could have displayed her wit to great advantage. Her friends could not fail to observe the modest care she used, in avoiding the mention of any thing that might tend to her own honour: Nor can I, during the long intimacy with which she favoured me, remember one expression of vanity, or sense of her own worth, that might in the least stain her humility. She never dictated to others, nor arrogated any respect and deference to her own sentiments; but in conversing with persons of parts and abilities far beneath her own, seemed to study to make the superiority of her genius easy to them, by the most obliging goodness and condescension of behaviour. Nor were her affability and readiness of access to those of the lowest rank, less remarkable and exemplary. 'Twas impossible for her to treat any one with insolence or contempt. On the contrary, as she infinitely loved and reverenced true goodness, I have been witness of the real and peculiar respect she paid to sincere piety, when great degrees of ignorance, and extremely mean circumstances, might have quite obscured it to less humble and generous minds.

SHE was perfectly untainted with that love of pleasure which has so universally corrupted the present age; and is justly thought to have the most unfriendly influence on the noblest kinds of virtue *. She was ignorant of every polite and fashionable game. Play, she believed, at best, was but an art of losing time, and forgetting to think; but when she reflected on the fatal consequences

* *Admiratione afficiuntur ii, qui uteire ceteros virtute putantur, & cum omni carere dedecore, tum vero iis vitiis, quibus alii non facile possunt obsistere. Nam voluptates, blandissimae dominae, majores partes animi a virtute detorquent.*

CIC. de Off. lib. II. cap. 10.

consequences that attend a fond attachment to this diversion, she had even an horror for it. Her taste was too just, to relish those insipid trifles, called *Novels* and *Romances*, usually as defective in wit, and true imitation of nature, as replete with indecent images, which pollute the imagination, and shock every chaste mind. She would, indeed, have esteem'd the diversions of the *English* theatre (especially those of the magic kind) capable of affording the most noble and rational pleasure, if she could have believed them innocent; but so few of them appeared to her inoffensive to virtue, that she thought fit to abstain from those entertainments, which, in her opinion, generally tended to promote impurity of manners, and expose piety to scorn and ridicule. The native grandeur of her soul preserved her from any fondness for luxury in food, judging it much beneath the dignity of a being possessed of reason, and born for immortality. She was always pleased with whatever she found on her table; and neither the kind of her food, nor the manner of dressing it, gave her any uneasiness: For if in either of those respects it was not perfectly agreeable, it only afforded her a subject of wit and pleasantry, instead of occasioning any disgust, or serious resentment. She mixed in no parties of pleasure, and extremely despised the trivial and uninstructive conversation of formal visits, which she avoided, at least, as much as decency would allow; and, indeed (except *dawing*) she had almost an equal contempt for *every* thing that bears the name of diversion and amusement, even of the most innocent kind. But, I confess, this part of the character of this excellent lady may not be so fit for general imitation. For tho' the constant vivacity and chearfulness of Mrs. *Rowe*'s natural temper, might possibly seem to set her above the necessity of allowing herself some intervals of amusement to relax the mind, yet such great abstinence from every kind of recreation, might, in most persons, tend to sour the mind with austere and unamiable dispositions; or, at least, to depress

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the spirits to such a degree of melancholy, as would unfit them for the necessary duties and offices of life.

She had a contempt of riches that has been rarely equalled, and which, I believe, may be looked upon as a certain mark of a truly great mind *. As she expressed herself much pleased with the moderate fortune, allotted her by the divine Providence, which afforded her ease and plenty to the extent of her wishes; so she never pursued any designs to advance her circumstances in life. She could not be persuaded to publish her works by subscription, or even to accept the advantageous terms offered by the bookseller, if she would permit her scattered pieces to be collected and published together. She wrote no dedications to the great, and the name of no minister of state is to be found in her works. She never saw a court; and if she has occasionally mentioned, with honour, some of the princes under whose reigns she lived, it was only from a sincere veneration for the fautors of liberty (which inestimable blessing she justly valued) and without the least expectation of any reward, beyond the pleasure of discovering her gratitude to those who appeared to her public benefactors to their country. The high esteem she expressed for some of her friends of distinguished rank, was equally free from the suspicion of interested views; for as she gained nothing by their friendship, but the happiness of their conversation, and an acquaintance with their virtues; the praises she gave them, ought, in justice, to be looked on as the incense due to merit. The love of money she thought the most sordid and ignoble of passions, and frequently lamented its too general prevalence over the human mind. She did not know

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* *Maxime admirantur eum, qui pecunia non movetur: quod, in quo vitio perspectum sit, hunc igni spectatum arbitrantur.*

Cic. de Off. lib. ii. cap. 11.

know her own estates from others, 'till some motives of prudence obliged her to inform herself, when she apprehended she was soon to leave them; and was so far from that rigor in exacting her due which approaches to inhumanity, that her neglect of her interest may rather be censured as excessive: She let her estates beneath their intrinsic value, as appears by the considerable advance of the rents since her decease; and was so gentle to her tenants, that she not only had no law-suit with any of them, but would not so much as suffer them to be threatned with the seizure of their goods, on the neglect of the payment of their rents. When one of them, who owed her an hundred pounds, carried off all his stock in the night, she could not be prevailed on to embrace an opportunity in her power of seizing it afterwards; and if he had not, in this manner quitted the estate, upon receiving some just mehcum without her knowledge, 'tis more than probable, that her excess of goodness would have always prevented her from having recourse to rigorous methods to eject him, and compel him to do her justice. 'Twould be easy to add several other instances greatly prejudicial to her interest, in which she voluntarily departed from her right, when she had the highest claim of equity. She could scarce bear the mention of injustice, without trembling; and the tenderness and delicacy of her conscience, with regard to this sin, was so great, that she hardly thought she could keep far enough from it. *I can appeal to thee*, says she in an address to God, *how scrupulously I have acted in matters of equity, and how willingly I have injured myself, to right others.* She spoke with much warmth of the extreme danger of any dishonest and fraudulent practice, and expressed her wonder, how persons could die with any repose of mind, under the least degree of such kind of guilt.

Her indifference to glory was scarce less remarkable. As she seemed to shun fame by concealing herself, during almost the whole of her life, in an obscure solitude,

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so she practised no arts to promote her reputation. She wrote no preface to any of her works, to prepossess the public in their favour *, nor suffered them to be accompanied with panegyricks of her friends. She would not, indeed, so much as allow her name to be prefixed to any of them, excepting, perhaps, some few poems in the earlier part of her life: And tho' this occasioned several of her works to be ascribed to other hands †, she did not alter the modesty of her conduct. When she intended to communicate to the world *Friendship in Death*, she shewed the manuscript to no more than one person, on whose secrecy she could rely; and after he had, by her order, copied it in his own hand, she sent it to Dr. *Young*, only knowing him by his works, and inscribed his name to the dedication, in hopes that being published by him, and appearing under the patronage of his name, all her acquaintance would imagine this piece to be written by some friend of that eminent poet. And when the inimitable beauties of Mrs. *Rowe*'s manner of writing, discovered the true author, and this performance began to be universally admired, she still continued to avoid owning it, as far as was consistent with a strict regard to truth: She even declined the honour due to her ashes and memory after death; for when

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* Dr. *Young* was the author of the preface to *Friendship in death*.

† Sir *Richard Steele*, when he published a beautiful Pastoral of Mrs. *Rowe*'s, in his *Poetical Miscellanies*, ascribed it to the author of the anonymous verses before the tragedy of *Cato*: A mistake, I suppose, only owing to some fancied resemblance in the hand-writing. The learned authors of the *Bibliotheque Britannique* also, in giving an account of *Friendship in Death*, &c. were not only ignorant of her name, but mistook even the sex of the writer. See *Bib. Brit.* Tom. xiii. p. 39.

when she selected from her manuscript volume of devotions, some exercises of piety, with a view to their publication after her decease, she studiously omitted those parts that would have discovered her unexampled charity, and other virtues which most conciliate the esteem and veneration of the world: Nor could any thing, perhaps, but the suddenness of her death, have prevented her committing to the flames the book I have just mentioned, which has so often assisted me in my attempt to do justice to her character. And as she intrusted the care of her posthumous pieces to one, who (she could not be insensible) had never entertained a thought of being an author, and whose incurable want of health must render him peculiarly unfit to compose any thing for public view; it is more than probable, that 'twas her intention that this collection of her remains should be communicated to the world without any account of her life and character; which, thro' extreme humility, she judged unworthy the knowledge and imitation of posterity. The same modest disposition of mind appears in the orders she left in writing to her servant, in which, after having desired that her funeral might be by night, and attended only by a small number of friends, she adds, *Charge Mr.* Bowden *not to say one word of me in the sermon. I would lie in my father's grave, and have no stone nor inscription over my vile dust, which I gladly leave to oblivion and corruption, 'till it rise to a glorious immortality.*

MRS. *Rowe* was exemplary for every relative duty. Filial piety was a remarkable part of her character. She loved the best of fathers as she ought, and repaid his uncommon care and tenderness, by all just returns of duty and affection. She has been heard to say, *That she could die, rather than do any thing to displease him*; and the anguish she felt at seeing him in pain, in his last sickness, was so great, that it occasioned some kind of convulsion, a disorder from which she was wholly free in every other part of her life.

WHEN

WHEN she was entered into a marriage state, the highest esteem and most tender affection appeared in all her conduct to Mr. *Rowe*; and by the most gentle and obliging manners, and the exercise of every social and good natur'd virtue, she confirm'd the empire she had gained over his heart. She complied with his inclinations in several instances to which she was naturally averse; and made it her study to soften the anxieties, and heighten all the satisfactions of his life. Her capacity for superior things did not tempt her to neglect the less honourable cares which the laws of custom and decency impose on the softer sex in the connubial relation: Much less was she led by a sense of her own merit, to assume any thing to herself inconsistent with that duty and submission, which the precepts of Christian piety so strictly injoin. Mr. *Rowe* had some mixture of natural warmth in his temper, of which he had not always a perfect command: If at any time this broke out into some little excesses of anger, it never awakened any passion of the like kind in *Mrs. Rowe*; but, on the contrary, she always retained mistress of herself, and studied, by the gentlest language and most soothing endearments, to restore Mr. *Rowe*'s mind to that calmness which reason approves. And she equally endeavoured, in every other instance, by the softest arts of persuasion, and in a manner remote from all airs of superiority, to lead Mr. *Rowe* on towards that perfection of virtue, to which she herself aspired with the truest Christian zeal. During the long illness which ended in his death, she scarce ever stirred from him a moment, and alleviated his severe affliction, by performing with inconceivable tenderness and assiduity, all the offices of compassion suited to that melancholy season. She partook his sleepless nights, and never quitted his bed, unless to serve him, or watch by him. And as she could scarce be perswaded to forsake even his breathless clay, so she consecrated her future years to his memory, by honouring his ashes with resolutions of perpetual widowhood, which with a constancy superior

to

to her ſex, ſhe inviolably maintained. Her conduct in this laſt inſtance, on the review of it after an interval of ſeveral years, and in near proſpect of death, afforded her great ſatisfaction; for ſhe thus expreſſes herſelf in a letter intended, after her own deceaſe, to be delivered to Mrs. *Arabella Marrow*, if that lady had ſurvived her. *The ſolitude in which I have ſpent my time ſince Mr.* Rowe's *death, has given me leiſure to make the darkneſs of the grave and the ſolemnity of dying familiar ſcenes to my imagination. Whatever ſuch diſtinguiſhed ſenſe and merit could claim, I have endeavoured to pay my much-lov'd huſband's memory. I reflect with pleaſure on my conduct on this occaſion; not only from a principle of juſtice and gratitude to him, but from a conſcious ſenſe of honour, and love of a virtuous reputation after death.——But if the ſoul, in a ſeparate ſtate, ſhould be inſenſible of human cenſure or applauſe, yet there is a diſintereſted homage due to the ſacred name of virtue.*

She mourned over the death of her huſband and father, with all that becoming tenderneſs and ſenſibility which ought to touch every humane and generous heart, at the loſs of the deareſt perſons on earth; yet her ſubmiſſion to the determination of divine Providence was exemplary, and ſhe never preſumed to breathe any criminal murmure againſt the will of Heaven, which is ever juſt and good, or behaved, in this hour of temptation, in a manner unſuitable to that eminent piety which appeared in every other part of her life.

She was a gentle and kind miſtreſs; treating her ſervants with great condeſcenſion, and goodneſs, and almoſt with the affability of a friend and equal. She cauſed due care to be taken of them, when they were ill; and did not think it miſbecome her, to ſit by the bed of a ſick ſervant to read to her books of piety. Her great humanity would not ſuffer her to be offended with light faults; and as ſhe never diſmiſſed any one from

from her family, ſo, I think, none of her ſervants ever left her, but with a view to the changing their condition by marriage. She knew when ſhe was well ſerved, and repoſed ſo much truſt in thoſe whoſe fidelity ſhe had experienced, that it might ſeem to verge towards exceſs; yet, even ſuch great confidence was hardly more than was due to that ſervant who was with Mrs. *Rowe* at the time of her death; whoſe long and faithful duty to her miſtreſs, and remarkable ſorrow for her loſs, deſerve to be mentioned with honour.

SHE was a warm and generous friend, juſt, if not partial, to the merit of thoſe whom ſhe loved, and moſt gentle and candid to their errors. She was always forward to do them good offices; but in a diſtinguiſhed manner ſhe ſtudied, with infinite art and zeal, to inſinuate the love of virtue into all her acquaintance, and to promote their moſt important intereſt, by inciting them to the practice of every thing that would recommend them to higher degrees of the divine favour. This ſhe propoſed as the beſt end of friendſhip.

MRS. *Rowe* was not entirely free from the attacks of malice, that ſhe might not be without opportunity to exerciſe the divine virtue of forgiveneſs; yet one could ſcarce have learned from her diſcourſe that ſhe had an enemy; for ſhe was not wont to complain of any indecent conduct or injuries done to herſelf: So that it was apparent, ſuch things made light impreſſions on her mind; or that ſhe had endeavoured to efface them with the happieſt ſucceſs.

'TIS a celebrated thought of the Emperor * *Julian*, which he makes *M. Antoninus* expreſs, when he repreſents him, with other *Roman* Emperors, undergoing the ſcrutiny of *Jupiter*: When he was aſked what he had

* *Juliani Caeſares*, Edit. Par. p. 91.

done to merit an *Apotheosis*, he replied, *He had always studied to resemble the Gods:* And being asked again, in what he had endeavoured to be like them, he answered, *In having as few wants as possible of my own, and doing good most extensively to others.* This is certainly a just account of a divine temper; and this was, in a great degree, the temper of Mrs. *Rowe:* For scarce any of the human race was more sensible of the truth of that saying of the sacred Founder of our religion, IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE. *There is,* says she in a letter to a lady, written so early as in the year 1697, *an eternal propensity in my soul to love and beneficence. I received the generous principle with the breath of life, and find it inseparable from my existence.* And in her later years, she said to another of her most intimate friends, *Half the pleasure of my life would be lost, if there were no poor.* Nor was this only the peculiar softness of her sex, or a natural felicity of temper, but the most virtuous desire to diffuse happiness. Her zeal to do generous actions is inexpressible; it broke out on all possible occasions; and there was not, I believe, one of her friends in any rank of life, who did not experience her beneficent disposition, by receiving from her presents of books, pictures, *&c.* if not gifts of higher value.

HER charities were so great (if we consider the mediocrity of her fortune) that they can scarce be paralleled, except in the histories of better times, when Christianity had all its due power over the hearts of those who professed it: They were, indeed, only limited by the utmost extent of her power; for she devoted the whole of her income, besides what was barely sufficient for the necessities of life, to the relief of the indigent and distressed. This her manuscript acquaints us with, in the following vow; which, as it evidences a heart glowing with the love of God and mankind, is worthy of the highest praise; but as this solemn engagement involved Mrs. *Rowe* in some perplexities, it seems peculiarly

peculiarly fit to add, that her example ought not to influence pious minds thus to fetter themſelves in things not abſolutely commanded; ſince the obſervation of ſuch vows may be attended with unforeſeen difficulties injurious to the future peace of their lives.

I CONSECRATE half my yearly income to charitable uſes. And tho', by this, according to human appearances, I have reduced myſelf to ſome neceſſity, I caſt all my care on that gracious God to whom I am devoted, and to whoſe truth I ſubſcribe with my hand. I atteſt his faithfulneſs, and bring in my teſtimony to the veracity of his word; I ſet to my ſeal, that God is true; and oh! by the God of truth, I ſwear to perform this, and beyond this. For if thou wilt indeed bleſs me, and inlarge my coaſt, all that I have beyond the bare convenience and neceſſity of life, ſhall ſurely be the Lord's. And oh! grant me ſufficiency, that I may abound in every good work. O let me be the meſſenger of conſolation to the poor. Here am I, Lord, ſend me. Let me have the honour to adminiſter to the neceſſities of my brethren. I am, indeed, unworthy to wipe the feet of the leaſt of the ſervants of my Lord, much more unworthy of this glorious commiſſion; and yet, oh! ſend me, for thy goodneſs is free. Send whom thou wilt on embaſſies to the kings and rulers of the earth; but let me be a ſervant to the ſervants of my Lord. Let me adminiſter conſolation and relief to the afflicted members of my exalted and glorious Redeemer. Let this be my lot, and I give the glories of the world to the wind.

PURSUANT to this ſacred vow, *which* (as ſhe expreſſes herſelf in another place of her manuſcript) *was not made in an hour of fear and diſtreſs, but in the joy and gratitude of her ſoul,* ſhe not only avoided all ſuperfluous expences in dreſs and luxury, but thro' an exceſs of benevolence (if there can be any exceſs in ſuch a godlike diſpoſition) to inlarge her abilities of doing good

to her fellow creatures, she denied herself what might, in some sense, be called the real necessaries of life.

Misery and indigence were a sufficient recommendation to her compassionate regard and assistance; yet she shewed a distinguish'd readiness to alleviate the afflictions of persons of merit and virtue: And one who had the best opportunities of making this observation, assures me, that she never knew any such apply to Mrs. *Rowe*, without success. The first time she accepted of a gratification from the bookseller for any of her works, she bestowed the whole sum on a family in distress; and there is great reason to believe that she employed all the money that she ever received on such an account, in as generous a manner. And once, when she had not by her a sum of money large enough to supply the like necessities of another family, she readily sold a piece of plate for this purpose. She was accustomed, on going abroad, to furnish herself with pieces of money of different value, that she might relieve any objects of compassion who should fall in her way, according to their several degrees of merit or indigence. Nor was her beneficence confined to the neighbourhood of the place where she lived, but during her residence in the country, she sent large sums to *London*, and other distant parts. She contributed to some designs that had the appearance of charity, tho' she could not approve of them in every respect. For she said, *It was fit, sometimes, to give for the credit of religion, when other inducements were wanting, that the professors of Christianity might not be charged with covetousness:* A vice which she abhorred so much, that scarce any grosser kind of immorality could more effectually exclude from her friendship. *I never*, said she, *grudge any money, but when it is laid out on myself; for I consider how much it would buy for the poor.* Besides the sums of money which she gave away, and the distribution of practical books on religious subjects; she employed her own hands in labours

of

of charity to cloath the neceſſitous. This ſhe did, not only for the natives of the lower *Palatinate*, when they were driven from their country by the rage of war, which appeared a calamity peculiarly worthy of compaſſion; but it was her frequent employment to make garments of almoſt every kind, and beſtow them on thoſe who wanted them. She diſcovered a ſtrong ſenſe of humanity, and often ſhewed her exquiſite concern for the unhappy, by weeping over their misfortunes. Theſe were the generous tears of virtue, and not any feminine weakneſs; for ſhe was rarely obſerved to weep at afflictions that befel herſelf. She was, indeed, ſo ſenſibly touched with the miſeries of the poor, as not only to ſend her ſervant to examine what they ſtood in need of when they were ſick, but often viſited them in perſon, when they were ſo wretched, that their houſes were not fit for her to enter into; and even when their diſtempers were highly malignant and contagious. One kind of munificence in which ſhe greatly delighted, was cauſing children to be taught to read and work: Theſe ſhe furniſhed with ſupplies of cloathing, as well as *Bibles*, and other neceſſary books of inſtruction. This ſhe did not only at *Frome*, but alſo at a neighbouring village where part of her eſtate lay. And when ſhe met in the ſtreets with children of promiſing countenances, who were perfectly unknown to her, if upon inquiry, it appeared, that thro' the poverty of their parents they were not put to ſchool, ſhe added them to the number of thoſe who were taught at her own expence. She condeſcended, herſelf, to inſtruct them in the plain and neceſſary principles and duties of religion; and the grief ſhe felt when any of them did not anſwer the hopes ſhe had entertained, was equal to the great ſatisfaction ſhe received, when it appeared that her care and bounty had been well placed. She was alſo a contributor to a charitable inſtitution of this kind at *Frome*, of a more public nature; tho', according to the general cuſtom of ſuch ſchools, all who were educated in it were compelled to worſhip God in that one particular form, from

which she herself took the liberty to dissent. But Mrs. *Rowe* was not corrupted by this example of contracted goodness, which can scarce be reconciled to that universal benevolence the Gospel injoins: Her charities were not confined to those of her own party or sentiments, but bestowed on indigent persons of almost all the sects into which Christianity is divided; and even those whose religious opinions seemed to her of the most dangerous consequence, partook largely of her bounty. Nor was her beneficence limited to those only who in strict terms might be called poor; for as she was wont to say, *'Twas one of the greatest benefits that could be done to mankind, to free them from the cares and anxieties that attend a narrow fortune*; in pursuance of these generous sentiments, she has been often known to make large presents to persons who were not oppressed with the last extremes of indigence. And with regard to those whose circumstances were such, that accepting alms might have put their modesty to some pain, she studied to spare their blushes, while she relieved their wants. When one such person of her acquaintance was in some distress, she contrived to lose at play a sum of money sufficient to supply the necessity of the case. This was, perhaps, the only time she touched a card in her life. She possessed in an eminent degree the *art of giving*, a nobler accomplishment than the *art of enjoying*, on which one great poet of antiquity compliments another *. For she knew how to heighten every favour, by the ready and obliging manner in which she conferred it. Indeed to the poor she seemed a ministring angel: Her goodness prevented their requests †; and smiles, gentle language,

* *Di tibi divitias dederint, artemque fruendi.*
HOR. lib. i. ep. 4. ad Tibull.

† *These hands will shortly be stiff and useless in the grave, that are now capable of distributing to the necessities*

guage, and the warmeſt expreſſions of good-will, always accompanied her actions of mercy. The diſtreſſed were encouraged to diſcloſe all their wants, by the kindeſt aſſurances of relief; and ſhe treated them with the ſweetneſs and eaſy goodneſs of a friend, rather than the ſuperiority of a benefactor; nor was ſhe inclined to take offence at the appearance of ingratitude in her dependents. When ſhe chanced to overhear ſome unthankful poor, entertained at her ſervant's table, murmur at their food, tho' ſhe had fed on the ſame herſelf, ſhe only put this gentle conſtruction on their behaviour, *That they expected ſomething better than ordinary from her table.* And ſhe was ſo far from reſenting this indecent delicacy of appetite, that ſhe did not, even at that time, omit the alms ſhe uſually gave when any indigent perſons were entertained at her houſe.

'Tis aſtoniſhing how the moderate eſtate Mrs. *Rowe* was poſſeſſed of, could ſupply ſuch various and expenſive benefactions; and her own ſenſe of this once broke out to an intimate friend; *I am ſurpris'd*, ſaid ſhe to her, *how it is poſſible my eſtate ſhould anſwer all theſe things, when I conſider what I do! and yet I never want money.* This ſhe only ſpoke to give honour to the divine bleſſing, which, as ſhe was wont to acknowledge with great piety, apparently protected her from loſſes, and proſpered all her affairs. For it would be extreme injuſtice, to interpret her expreſſions of gratitude to the goodneſs of Providence, in a different manner; ſince her great

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ſtries of the poor and afflicted, if thou wouldſt give me the glad commiſſion. O ſend me the ready meſſenger of conſolation to their wants and diſtreſs. Hear their bleſſings and prayers for me: Before they aſked, I have heard their wants.

From an addreſs to God in the Author's manuſcript devotions.

care to conceal her charities from the obſervation of mortals, gives the higheſt evidence that no love of human applauſe tainted the purity of her benevolent diſpoſitions. Indeed, her modeſty and averſion to the appearance of ſhew and oſtentation, cauſed her to caſt ſuch a veil of ſecrecy over her beneficent actions, that I fear many of them, highly worthy to be known and imitated by poſterity, muſt remain concealed from the world, 'till *that day* when they ſhall be rewarded in the ſight of the whole univerſe, by the omniſcient Judge who was alone witneſs to them.

Such an aſſemblage of virtues as united in Mrs. *Rowe*'s character, could only be the offspring of piety. This divine principle diſcovered itſelf very early in her mind; and ſince Mr. *Grove* wrote the former part of theſe memoirs, I have received freſh evidence to confirm his obſervation, that 'tis not improbable the firſt dawnings of reaſon guided her to acknowledge and adore the Author of her being, and commence that uniform and exemplary courſe of obedience to his laws, which by the aſſiſtance of Heaven, ſhe maintained in every part of her life.

Her writings give a faithful picture of her ſoul. Her profound humility, and ſupreme affection to God; her faith in his promiſes, and dependence on his providence; her zeal for his glory, and love to the holineſs of his laws, appear in the ſtrongeſt light in her works; and particularly in her *Devotions*, publiſhed ſince her death by the reverend Dr. *Watts*. But as it would too much ſwell theſe memoirs to tranſcribe her ſentiments on theſe heads, I ſhall only relate the means ſhe made uſe of to cultivate theſe excellent diſpoſitions; with the addition of ſome paſſages from her manuſcripts, that have not yet been communicated to the public.

SHE devoted herſelf to the ſervice of Heaven in a ſolemn covenant *. In this ſhe imitated the example of her pious mother, to whoſe ſacred engagement of this kind Mrs. *Rowe* has made this addition, which evidently appears by the hand to be written in her younger years.

MY God, and my father's God, who keepeſt covenant and mercy to a thouſand generations, I call thee to witneſs, that with all the ſincerity of my ſoul I conſent to this covenant, and ſtand to the ſolemn dedication made of me in my baptiſm: And to this

I God's high name my awful witneſs make.
And thus with the utmoſt willingneſs and joy, I ſubſcribe with my hand to the Lord.

E. SINGER.

And beneath, in the ſame paper, ſhe writes thus: *Renew'd* Sept. 1728. *When I am ſtanding before the Judge of all the earth, to be ſentenced for all eternity, let this contract be an evidence that I renounce the world, and take the ſupreme God for my portion and happineſs.*

HER manuſcript alſo affords the following larger renewal of this ſacred covenant.

LET me renew my vows to thee, let me repeat the ſacred obligation; let my ſoul collect its powers; let me, if poſſible, make my ties more ſtrong—more intirely devote myſelf to thee. With what pleaſure do I reflect on the obligations I have to be thine! I bleſs the ſacred engagement, and would not be free, for ten thouſand worlds. I never knew a happy moment 'till I was thine; all my joys are dated from that bleſt period; from thence they took their ſpring, and from thence they will for ever flow. Oh! therefore

* See Vol. II. p. 99.

therefore let me joyfully renew my vows to thee; let angels instruct me how to confirm them; let them teach me their forms, and give me their flames; let all be noble, and pathetic, and solemn as their immortal vows. I would bind myself beyond the ties that mortals know.——
But I cannot speak with the ardor I wish; I cannot find words to express the vehemence of my soul: But oh! thou who canst understand those desires which language fails me to utter, accept the sincerity of my heart, regard and accept my vows; and oh! let them be confirmed forever.

ATTEND, ye angels! let heaven and earth hear me! let the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth, himself be my witness! for even to him I dare appeal, from whom no disguise can veil my thoughts; even thy sacred name I dare attest, whose favour is my hope, and whose frown is the only thing I can fear. Yet my words are not the effect of terror and distress, but of reason and of love. No action of my life was ever more deliberate and voluntary. My soul gives its intire assent, and offers up all its powers; I make no reserve, thou hast my whole, my undivided heart.

O THOU that lookest down from the exaltations of thy majesty, that rideſt upon the heavens in thy excellency; and from thence dost not disdain to be a father to the fatherless, and the judge of the widow; I come to thee destitute, forlorn, and abandon'd of every name of joy or confidence upon earth. I have found all the specious titles and relations among men to be vanity and a lye: But I rejoice in the conviction, I bless the happy circumstance that has thrown a reproach on all human trust; that has broke my engagements with every thing below, and forced me, friendless and defenceless, to fly to thee. Oh! receive me with the affection of a father; take me into thy tenderest care and protection. Oh! remember thy covenant with my pious ancestors, to be a God to them, and their seed after them, by an everlasting covenant. Thy compas-

sions

sure exceed those of the tenderest relation on earth; thou dost delight to exercise loving-kindness and truth in the earth; thou art the God of all grace and consolation: These are thy free, thy natural operations. Fury is not in thee; *thy name, thy boasted name is* LOVE; *and thou dost never deviate from its gentle dictates; 'tis the beginning and end of all thy works, the glorious end thou hadst from all eternity in view: Thou dost not withdraw thy eyes from this design, but hast set thy heart upon it from everlasting to everlasting. Goodness and compassion for ever flow from thee: Thou canst not restrain those glorious emanations; they will, and must forever stream from thee, the infinite abyss, the spring of goodness, the sum, the plenitude of joy, its never-failing source.*

O H, thou hast purchased my soul with thy own blood; before God and angels, I put it into thy custody; with thee I solemnly depositе the sacred pledge, into thy hand I commit the precious treasure; 'tis my all, my very being; Oh, form it after thy pleasure, and secure it from the stratagems of hell. I am surrounded with danger, and a thousand unseen snares attend me; I have but one cast for eternity. Look with eyes of pity on my impotence and distress; I fly to thee, let me find a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest.

I AM not, I cannot be my own keeper; flesh and blood is too weak to struggle with principalities, and powers, and the rulers of darkness in high places; the combination is too strong for unassisted nature to conquer. Thou knowest my strength is but weakness, my wisdom folly, my natural light all darkness. I know not the next step before me, and if I stumble, 'twill bring reproach on thy holy ways.

I AM of the Lord's side; I am in league with thee against the confederacy of hell: I list myself under thy banners, to oppose the kingdom of darkness; give me strength and wisdom to encounter all opposition; let me never be left

to

dantly satisfied with the fatness of his house, and drink of the rivers of his pleasure.

She never neglected any opportunity of partaking of the holy communion, for which she had the highest affection and reverence; and the same manuscript will shew what virtuous resolutions she made at such sacred seasons.

WITH every sacrament let me renew my strength, and with the bread of life receive immortal vigour. Let me remember the vows of God, and at my return to the world, let me commit my ways to thee. Let me be absolutely resign'd to thy providence, nor once distrust thy goodness and fidelity. Let me be careful for nothing, but with prayer and supplication make my wants known to thee. Let the most awful sense of thy presence dwell on my heart, and always keep me in a serious disposition. Let me be merciful and just in my actions, calm and regular in my thoughts: And oh! do thou set a watch on my mouth, and keep the door of my lips. Let me speak evil of no man, let me advance the reputation of the virtuous, and never be silent in the praise of merit. Let my tongue speak the language of my heart, and be guided by exact truth and perfect sincerity. Let me open my hands wide to the wants of the poor, in full confidence that my heavenly Father will supply mine; and that the high possessor of heaven and earth will not fail to restore in the hour of my distress, what I have parted with for his sake.

O LET thy grace be sufficient for me, and thy strength be manifest in my weakness. Be present with me in the hour of temptation, and confirm the pious resolutions thou hast enabled me to form.

She had an inexpressible love and veneration for the *Holy Scriptures*, and was assiduous in the reading of them; particularly the *New Testament*, the *Psalms*, and those

those parts of the prophetical writings which relate to our blessed Saviour. For some time before her death, she scarce read any thing but these sacred books, and practical treatises on religious subjects. She was also wont to assist her improvement in virtue and the Christian life, by frequent meditations on the blessedness of a future state, the perfections of God, particularly his infinite goodness and mercy in the redemption of the world by *Jesus Christ*, and on other important parts of religion, which appeared best suited to promote devout and holy dispositions. And besides these her usual exercises of piety, in the latter part of her life, she observed some stated seasons of abstinence and extraordinary devotion.

THE fervor of her zeal in the cause of religion, was beyond the rate of common examples. As she could not command her tears of transport, when she was witness to any eminent instance of piety, so the sinking state in which the interest of Heaven now appears, rent her very soul; and as she saw with inexpressible grief the fatal advances of infidelity in this nation, she spoke with the highest esteem and gratitude of those excellent persons, who, in the present age, have defended Christianity by their learned writings, and truly venerated them as public benefactors to mankind.

MRS. *Rowe* seemed born for the practice of sublime and ascetic piety, 'twas the supreme pleasure of her life; yet her own words assure us, that she did not set too high a value on strong emotions of the passions, and religious fervors; nor was tempted by the love of devotion to prefer it to social virtue. For she thus expresses herself in a letter to a noble friend. *I have wrote no pious meditations of late. The warmth of devotion, perhaps, as well as other passions, declines with life: But I hope the calm, the reasonable, and solid part of religion will be still improv'd.* And in another letter to the same Lady, she says, *I have no reflection to make, nor the least know-*

known injury to repair. I lay a much greater ſtreſs on this part of religion that regards mankind, than I do on any height of devotion, as neceſſary as I think it, to reconcile the mind to death. She affected no kind of ſingularity or appearance of ſeverity, nor preſumed to cenſure thoſe who came not up to that ſtrictneſs to which ſhe obliged herſelf. And ſhe was ſo far from impoſing any methods of devout life which ſhe herſelf uſed, on others to whom on account of their difference of temper, and deeper engagements in the buſineſs of the world, they might be inexpedient, that ſhe did not recommend, or I think, ſo much as mention them to her moſt intimate friends; but, on the contrary, ſtudied concealment ſo much, that 'tis only from her manuſcript, and the information of her ſervant (from whom they could not be hid) that I have arrived at the knowledge of the greater part of them, ſince her death.

She poſſeſſed a large meaſure of that ſerenity and chearfulneſs of temper, which ſeem naturally to flow from conſcious virtue, and the hopes of the divine favour. This happy diſpoſition of mind, which is more than once recommended in the ſacred writings, and is ſo great an ornament to ſincere piety, continued with Mrs. *Rowe* to her laſt moments, and was never interrupted by any of thoſe fantaſtic diſorders that ſo often cloud the imaginations of the ſofter ſex; ſo that (excepting ſome intervals of virtuous grief occaſion'd by her devout and ſocial affections) her whole life ſeemed not only a conſtant calm, but a perpetual ſun ſhine, and every hour of it ſparkled with good humour, and inoffenſive gaiety.

As it may ſeem improper to relate the particular ſentiments of a lady who was not vers'd in controverſial divinity, or the erudition of the ſchools, on ſubjects that have divided the learned and religious world; I will only take the liberty to ſay, that ſhe openly avowed what appeared to her to be truth, and defended it with warmth;

warmth; yet the ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition made her incapable of the impious raſhneſs of thoſe, who without mercy pronounce a ſentence of damnation on all who diſſent from them in abſtruſe and diſputable points: But ſhe expreſſed herſelf as if it was leſs neceſſary to guard againſt the contrary extreme. For ſhe ſays, in one of her letters, *My charity is very large, and from this catholic ſpirit I have often canoniz'd ſome libertine or atheiſt for a great ſaint.* Her love of piety was not confined to thoſe of her own party in religion; and it ought to be related as an exemplary inſtance of Chriſtian moderation, that ſhe continued all the latter part of her life in conſtant communion with ſome who differed from her in articles which ſhe thought of great importance; tho' ſhe was frequently ſolicited to an oppoſite conduct by perſons of a more narrow ſpirit; and could not eſcape cenſure for her adherence to the charity of the Goſpel. And as her zeal did in no part of her life degenerate into religious fury, ſo towards the cloſe of it, her gentle and charitable diſpoſitions increaſed, and ſhe ſeemed to be viſibly ripening into the temper of that bleſſed region to which ſhe was ſoon to be removed.

I

HER friendſhips were founded on virtue, but not a perfect agreement in thoſe leſſer matters, which divide us as Chriſtians and *Engliſhmen*; in which ſhe ſhewed a generous mind, elevated above the mean principles of party and bigotry. She was favoured with the eſteem and acquaintance of the Counteſs of *Winchelſea*, the Viſcounteſs *Weymouth*, the Viſcounteſs *Scudamore*, the Lady *Carteret*, the Lady *Brooke*, the honourable Mrs. *Thynne*, the Earl of *Orrery*, Dr. *Kenne*, Lord Biſhop of *Bath* and *Wells*, Sir *Richard Blackmore*, Dr. *Watts*, Mr. *Prior*, Mr. *Grove*, &c. But above all ſhe poſſeſſed the higheſt degree of friendſhip with another illuſtrious ornament of the age, which as it began as ſoon as ever her Ladyſhip was capable of this generous paſſion, ſo it continued without the leaſt interruption to the laſt moments of Mrs. *Rowe*'s life. And it gives me great pleaſure,

that

that I can conclude the character of a Lady whoſe memory ought to be moſt dear to me, with this teſtimony to her virtue and merit; that her life was honoured with the friendſhip, and her death lamented with the tears of the Counteſs of HERTFORD *.

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* Now her Grace FRANCES Dutcheſs of SOMERSET.

To Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER.

On her Divine Poems.

July 19. 1706.

I.

ON the fair banks of gentle *Thame*
I tun'd my harp; nor did celeſtial themes
Refuſe to dance upon my ſtrings:
There beneath the evening ſky,
I ſang my cares aſleep, and rais'd my wiſhes high
To everlaſting things.
Sudden from *Albion*'s weſtern coaſt
Harmonious notes came gliding by,
The neighb'ring ſhepherds knew the ſilver ſound;
'Tis PHILOMELA's voice, the neighb'ring ſhepherds cry,
At once my ſtrings all ſilent lie,
At once my fainting muſe was loſt,
In the ſuperior ſweetneſs drown'd.

In

In vain I bid my tuneful pow'rs unite;
My ſoul retir'd, and left my tongue,
I was all ear, and PHILOMELA's ſong
Was all divine delight.

II.

Now be my harp foreves dumb,
My muſe attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal things,
To *Grecian* tales, and wars of *Rome*;
'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal ſtrings:
Now thoſe immortal ſtrings have no employ,
Since a fair angel dwells below,
To tune the notes of Heav'n and propagate the joy.
Let all my powers with awe profound,
While PHILOMELA ſings,
Attend the rapture of the ſound,
And my devotion riſe on her ſeraphic wings.

I. WATTS.

To Mrs. ROWE.

On her excellent Poems.

TEACH me the art, fair regent of the ſoul,
To raiſe the paſſions, or at will, controul;
That heav'nly art which can our cares beguile,
Make envy pleas'd, and penſive ſorrow ſmile.

Circe.

Circe with magic ſpells the ſoul could bind,
And change the ſhape: Here the reverſe we find;
The brute, transform'd by you, aſſumes a nobler kind.

O HAD I but thy voice, and ſkill, and lyre!
Soon would I ſet the liſt'ning ſwains on fire.
Virtue's majeſtic form before their eyes,
Her lovely train, her palace in the ſkies,
And high refulgent throne, ſhould ſtand confeſt,
And with aſpiring wiſhes ſwell each breaſt.
The tenants of the grove, a tuneful throng,
Should ceaſe their lays, to hear my ſweeter ſong;
Thyſelf too tranſports feel, before unknown,
And, in *another*, praiſe what was *thine own*:
Elſe the too modeſt nymph will ne'er believe,
How ſoft the ſtrains! the joys how vaſt they give!
But while th' admiring audience ſit around,
And faint beneath the rapture of the ſound,
Calm and unaw'd, ſhe will herſelf appear,
And think we flatter what ſhe ſcarce can bear.

FOND wiſhes theſe! to think ſhe would impart
Heav'n's inſpirations, like the rules of art;
Or truſt to any mean, unſkilful hand,
(The ſpeaking ſtrings that knows not to command)
The golden gift, a welcome preſent made
By *Gabriel*; who with grace celeſtial ſaid:
'Hail, thou of Heav'n belov'd! this harp is thine,
'So often ſat to hymns and airs divine;
'Still let it ſacred be to praiſe and love;
'Twill kindle ardors pure as ours above,

'Aſſiſt

'Aſſiſt thy riſing ſoul, and bear her flight
'Beyond the rolling ſpheres, to realms of endleſs light:
'Morning and ev'ning let me meet thee there.'
No more he ſpoke—but mix'd unſeen with air.

HENRY GROVE.

To Mrs. ROWE.

After her recovery from the Small-Pox.

An ODE.

PERMIT, great awful ſoul, the muſe,
The rough, unpractis'd muſe, to bring
Her humble joy upon her feeble wing,
Nor the bold addreſs refuſe;
Weak tho' her wings, and faint her fire,
Yet true the heart, and ardent the deſire.
O! could I riſe, and ſoar like *thee*,
On ſounding pinions thro' the ſkies;
My daring muſe ſhould hail th' auſpicious fate,
In notes that would the lift'ning world ſurpriſe:
And proud in pompous harmony,
With ſolemn and majeſtic ſtate,
Should bring an off'ring that might be
Worthy *Heav'n*, and worthy *thee*.

Cruel diſeaſe! that doſt not ſpare
The Great, *the* Witty, *or the* Fair!

BLEST *Maria*'s royal charms
Yielded to thy hideous arms:
From us at once thou didſt remove
To the brighter realms above
That heav'n of beauty and of love.
Thou didſt attack th' *Imperial* crown,
And ſtrike the *Roman* eagle down.

PROUD *Gallia* wears a mournful face,
To ſee her haughty *Bourbon* race,
Her boaſted heirs reduc'd by thee
To a weak infant progeny.

YOUNG *Churchill* felt thy poiſon'd dart
Pierce his gen'rous, tender heart,
Drop'd in life's advancing bloom,
Nor ſaw his *mighty father*'s doom:
Europe freed, and *France* ſubdu'd,
And the old ENGLISH GRATITUDE;
Curs'd by thoſe his courage ſav'd,
By ev'ry ſenſeleſs coward brav'd;
All his godlike acts diſprais'd,
Sunk by the pow'r his virtue rais'd:
Yet juſt poſterity ſhall call
The *Hero* greater by his fall.

AH! the laurel'd *Poet*'s breath,
That ſaves the *Patriot*'s name from death,
Stopt by thy relentleſs pow'r,
Cruel diſeaſe! is heard no more.

BRIGHT *Orinda!* ſacred name,
Sacred to virtue, and to fame!

Yet we lament her deſtiny,
Bright *Orinda* fell by thee.

Cruel diſeaſe! that doſt not ſpare
The Great, *the* Witty, *or the* Fair!

BUT vacant thrones are fill'd again;
New heroes with their warlike train
Triumph on the hoſtile plain.
Ev'n bright *Orinda*'s harmony,
Great PHILOMEL is ſupply'd by *thee*:
Thy double portion of her fire
Kindles ſoft joys and pure deſire.
Fav'rite of the tuneful *Nine!*
Sweet the notes! the thoughts divine!
Much already has been giv'n
By *thee*, inſpir'd by bounteous Heav'n:
Now o'erjoy'd we hope for more
From thy wit's unmeaſur'd ſtore.
Still we find this gaudy town
Without *thee* a deſart grown:
But when winter's rugged face
The rural honours does diſgrace,
Then returning home with *thee*
A new, a wond'rous ſpring we ſee,
Beauty, Joy, and *Harmony.*

FORGIVE the thought! how happy we
At ſuch diſtance plac'd from thee!
None with their officious haſte
Told the danger, 'till 'twas paſt;
Our ſympathizing ſouls were ſpar'd,
Nor thy *Delia's* torments ſhar'd;

Yet

Yet with horror we dilate
On the near impending fate.

WHEN thou ſhalt to death ſubmit,
Who ſhall ſupply thoſe eyes and wit?
Ne'er again we hope to find
Two ſuch heav'nly wonders join'd,
So fair a face, ſo bright a mind!

Kind diſeaſe! that once didſt ſpare,
The Great, *the* Witty, *and the* Fair!

Sept. 8. 1712. JOSEPH STANDEN.

To Mrs. ROWE.

On her excellent Poems.

WHILE *Phœbus'* fav'rite ſons in lofty lays
Attune their lyres to PHILOMELA's praiſe,
Will the fair ſaint without a frown receive
The humble homage verſe like mine can give?
Virtuous my zeal, if in th' attempt I fail,
In duteous ſtrains diſtinguiſh'd worth to hail.

CONSUMMATE miſtreſs of the tuneful art!
To thee the *Nine* their various gifts impart,
Teach thee alike with matchleſs ſkill t' inſpire
The rural reed, or touch the courtly lyre;

And

And bid thy verſe with blended beauties pleaſe,
Sweetneſs with ſtrength, and majeſty with eaſe.
What ſhining ſenſe in pureſt diction told!
The current limpid, and the bottom gold.
What glowing figures warm with heav'nly flame!
What happy judgment, fancy's rage to tame!
Bold as the flight of the * *Dircæan* ſwan,
Whoſe daring pinions earth's low ſcenes diſdain;
Wild, unconfin'd, he wantons, roams, and ſoars,
And leaves the ſtars behind, in his unbounded courſe.
Yet ſoftly ſweet thy melting numbers move,
As when the † *Leſbian* tunes her lute to love;
When gentle harmony, and eaſy art,
Sooth ev'ry ſenſe, and ſteal upon the heart.

THY meaneſt worth, the gift of tuneful lays,
To uſe that gift aright, thy nobler praiſe;
To own the Giver, and direct thy ſongs
To the high themes that dwell on ſeraph's tongues;
In faithful verſe to bid bright virtue ſhine
Fair as ſhe looks to angels eyes, and thine;
And audient of her lore, beneath the ſky,
Th' immortal ſtrains of paradiſe to try;
This praiſe ſhall laſt, when *Homer*'s fame decays,
And vengeful fire o'er total nature preys;
When ev'ry work of man, in equal ſcales
Juſt Heav'n ſhall weigh, and all but virtue fails.

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* *Pindar.* † *Sappho.*

THEN impious poets, who profane of heart,
To flatter vice debas'd the heav'nly art,
Shall weep their blaſted bays, and howl below,
Amid their kindred fiends, in gulphs of woe.

NOT ſo the bard who guilty laurels ſhunn'd,
Whoſe daring muſe the cauſe of virtue own'd;
Immortal palms his honour'd brow ſhall grace,
God own his worth, and angels ſpeak his praiſe.

THIS, PHILOMELA, all the fame you ſeek,
For this you ev'ry fond engagement break;
For this from ſure applauſe to ſhades retire,
To conſecrate to Heav'n your hallow'd lyre.
Content while God approves, you pleas'd forego
Fame, wealth, and ev'ry boaſted joy below;
To lead the life of heav'n, to all unknown,
'Till the *laſt day*, when God thy deeds ſhall crown.

THEN hid no more, thy worth the world ſhall know,
And angels loud the trump of glory blow.
Then by th' applauding univerſe approv'd,
By ſeraphs honour'd, and by God belov'd;
Thou, virtue's friend, who duteous to her rules,
Avow'd her cauſe, and dar'd the ſcorn of fools,
Shalt take, tho' late, the great, th' immortal prize,
Crown'd with diſtinguiſh'd honours in the ſkies:
While brighter ſtars ſhall round thy temples ſhine,
And near the martyr hoſt a throne be thine.

To Mrs. ROWE.

Occaſion'd by her preſenting me with Moliere's *Works.*

WELL may you part with *Moliere's* comic ſtrains,
Whoſe poliſh'd ſoul no female fault retains;
But might reveal'd with modeſt pride, defy
The niceſt ſearch of his diſcerning eye.
Wiſe without ſourneſs, without lightneſs gay,
Devout as angels, and as mild as they:
Not warmer flames their nobleſt ſongs inſpire,
Nor deeper rev'rence ſinks th' adoring quire,
Than your's, when to their theme you tune the lyre.
Your piercing wit the beſt good nature ſways,
Quick the leaſt merit to diſcern and raiſe,
But ſlow to cenſure what you cannot praiſe.
The ſpleen o'er you nee'r ſheds his baleful ray,
You ſtill enjoy, and give unſullied day.
No hideous pedantry with learned noiſe
Confounds the muſic of the female voice;
But while the wiſeſt maxims you infuſe,
With rapture we attend, and hail the heav'nly muſe.
In you religion's native beauties ſhine,
Attract our love, and prove its riſe divine.
Courted by fame, with pleaſure compaſs'd round,
Unhurt you traverſe this inchanted ground.

To Heav'n with faintleſs ſpeed your courſe purſue,
Nor can the gaudy ſcene from Heav'n divert your view.
And when this darling theme your tongue employs,
Seraphic notions rule your charming voice,
We hear an angel, and we taſte the joys.
If finiſh'd ſcenes you draw of bliſs above,
Libertines gaze, admire, begin to love,
Confeſs him wiſe, whoſe heart and hope's on high,
And dread their ſenſual joys at ſuch a price to buy.

BUT whither would I rove—Fair ſaint, excuſe
The feeble efforts of a grateful muſe,
Which not aſpir'd a perfect draught to frame,
But only meant to give thoſe charms a name,
Which late with pleaſing tranſports fill'd my ſoul,
And bid the happy hours unnumber'd roll,
Taught me unmov'd to view th' unthinking fair,
And made ev'n *Moliere* leſs a wit appear.

THO. AMORY.

Verſes to the memory of Mrs. ROWE.

By a FRIEND.

WHILE penſive in the lonely ſhades I ſtray,
Or thro' enamel'd meads purſue my way;
A gloomy ſorrow hangs about my heart,
And ſudden tears o'er my dim eye-balls ſtart.

In

In vain (I cry) in vain, delightful ſpring,
Thou deck'ſt the plains, who now thy charms ſhall ſing?
Who from the various beauty of the fields,
And ev'ry herb thy genial influence yields,
Shall teach us their GREAT AUTHOR to diſcern,
And from each tree and flow'r his goodneſs learn?
Since PHILOMELA her laſt debt has paid,
And cold, and ſilent, in the tomb is laid.
No more the echoes ſhall repeat her ſong;
Nor cryſtal riv'lets, as they glide along,
Shall on their waters bear her tuneful lays,
Devoted all to her REDEEMER's praiſe:
No more ſhall I her friendly converſe ſhare,
Nor hear the dictates of her pious care.

YET tho' the bright example is remov'd,
Be its idea ſtill rever'd, and lov'd!
To imitate her virtue may I try,
And on the path ſhe mark'd ſtill fix my eye!
Tho' far behind, imperfect, and diſtreſt,
Fain would I ſeek the climes of balmy reſt:
Where ſin no more can tempt, or pain annoy,
Nor pining ſorrow interrupt their joy;
Where rivers of eternal pleaſure flow,
And gales of peace forever round them blow.
Say, could I ſee her in this happy ſtate,
And that ſhe lives no more on earth regret?
That freed, and victor in the glorious ſtrife,
No more ſhe labours thro' the toil of life;
But wears the ſtarry crown, the bright reward,
By God himſelf for all his ſaints prepar'd?

How often, when I join'd her ev'ning walk,
Would she in rapture of this period talk!
How oft' the fetters of her clay bemoan,
And wish them broke, impatient to be gone!
Yet still resign'd to wait th' appointed day,
Nor dar'd to murmur at her fate's delay.
The thought of earthly bliss she long had fled,
Desirous to be number'd with the dead,
And meet her dear *Alexis*, on that shore,
Where fear of parting can torment no more;
Faithful to him, she from the world retir'd,
Tho' by that world distinguish'd and admir'd.
In solitude she pass'd the circling days,
Fearless of censure, negligent of praise.
In contemplation all her hours were spent,
Her thoughts on heav'nly objects ever bent,
'Till by the hand of death from hence remov'd;
Whose dart she met in the retreat she lov'd.

Obscure and peaceful may her ashes lie,
No marble pomp attract the curious eye;
Nor weeping angel shall her grave adorn,
And teach the careless passenger to mourn;
No sun-burnt pilgrim from afar shall come,
With superstitious rites to hail her tomb;
Nor shining tapers thro' the gloom of night,
Upon her urn diffuse a trembling light:

Her worth a far more lasting fame shall give,
Her worth in ev'ry virtuous breast shall live.

On

On the death of Mrs. ROWE.

ACCEPT, illuſtrious ſhade! theſe artleſs lays,
The muſe a tribute to thy mem'ry pays:
Thy loſs to no one private grief confin'd,
Demands the gen'ral ſorrow of mankind.

OFT did intrigue its guilty arts unite,
To blacken the records of female wit;
The tuneful ſong loſt ev'ry modeſt grace,
And lawleſs freedoms triumph'd in their place.
The muſe, for vices not her own accus'd,
With bluſhes view'd her ſacred gifts abus'd:
Thoſe gifts for nobler purpoſes deſign'd,
To raiſe the thoughts, and moralize the mind,
The chaſte delights of virtue to inſpire,
And warm the boſom with ſeraphic fire,
Sublime the paſſions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.

THESE glorious taſks were PHILOMELA's part,
Who charms the fancy, and who mends the heart.
In her was ev'ry bright perfection join'd,
Whate'er adorns, or dignifies the mind;
Her's ev'ry happy elegance of thought,
Refin'd by virtue, as by genius wrought:
Each low-born care her pow'rful ſtrains controul,
And wake the nobler paſſions of the ſoul.

When to the vocal grove, or winding ſtream,
She hymn'd th' almighty Author of its frame,
Tranſported echoes bore the ſounds along,
And all creation liſten'd to the ſong.
Bold as when raptur'd ſeraphs ſtrike the lyre,
Chaſte as the veſtal's conſecrated fire;
Soft as the balmy airs that gently play,
In the calm ſun-ſet of a vernal day;
Sublime as virtue, elegant as wit,
As fancy various, and as beauty ſweet.
Applauding angels with attention hung,
To learn the heav'nly accents from her tongue:
They in the midnight hour beheld her riſe
Beyond the verge of theſe inferior ſkies;
Where rapt in joys to vulgar minds unknown,
She felt a flame ecſtatic as their own.

OH! while diſtinguiſh'd in the realms above,
The bliſsful ſeats of harmony and love,
Thy happy ſpirit joins the heav'nly throng,
Glows with their tranſports, and partakes their ſong;
Fix'd on my ſoul ſhall thy example grow,
And be my genius and my guide below:
To this I'll point my firſt, my nobleſt views,
Thy ſpotleſs verſe ſhall regulate my muſe.
And oh! forgive (tho' faint the tranſcript be,
That copies an original like thee)
My higheſt pride, my beſt attempt for fame,
That joins my own to PHILOMELA's name.

ELIZ. CARTER.

On the death of Mrs. ROWE.

WHAT heav'nly Pow'r bends o'er yon gaping grave,
And weeps th' illuſtrious dead ſhe could not ſave?
Lo! from her flowing robes divinely bright,
A dazzling glory gilds the ſhades of night.
'Tis thou, *Urania!* the celeſtial maid
This tribute pays to PHILOMELA's ſhade:
For thee, great bard, ſhe bids her ſorrows flow,
Loſt in her grief, and ecſtacy of woe.
But hark! from her long trance the goddeſs breaks,
And thus in wild, deſpairing accents ſpeaks.
(Thou midnight moon, and all ye ſtarry throng,
Retard your courſe, and hear th' immortal ſong!
Ye ſilver floods, your murm'ring lapſe reſtrain,
Nor roll your cryſtal volumes to the main!)

No more let flow'rs receive their annual birth,
Or vernal verdure cloathe the laughing earth;
No more, thou ſolar lamp, the day reſtore;
Ye ſtars, the fields of ether gild no more;
Thou lunar orb, withdraw thy ſilver light,
To total darkneſs give the horrid night!
Dead is the bard, who wont from you to raiſe
A ſong immortal to your Maker's praiſe;
In your fair volumes ſaw the God deſign'd,
And from his works ſung the creating Mind.

Dead is my boaſt, in whom I meant to ſhow
What gifts the firſt of muſes could beſtow.
Oh! ſhe had pow'r the wildeſt rage to charm,
To bend the haughtieſt, and the coldeſt warm;
Pow'r to ſeduce unthinking crowds from bliſs,
And bid deluſion and perdition pleaſe:
Far other her deſign; her heav'nly page
To truth and wiſdom guides the liſt'ning age.
Undazzled by the glitt'ring pomp of ſtate,
Not her's the part to praiſe the guilty great;
Merit alone boaſts her unbrib'd applauſe,
And all her art ſhe us'd in virtue's cauſe.
Drawn by her hand, in native beauty bright
Religion riſes lovely to the ſight.
No more can vice, with all her borrow'd charms,
Tempt thoughtleſs mortals to her fatal arms;
They for falſe bliſs no more the true deſtroy,
Or ruſh on miſ'ry, for a dream of joy.
Ev'n death, ſupreme of terrors, now appears
No more the object of miſtaking fears;
He frees th' immortal mind from humble clay,
And gives a paſſage to eternal day:
Tho' dark the way, with joy they tread the road,
That leads to bliſs, to virtue, and to God.

SUCH, heav'nly bard, thy works! whoſe laſting praiſe
Shall crown thy head with never-fading bays,
Secure of life ſhall the grave's pow'r defy,
And laſt unchang'd 'till time and nature die.
Yet what to thee the fame by mortals giv'n?
To thee, applauded in the courts of heav'n?

There

There thy leaſt glory, firſt of bards, to have ſung
In accents worthy of a ſeraph's tongue;
Thy nobler praiſe, fair ſaint, that when below
Thine was the god-like pleaſure to beſtow:
That the prime grace, celeſtial charity,
The firſt and faireſt daughter of the ſky,
Thy hands extended, triumph'd in thy breaſt,
And her great vot'ry's total ſoul poſſeſt.
What loud laments were ſent to heav'n, that day
That to it's earth reſtor'd thy breathleſs clay!
How did the wretched curſe the hour, that gave
Their patron, friend, and parent to the grave!
Theſe are thy honours! honours that can grace
None but the foremoſt of the human race.
Tyrants may ſleep beneath the *Parian* dome,
And ſculptur'd marble breathe around their tomb;
Stupendous piles whoſe turrets wound the ſky,
May tell the world where its deſtroyers lie.
Thy ſoul, great bard, diſdain'd the meaner part,
To borrow grandeur from the works of art;
Not thine the praiſes of a flatt'ring ſtone,
By thy ſepulchral ſtructure only known:
Far other honours future ages owe,
Than monumental marbles can beſtow;
While wit or ſacred verſe ſhall know to charm,
While virtue's ſelf the human breaſt ſhall warm,
Thy mem'ry ſhall ſurvive, ſecure of fame,
And lateſt times ſhall celebrate thy name.
Lo! I, the firſt of muſes, grace thy ſhade,
And honours give, not oft' to mortals paid.
Leſs mourn'd th' inſpiring muſe, when *Leſbos'* pride
(By thee alone excell'd) fam'd *Sappho* dy'd.

MEAN-

MEANTIME, while all the great and good below
Lament their loſs in agony of woe,
Th' angelic hoſts receive th' immortal mind,
No more on earth in humble clay confin'd;
The ſons of heav'n the kindred ſpirit greet,
And pleas'd, conduct thee to thy native ſeat:
There pleaſures flow eternal and divine,
And all the joys of paradiſe are thine.
Such thy bleſt lot, and ſuch the bright reward
For ſuch diſtinguiſh'd excellence prepar'd!

THE goddeſs ceas'd, and in a blaze of light,
To heav'n, her native region, urg'd her flight.

Aug. 1737. NICOLAS MUNCKLEY.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

Sacred to the memory of Mrs. ELIZ. ROWE.

FAREWEL, O ever honour'd, ever dear!
The bard demands a ſong, the ſaint a tear.

'TWAS thine with native force to touch the heart,
And ſcorn to ſteal a grace from rules of art:
So raiſe the warblers of the woods their notes,
Heav'n-taught alone to ſwell their tuneful throats.
Unlabour'd beauties deck the ſong divine,
And ev'ry charm, inſpiring muſe, is thine:
So boaſts ſome wilderneſs of ſweets to ſmile
By nature's gift, nor aſks the aids of toil.

ESTRANG'D

ESTRANG'D from flatt'ry, and to courts unknown,
And vice thy gen'rous ſcorn, ev'n on a throne;
Thy muſe diſdain'd the guilty great to ſing,
No ſtateſman's name profan'd her ſacred ſtring:
Thy happier choice to match the heav'nly choir,
And tune to virtue's praiſe th' ennobled lyre.
Nor prais'd alone, you practis'd what you ſung,
That virtue rul'd your breaſt, which warm'd your tongue
From the full heart flow'd ev'ry godlike thought,
And thy life acted what thy numbers taught.

O THOU hadſt all that could the ſoul engage,
The fire of youth chaſten'd by ſapient age:
Gay without lightneſs, grave, yet not ſevere,
Polite as courts, as ruſtic truth ſincere;
Perfection all (as far as mortal can)
As ſoft as woman, and as wiſe as man.

FAIR like the ſnowy beauty of thy mien,
Th' unſully'd whiteneſs of thy ſoul within;
Good without ſhew, thy virtue, like thy lays,
Sincere of art, ſhone with unbidden grace.
No lures of glory could thy wiſh perſuade,
Fitted to ſhine in courts, you ſought the ſhade,
Declin'd the honours worth like thine might claim,
And hid in diſtant deſarts fled from fame:
In vain! for while each virtue and each muſe
Crown'd thy retreat, fair fame their ſteps purſues.
Conceal'd from ſight, thus ſparkling diamonds ſhine
'Midſt lonely waſtes, deep in the darkling mine;
But hid in vain, ev'n there, with ſearching eyes
Men mark their beauty, and their value prize.

Yet

Yet not applauſe could taint thy humble mind,
To thy own worth, as others frailties, blind;
So dead to vanity, thy angel guard
Here ceas'd their needleſs watch, nor danger fear'd.
Gold's glitt'ring baits, which all mankind betray,
Thou couldſt with undeſiring eyes ſurvey;
Thy ſoul replete with virtue's ſacred ſtore,
The world forgot, prefer'd no pray'r for more:
Thus the rapt ſeraph, crown'd with heav'nly joys,
Waſtes not a wiſh on all earth's ſlighted toys.
Fond to commend, unknowing how to blame,
Thy lips ne'er learn'd a harſher ſound to frame;
The good with praiſe thy zealous tongue addreſt,
Silence was all thy cenſure of the reſt.
Thy ſoul ſerene, in all events the ſame,
Scarce felt a warmth that virtue's ſelf could blame;
No guſt of ire diſturb'd her bleſt repoſe,
Like *Eden*'s ſkies, where never tempeſt roſe:
Reaſon triumphant, and the paſſions chain'd,
Unſhaken rule the victor mind maintain'd.
Angel to bleſs and ſave! what faithful ſtrain
Can ſing thy goodneſs to the ſuff'ring train?
To all the joys of luxury unknown,
Scarcely what nature's wants requir'd, thy own,
The poor had all the reſt; and ſtill thy heart
Grudg'd nature's real wants their ſlender part.
Studious to ſoften ev'ry human ill,
And all the wounds of adverſe fortune heal,
Thy lib'ral hand dealt happineſs around,
Nor indigence was near thy manſion found:
While modeſty ſtill threw a veil between
Thy deeds and praiſe: ſo angels bleſs unſeen.

O EARLY loſt, tho' length of days was thine!
Their friend, their parent muſt the poor reſign?
Who now ſhall ſooth the ſinking heart to hope,
And blend with lenient ſweets woe's bitter cup?
Where ſhall the orphan's cry find pitying ears?
Into whoſe breaſt the widow pour her tears?
Where modeſt merit find the gen'rous friend,
Prompt e'er ſhe aſes the lib'ral aid to lend!
Whoſe zeal to bleſs ſhall ſervile taſks repeat,
Bind the ſaints wounds, and waſh their wearied feet,
Court worth in rags to ſhare her bounteous board,
The ſervant of the ſervants of the Lord?

DEAR to thy God! while habitant on earth,
Th' almighty goodneſs own'd thy favour'd worth,
And bad thy life, to mingled woe unknown,
A long-extended line of golden fate run on.
Thus ſome fair ſtream, that from a plenteous ſource
Its riſe derives, maintains its happy courſe:
No baſer wave its ſilver current blends,
No ruffling ſtorm from angry heav'n deſcends;
But ſmooth and limpid, o'er the flow'ry plain
It rolls its lengthen'd way, and ſeeks the diſtant main.

PEACE crown'd thy days, and the propitious ſkies
White, like the reſt, bad thy laſt hour ariſe.
Wan ſickneſs, gloomy fear, the fury, pain,
With ſcorpion ſcourge, and all death's direful train;
That oft' around th' expiring good man's bed
Terrific ſtand, and hell-born horrors ſhed,
Rage to afflict thy mortal hour in vain,
Heav'n's high beheſts th' unwilling fiends reſtrain.

Sudden,

Sudden, with ſcarce a pang, the vital chains
Break——the freed ſoul her native ſky regains.
So falls ſome monarch oak, that flouriſh'd long
With verdure beauteous, and with vigor ſtrong;
Whoſe ſpreading arms ſtretch'd o'er the gladſome plain,
Shade to the flock, and ſhelter to the ſwain:
Not deſtin'd to the woes of long decay,
While years on years roll ſad and ſlow away;
At once the liſted ſteel his trunk aſſails,
He falls, and ev'ry ſwain his loſs bewails.

FAREWEL! if 'tis the muſe's boaſt to crown
With deathleſs fame, and virtue meets renown;
While yonder orbs their meaſur'd dance purſue,
The wiſe ſhall praiſe, the good ſhall copy *you*.

On the death of Mrs. ROWE.

COME, all ye wiſe, and all ye virtuous, come,
To pay due honours at this ſacred tomb!
Preſs'd by this rude, unpoliſh'd marble lies
What PHILOMELA left beneath the ſkies.
What tho' no artiſt's hand has mark'd the ſtone,
And her fair form in breathing ſculpture ſhewn;
Her weeping friends no want of *Phidias'* mourn,
Nor wiſh the *Parian* buſt, or pompous urn:
Suffices *this* to ſhew, this earth can claim
The ſacred reliques of ſo great a name.

Nor

Nor need theſe lines in trite expreſſion praiſe
The matchleſs beauties of her heav'nly lays;
Secure of fame, her own immortal ſong
Speaks her the pride of the poetic throng.
Fitter her virtuous uſe of verſe to ſhew,
And what ſaints laud above, commend below.

Too mean the taſk for thy immortal lays,
To deck the infamous in pow'r with praiſe:
His crimes diſguis'd, no cruel tyrant ſhines
The father of his people in thy lines.
Not thine from virtue's ſacred paths t' entice,
And add falſe beauties to the monſter vice;
Not thine to bid religion's heav'nly rules
Become the laughter of licentious fools:
Thy ſtrains, fair ſaint, teach us, from error free,
Like thee to live, and to be bleſt like thee.

Thou glory of thy ſex and age farewel!
Thy various virtues future bards ſhall tell;
Men yet unborn thy mem'ry ſhall revere,
And wet thy marble with a pious tear:
No more to thee by mortals can be giv'n,
This earth ſhall pay—the reſt is left to Heav'n.

Nov. 1737.

On the death of Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE.

MUCH honour'd ſhade! while ſorrowing o'er thy urn,
The friend, the ſiſter, and the ſaint I mourn,
O that my lays each tuneful grace could boaſt,
Sweet as the ſtrains that wept *Alexis* loſt;
That while I ſigh thy fate, and ſing thy name,
My alter'd verſe might catch thy heav'nly flame!
Then with my theme my numbers ſhould agree,
Inſpir'd by ev'ry muſe, and worthy thee.

FAIR ſhone thy form, how fitted to impart
Joy to the eye, and paſſion to the heart!
Yet was thy ſex's pride, to lure the gaze
With radiant beauty, but thy ſmalleſt praiſe;
Exalted goodneſs, and a ſoul divine,
(Immortal charms by ſeraphs lov'd) were thine.
So 'midſt the blooming race the ſpring ſupplies,
Smiles ſome fair flow'r deck'd with diſtinguiſh'd dyes;
Nor ſooths the ſight with painted pride alone,
But wond'rous virtues its gay honours crown;
Potent to heal, the ſacred plant contains
Balm for our wounds, and med'cine for our pains.

O FAV'RITE of the nine? in whom conſpire
The *Sapphic* ſweetneſs, and *Pindaric* fire,
What various beauty decks thy happy ſong!
Soft as thy form, and as thy virtue ſtrong.

Smooth

Smooth as the ſliding ſtream, that o'er the plain,
With ſtealing lapſe, rolls on his watry train;
And ſoftly murm'ring winds its gentle way,
While vernal hours the temp'rate ſeaſon ſway:
Yet ſtrong, as when the wintry tempeſts pour
The guſhing rains t' augment the liquid ſtore;
When ſwoln to rage, it foams, and roars, and raves,
And rolls reſiſtleſs violence of waves,
Burſts like a ſwelling ocean o'er the plain,
And thund'ring pours along impetuous to the main.

WHENE'ER thy *Doric* lays delight the grove
With gen'rous friendſhip, or with guiltleſs love,
O ſolitude! how ſmiles thy calm retreat,
The muſes haunt, and virtues beſt lov'd ſeat!
Courts lure no more, the blaze of grandeur fades,
And ev'ry heart ſighs for thy peaceful ſhades.
If plaintive of *Alexis*' early doom,
We hear thee mourning o'er a huſband's tomb;
Kind, wife, and good, ſnatch'd from thy widow'd arms
In all the blooming pride of manly charms;
What boſom bleeds not at thy moving ſtrains?
What eye the tributary tear refrains?
Or if thy muſe, warm'd with divinier flame,
Scorn mortal themes, and ſing th' Almighty's name,
Taught by thy verſe celeſtial heights to ſoar,
Earth leſſens to our view, and charms no more;
Our raptur'd breaſts thy ſacred ardors ſhare,
Heav'n all our hope, and virtue all our care:
While wond'ring angels from the ſkies bend down,
To hear the ſong they ſcarce would bluſh to own.

O BORN

O BORN to bleſs, adorn, and mend the age!
Thou dar'dſt for friendleſs piety engage.
Yet too well natur'd for ſatiric rhymes,
(Thy part to weep, not laſh licentious times)
Thy gentle muſe *Iambic* rage declin'd,
And choſe a taſk more ſuited to thy mind:
To paint what woe to guilty joy ſucceeds,
And fire the breaſt with love of godlike deeds:
Woe alien to thy days, for ever true
To piety, and promis'd heav'n in view;
But ev'ry godlike deed thy page diſplays,
Shone in thy living worth with rival grace.
O happy work! which ev'ry boſom charms,
That wit allures, or ſacred virtue warms.

THE libertine, who loſt in guilty joys,
Scorns Heav'n's juſt lore, and ſhuns the preacher's voice,
Won by thy artful tales of gen'rous deeds,
Shall feel the wiſh to emulate what he reads:
No more by vice enſlav'd, th' unfetter'd youth,
Freed by thy hand ſhall find the paths of truth;
And form'd by thee, his better hopes ſhall riſe
On virtue's ſolid baſe, and reach the ſkies.

So charm thy works! whoſe laſting fame ſhall ſhed
Unblaſted laurels on thy honoured head;
No vulgar boaſt! yet nobler far the praiſe
Of angel goodneſs than of angel lays:
Parnaſſian wreaths with faded luſtre ſhine,
While palms celeſtial round thy temples twine.

RECLUS'D from all the world, and worldly care,
Thy life's ſole buſ'neſs charity and pray'r;

Gold's

Gold's tempting charms ne'er gave thy breaſt to glow,
Who knew no uſe of wealth, but to beſtow.
The ſtore Heav'n lent thy lib'ral bounty ſpread,
Cloath'd were the naked, and the famiſh'd fed;
Sav'd by thy hand, the widow wip'd her eye,
And orphans breaſts forgot the frequent ſigh:
Parent to pity, patron to relieve,
Merit ne'er mourn'd, while you had more to give.

BE witneſs, O thou charitable door,
Which ever op'd, receiv'd the crowding poor,
That never ſuff'ring virtue's weeping train
Before thy threſhold breath'd their wants in vain!

ASSIST me, O celeſtial muſe, to paint
The holy fervors of th' adoring ſaint!
Her hours of heav'nly converſe, pray'r and praiſe,
(The largeſt, beſt-lov'd portion of her days)
When proſtrate low ſhe pour'd her ſoul to God,
All rapt to heav'n, and like a ſeraph glow'd——
But ceaſe, my lays, nor dare the ſubject try,
Gueſs it, ye ſaints, if thought can reach ſo high!

YE miniſters of Heav'n, whoſe guardian grace
Attends the good, witneſs her pray'r and praiſe;
Say, if from mortal tongue ye e'er have known
Pray'rs more ſincere, or praiſe more like your own.

THOSE joys, thou Virtue, only can beſtow,
Crown'd with eternal peace her open brow;
The tranquil mind, from fav'ring Heav'n ſerene,
Tranſpierc'd her frame, and ſhone upon her mien:

Such

Such ſweetneſs decks a ſmiling angel's face,
Breathing around benevolence and grace.

BLEST in thy life and genius! bleſt in death!
Allow'd without a pang to yield thy breath;
Unfelt the ſtroke, and ſpar'd the painful ſtrife
Of nature, ſtruggling e'er ſhe parts with life:
One hour in blooming health, the next, the ſkies
Receive the ſaint to ever-during joys.
Thy gracious God thus heard thy favour'd vows,
And crown'd your virtue with the death you choſe.
Such fate, if Heav'n approves, my pray'rs implore;
Such be my life, and ſuch its lateſt hour!
Bleſt hour! that ſhall returning peace decree,
And bid this boſom bleed no more for thee.

DEAR to the wiſe and good! but dear in vain!
Not HERTFORD's tears recall the ſaint again.
O friend! O ſiſter! to this boſom dear
By ev'ry name that prompts the ſigh ſincere,
Torn from my longing hope, in thee I mourn
Life's fondeſt joy——ah! never to return!
No more theſe eyes on thy lov'd form ſhall gaze,
Where more than beauty glow'd in ev'ry grace.
No more, while envious ſhades unheeded riſe,
And ſummer ſuns too ſoon forſake the ſkies,
My raviſh'd ſoul ſhall hang upon thy voice,
Imparadis'd in more than more than mortal joys.
O with what tranſport did my liſt'ning ear,
Thy converſe, like an angel's rev'renc'd, hear!
While ſacred truths in ſofteſt accents flow'd,
Breath'd Heav'n around, and rapt my ſoul to God.

Ye

Ye hours of Heav'n (if aught beneath the ſkies
Can boaſt reſemblance to celeſtial joys)
Why will your mem'ry wound my tortur'd thought?
Ne'er to return, can ye be ne'er forgot?
So fate ordains! thro' future life to me,
No joy ſhall ſmile ſincere from grief for thee.

YET not eternal abſence ſhall divide
Thoſe virtuous hearts, which gen'rous friendſhip ty'd.
If following thee, my feet ſhall learn to tread
That arduous way, from which you never ſtray'd,
The path ſhall guide me to thy bleſt abode,
And oh! perhaps, few ſteps remain untrod.
There, tho' high thron'd, and to thy God more near,
Sublime thou ſhin'ſt in thy exalted ſphere;
Yet may I, diſtant, on thy glories gaze,
And hear thee hymn thy God in heav'nly lays:
There (lower far my ſeat, my robe leſs white)
Bliſs, tho' unequal, ſhall our ſouls unite.

YES, we ſhall meet again, no more to part!
Hope at the ſound awakes, and ſooths my heart.
Bleſt hope! that aids with ſtrengthen'd ſtep to tend
O'er life's rough road, while Heaven and thou the end.
Tho' ſunk in woe, with years of ſickneſs worn,
I languiſh in decay, of joy forlorn,
And thou art loſt; yet welcome ev'ry ill
My life has felt, or future hours ſhall feel,
If virtue, weak like mine, may hope to ſhare
Thy heav'n, and find the meaneſt manſion there.

MEAN-

MEANTIME, O ever-honour'd ſhade, farewel!
'Tis thine, in everlaſting joys to dwell;
'Tis mine, the loſs of angel worth to ſigh,
Ne'er to be found again beneath the ſky.
Ah friend! how ſlow, how ſad ſhall roll the hours,
'Till Heav'n my ſoul to thee and bliſs reſtores!

April, 1737. THEOPHILUS ROWE.

On the publication of Mrs. ROWE's POEMS *ſince her death.*

THUS PHILOMELA ſung, on earth detain'd,
While cumb'rous clay the fiſing ſoul reſtrain'd:
Now the freed ſpirit, with th' angelic choir,
In fields of light attunes th' immortal lyre,
And hymns her God in ſtrains more ſoft, more ſtrong;
There only could ſhe learn a loftier ſong.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The VISION.

'TWAS in the close recesses of a shade,
A shade for sacred contemplation made;
No beauteous branch, no plant, or fragrant flow'r,
But flourish'd near the fair, delicious bow'r;
With charming state its lofty arches rise
Adorn'd with blossoms, as with stars the skies;
All pure and fragrant was the air I drew,
Which winds thro' myrtle groves and orange blew;
Clear waves along with pleasing murmur rush,
And down the artful falls in noble cat'racts gush.

'TWAS here, within this happy place retir'd,
Harmonious pleaſures all my ſoul inſpir'd;
I take my lyre, and try each tuneful ſtring,
Now war, now love, and beauty's force would ſing:
To heav'nly ſubjects now, in ſerious lays,
I ſtrive my faint, unſkilful voice to raiſe:
But as I unreſolv'd and doubtful lay,
My cares in eaſy ſlumbers glide away;
Nor with ſuch grateful ſleep, ſuch ſoothing reſt,
And dreams like this, I e're before was bleſs'd;
No wild, uncouth chimera's intervene,
To break the perfect intellectual ſcene.

THE place was all with heav'nly light o'er-flown,
And glorious with immortal ſplendor ſhone;
When! lo a bright ethereal youth drew near,
Ineffable his motions and his air.
A ſoft, beneficent, expreſsleſs grace,
With life's moſt florid bloom adorn'd his face;
His lovely brows immortal laurels bind,
And long his radiant hair fell down behind;
His azure robes hung free, and waving to the wind.
Angelic his addreſs, his tuneful voice
Inſpir'd a thouſand elevating joys:
When thus the wond'rous youth his ſilence broke,
And with an accent all celeſtial ſpoke.

To Heav'n, nor longer pauſe, devote thy ſongs,
To Heav'n the muſe's ſacred art belongs;
Let his unbounded glory be thy theme,
Who fills th' eternal regions with his fame;
And when death's fatal ſleep ſhall cloſe thine eyes,
In triumph we'll attend thee to the ſkies;

We'll

We'll crown thee there with everlafting bays,
And teach thee all our celebrated lays.
This fpoke, the fhining vifion upward flies,
And darts as lightning thro' the cleaving fkies.

The beginning of the fourth Book of TASSO'S JERUSALEM *tranflated.*

BUT while to bring about their great intent,
The Chriftian army all their vigour bent;
The potent enemy of human kind,
Revolv'd their happy progrefs in his mind.
His baleful eyes with helliſh envy glare,
Half-ftifled murmurs fhow his inward care,
And hollow groans betray his deep defpair:
With fuch a heavy, hoarfe, and bellowing found,
Wild bulls, when ftung with grief, they trace the ground,
Fill all the groves, and all the valleys round.
Collecting all the rage within his breaft,
For means the active Chriftians to moleft.
Fool! to believe with any force or fkill,
T' oppofe the methods of th' eternal will;
And thofe avenging thunders to awake,
That plung'd him headlong down the flaming lake.
Regardlefs of that memorable day,
He fummons now the ftates of hell away.
Thro' all the climes of endlefs darknefs round,
The jarring calls of the hoarfe trumpet found;

Trembled the wide infernal caves again,
And long the murm'ring air retain'd the ſullen ſtrain.
Not half ſo dreadful in a ſtormy wreck,
From louring clouds the noiſy thunders break;
Nor vapours cloſe impriſon'd in the earth,
With ſuch wild rumour give themſelves a birth.
In various troops, the gloomy deities
Together came, that ſhare the vaſt abyſs;
Unnumber'd forms, and monſtrous all appear,
And deadly terror in their looks they wear;
With horrid ſnaky treſſes ſome were crown'd,
Some ſtamp'd with brutal hoofs the burning ground;
Others more curſt a human viſage find,
But ſcaly ſerpents end below, and wind
In circling folds prodigious lengths behind:
And many a lewd, deteſted *Harpy* there,
Centaurs, and *Sphinx*'s hideous forms appear:
Hydra, and *Python*, hiſſing thro' the gloom,
With *Gorgon* hare, and barking *Scylla*, come:
Giants and ghaſtly ſhapes that want a name,
And fierce *Chimæra* ſpitting angry flame;
And many a fiend and frightful monſter more,
With wild confuſion crowd the lofty door.
Great *Lucifer* the regal ſeat commands,
Shaking a ruſty ſcepter in his hands:
Nor *Alpine* hill, nor ſome exalted rock,
That proudly ſtands the raging ocean's ſhock,
Nor half ſo tall th' *Atlantic* mount appears;
So vaſt his bulk, ſo high his tow'ring front he rears.
A horrid majeſty ſurrounds his face,
Its terror, pride and growing rage increaſe.

His red'ning eyes like fatal comets glare,
And ſhoot malignant venom thro' the air:
Beneath his breaſt deſcends a loathſome beard,
His mouth a deep polluted gulf appear'd;
Whence iſſue ſulphur, ſmoke, and pois'nous ſteams,
With mutt'ring thunder, and deſtructive flames.
He ſpake; all hell aſtoniſh'd at the noiſe
Stood mute, grim *Cerberus* reſtrains his voice;
Cocytus ſtops, the ſnakes to hiſs forbear,
While thro' the ſounding deep theſe dreadful words we hear.

INFERNAL Gods, worthy the thrones of light,
And monarchies of heav'n, your native right,
Whom from the realms of bliſs, your ancient lot,
The juſt, the glorious cauſe for which we fought,
With me to this opprobrious dungeon brought.
Other ſucceſs, ev'n he that rules the ſkies,
Expected from our noble enterprize:
But unmoleſted now he reigns above,
And us from thence as conquer'd rebels drove.
From a ſerene, and everlaſting day,
From ſtars, and from the ſun's delightſome ray;
To ſhades, and endleſs horrors we retire,
Nor dare again to thoſe gay climes aſpire.
But I th' effects of all his wrath diſdain,
'Till one curſt thought exaſperates my pain;
That racking thought I never can ſuſtain:
I could with joy in heav'n reſign my place,
But rage to ſee it fill'd with man's degen'rate race;
To ſee vile duſt exalted to ſupply
Our once illuſtrious ſtations in the ſky;

And what diſtracts me more———
As all too little to our mighty foe
Appear'd, that he for worthleſs man could do;
The ruin'd wretches forfeiture to pay,
He gave to death his darling ſon a prey;
Victorious o'er the meagre king, in ſtate
He proudly enters the infernal gate;
Within my gloomy confines dar'd to tread,
And here in ſcorn his ſhining banners ſpread.
Millions of captive ſouls, our deſtin'd prey,
He led triumphant from the ſhades away:
And, what my diſcontent and pain renews,
The ancient enterprize he ſtill purſues;
And while we idly here conſume the day,
To him the *Aſian* empire drops away,
And falſe *Judæa* ſhortly owns his ſway:
Loud hymns in ev'ry language to his name
They ſing, and ſpread around the world his fame.
Inſcrib'd in braſs, and laſting marble, they
His glory down to future times convey.
To him alone devoted flames ariſe,
And vows, and od'rous incenſe mount the ſkies.
No blazing fire upon our altar ſhines,
Neglected ſtand our temples, and our ſhrines:
No more with gifts they crowd our rich abodes,
Nor fall before us as aſſiſting Gods.
Empty of human ſouls our regions grow,
While all the roads of hell unpeopled ſhow:
And can we tamely ſuffer this? And reſts
No ſpark of ancient vigour in your breaſts?
Have you forgot when in bright arms we ſhone,
Engag'd with heav'n, and ſhook his lofty throne?

Our

Our native vigour, our immortal flame,
And ardent thirſt of glory, is the ſame.
But why, you dear companions of my woe,
In pleaſing miſchief are you grown ſo ſlow?
Loſt here in ſloth and darkneſs we remain,
While new allies the proſp'rous Chriſtians gain:
Haſte then, with all the rage of hell aſſail
Our dreaded foes, by arts or force prevail;
In all their ſolemn councils raiſe diſſent,
Ungrounded Jealouſies, and diſcontent:
Let ſome the ſlaves of ſhameful paſſions prove,
Plung'd in the ſoft, licentious joys of love;
And others treach'rouſly the cauſe decline,
Confound their army, ſink the curſt deſign.

On the CREATION.

NOR yet the crude materials of the earth,
Were form'd; nor time, nor motion yet had birth:
Nor yet one ſolitary ſpark of light
Glar'd thro' the duſky ſhades of ancient night;
Nor on the barren waſtes of endleſs ſpace,
As yet were circumſcrib'd the bounds of place:
When at th' Almighty's word, from nothing ſprings
The firſt confus'd original of things.
Whatever now the heav'ns wide arms embrace,
Together then lay blended in a maſs;
The dull, the active, the refin'd, and baſe,

d, the hot, the temp'rate, moiſt and dry,
ngled in profound diſorder lie;
prodigious undiſtinguiſh'd heap,
xtremeſt contraries of nature ſleep:
Nor yet the ſprightly ſeeds of fire aſcend,
Nor downwards yet the pond'rous atoms tend.
A monſtrous face the new creation wears,
And void of order, form, and light, appears;
'Till the Almighty *fiat*, once again
Pronounc'd, did motion to each part ordain,
Awoke the tender principles of life,
And urg'd the growing elemental ſtrife.
And now confuſions infinite ariſe,
From nature's moſt remote antipathies:
But while againſt their furious oppoſites,
Each hoſtile atom all its force unites,
Their own lov'd ſpecies, thro' the formleſs maſs,
With am'rous zeal officiouſly they trace,
And join, and mingle in a ſtrict embrace.
The lively ſhining particles of light,
On dazzling wings attempt their nimble flight.
The fine tranſparent air, with mighty force,
Thro' fix'd and fluid, upward takes its courſe.
The groſſer ſeeds with heavy motion preſs,
And meeting in the midſt, the central parts poſſeſs;
While the united waves, without controul,
About the ſlimy ſurface proudly roll,
'Till an imperial word their force divides,
And lo! the deep by ſmooth degrees ſubſides;
And lo! the riſing ſtately mountains leave
Their ouzy beds; and lo! the valleys cleave,
The congregated waters to receive:

And

And down the sinking billows calmly go;
Part to the subterranean caves below,
And part around the hills in circling currents flow.
And now the slimy, soft-fermented earth,
Prepar'd to give her various species birth,
Obedient to the voice, produces all
Her boundless stores at her Creator's call.
A sudden spring at his command arose,
And various plants their verdant tops disclose;
The teeming ground to rising groves gives way,
Which leaves and blossoms instantly display,
And every branch with tempting fruit looks gay.
When he again, whose active word fulfill'd
Exactly all the mighty things he will'd,
Commands, and strait the heav'nly arches rise,
And kindling glories brighten all the skies.
A sudden day with gaudy lustre gilds
Th' expanded air, the new-made streams, and fields;
Ten thousand sprightly dazzling lights advance,
And trembling rays in the wide ether dance:
The sun, beyond them all immense and gay,
Assumes the bright dominion of the day;
And whirling up the skies with rapid force,
Along the radiant zone begins his destin'd course.

And now another efficacious word,
The air, and earth, and wat'ry region stor'd:
The num'rous vehicles for breath prepar'd,
The mighty summons of their Maker heard;
And from the bosom of their native clay
Sprung into life, and caught the vital ray.

Millions of footed creatures range the woods,
Millions with fins divide the cryſtal floods;
Millions beſides, with wanton liberty,
On painted wings riſe ſinging to the ſky.

BUT laſt of all, two of a nobler kind,
After the brighteſt model in his mind,
With care the great Artificer deſign'd:
Beyond his other works, complete and fair,
He form'd with ev'ry grace the lovely pair,
Adorn'd with beauty, crown'd with dignity,
Immortal, god-like, rational, and free:
Serene impreſſions of a ſtamp divine,
Upon their matchleſs faces clearly ſhine:
In deep ſuſpence, and at themſelves amaz'd,
With curious eyes they on each other gaz'd;
Themſelves, and all the fair creation round
Survey, and ſtill freſh cauſe of wonder found.

FOR now, in their primæval luſtre gay,
The earth and heav'ns their utmoſt pride diſplay.
The blazing ſun from his meridian height,
Thro' an unclouded ſky darts round his flaming light.
The fields, the floods, and all th' enlighten'd air,
In open day look raviſhingly fair.
The bright carnation, and the fragrant roſe,
Their beauties freſh with heav'nly dew diſcloſe.
The noble amaranths ſhow their purple dye,
Splendid, as that which paints the morning ſky.
Ten thouſand od'rous flow'rs of various hue,
In ev'ry ſhade and plain ſpontaneous grew;
And down the ſmooth deſcent of verdant hills,
From marble fountains guſh a thouſand rills:

Thro'

Thro' many a pleaſant ſhade they murm'ring go,
And mingle with the larger ſtreams below,
Which thro' the flow'ry valleys ſoftly flow;
And all along their lovely ſpacious banks,
Immortal trees are plac'd in equal ranks,
Whoſe charming ſhades might God himſelf delight,
And angels from their heav'nly bow'rs invite.
Here gentle breezes, from their fragrant wings,
Shed all the odours of a thouſand ſprings:
Harmonious birds among the branches ſing,
And all the groves with chearful echoes ring.

HAIL mighty Maker of the univerſe!
My ſong ſhall ſtill thy glorious deeds rehearſe:
Thy praiſe, whatever ſubject others chuſe,
Shall be the lofty theme of my aſpiring muſe.

LOVE *and* FRIENDSHIP:

A

PASTORAL.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the ſkies the ruddy ſun deſcends;
And riſing night the ev'ning ſhade extends:
While pearly dews o'erſpread the fruitful field;
And cloſing flowers reviving odours yield;
Let us, beneath theſe ſpreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our muſes may indite.

Nor

Nor need we, in this close retirement, fear,
Least any swain our am'rous secrets hear.

SYLVIA.

To ev'ry shepherd I would mine proclaim;
Since fair *Aminta* is my softest theme:
A stranger to the loose delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove;
And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,
Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

PROPITIOUS god of love, my breast inspire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire:
Propitious god of love, thy succour bring;
Whilst I thy darling, thy *Alexis* sing,
Alexis, as the op'ning blossoms fair,
Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air.
For him each virgin sighs, and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns;
With such an air, and such a graceful mien,
No shepherd dances on the flow'ry green:
Nor to the echoing groves, and whisp'ring springs,
In sweeter strains the tuneful *Conon* sings;
When loud applauses fill the crowded groves,
And *Phoebus* the superior song approves.

SYLVIA.

BEAUTEOUS *Aminta* is as early light,
Breaking the melancholy shades of night.
When she is near, all anxious trouble flies;
And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.

Young

Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,
In ev'ry breast the beauteous nymph inspires:
But on the plain when she no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.
In vain the streams roll on; the eastern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees.
In vain the birds begin their ev'ning song,
And to the silent night their notes prolong:
Nor groves, nor crystal streams, nor verdant field
Can wonted pleasure in her absence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

ALEXIS absent, all the pensive day,
In some obscure retreat I lonely stray;
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents, and a dying strain.
Dear, lovely youth! I cry to all around:
Dear, lovely youth! the flatt'ring vales resound.

SYLVIA.

ON flow'ry banks, by ev'ry murm'ring stream,
Aminta is my muse's softest theme:
'Tis she that does my artful notes refine,
And with her name my noblest verse shall shine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'LL twine fresh garlands for *Alexis'* brows,
And consecrate to him my softest vows:
The charming youth shall my *Apollo* prove;
Adorn my songs, and tune my voice to love.

To

To the AUTHOR *of the foregoing* PASTORAL.

By Mr. PRIOR.

BY *Sylvia*, if thy charming ſelf be meant;
If friendſhip be thy virgin vows extent;
O! let me in *Aminta*'s praiſes join;
Her's my eſteem ſhall be, my paſſion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare;
A ſecond wreath ſhall bind *Aminta*'s hair:
And when my choiceſt ſongs thy worth proclaim;
Alternate verſe ſhall bleſs *Aminta*'s name:
My heart ſhall own the juſtice of her cauſe;
And love himſelf ſubmit to friendſhip's laws.

BUT, if beneath thy numbers ſoft diſguiſe,
Some favour'd ſwain, ſome true *Alexis* lies;
If *Amaryllis* breathes thy ſecret pains;
And thy fond heart beats meaſure to thy ſtrains:
May'ſt thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious, and the lover kind:
May *Venus* long exert her happy pow'r,
And make thy beauty, like thy verſe, endure:
May ev'ry God his friendly aid afford;
Pan guard thy flock, and *Ceres* bleſs thy board.

BUT, if by chance the ſeries of thy joys
Mit one thought leſs chearful to ariſe;

Piteous

Piteous tranſfer it to the mournful ſwain,
Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated paſſion's laſt exceſs;
And dies in woe, that thou may'ſt live in peace.

In praiſe of MEMORY. *Inſcrib'd to the Honourable the Lady* WORSELY.

BEST gift that heav'ns indulgence cou'd beſtow!
To thee our ſureſt happineſs we owe:
Thou all the flying pleaſures doſt reſtore,
Which, but for thee, bleſt *Mem'ry*, were no more:
For we no ſooner graſp ſome frail delight,
But ready for its everlaſting flight,
E'er we can call the haſty bliſs our own,
If not retain'd by thee, it is for ever gone.

THOU to the fond ſucceſsful lover's heart
A thouſand melting raptures doſt impart;
When, yet more lovely than herſelf, and kind,
Thou bring'ſt his fancy'd miſtreſs to his mind;
The flatt'ring image wears a livelier grace,
A ſofter mien, and more inticing face.

THOU from the flying minutes doſt retrieve
The joys, *Clorinda*'s wit and humour give;
Thoſe joys that I had once poſſeſs'd in vain,
Did not the dear remembrance ſtill remain:

She

She ſpeaks, methinks, and all my ſoul inſpires,
Brightens each thought, and gives my muſe new fires;
'Tis ſhe that lends my daring fancy wings,
Softens my lyre, and tunes its warbling ſtrings.

THOU only to the guilty art ſevere,
Who the review of their paſt actions fear;
But to the innocent and virtuous mind,
Art ſtill propitious, ſmiling ſtill, and kind.
To thee we all thoſe charming pleaſures owe,
The pleaſures that from gen'rous actions flow,
And they are ſtill the nobleſt we poſſeſs below.

An imitation of a PASTORAL *of Mrs.* KILLEGREW's.

MYRTILLA.

LET fragrant eaſtern breezes round thee play,
And op'ning bloſſoms ſtill adorn thy way;
Let bubbling fountains murmur to thy ſleep,
And *Pan* himſelf the while proteſt thy ſheep;
Thy wanton herds thro' verdant paſtures ſtray,
Paſtures like thee, all flouriſhing and gay.
And when with guiltleſs ſports the rival ſwains,
For rural glory ſtrive upon the plains,
Still, young *Alexis*, may the prize be thine,
And on thy brows the faireſt garland ſhine.

ALEXIS.

ALEXIS.

UNFADING wreaths may'ſt thou, *Myrtilla*, gain,
And deathleſs honours by thy verſe obtain;
May ſuch ſmooth numbers warble from thy tongue,
As late the ſkilful *Melibœus* ſung.

MYRTILLA.

No ſuch ambitious aim my mind purſues;
'Tis love, O charming youth! inſpires my muſe:
Could I but pleaſe thee with my artleſs lays,
I proudly ſhould neglect all other praiſe;
Would'ſt thou be grateful, ev'ry grove, and ſtream,
And hill, and lawn, ſhould echo with thy name;
Each rock, each winding cavern and retreat,
The ſoft, inchanting accents ſhou'd repeat:
And if my muſe immortal fame could give,
Thy name in deathleſs numbers ſhould ſurvive.

ALEXIS.

SECURE of fame, he needs no further crave,
Who ſuch a laſting monument may have:
But oh! his glory ne'er can be improv'd,
Who by the bright *Lycoris* has been lov'd.

MYRTILLA.

FOND youth, in yonder ſolitary ſhade,
I ſaw *Narciſſus* with the perjur'd maid;
A thouſand tender things ſhe look'd, and ſaid;
Her raviſh'd eyes upon his beauty fed;
With flow'rs his graceful flowing hair ſhe dreſt,
And ev'ry ſmile her ſecret flame confeſt.

ALEXIS.

ALEXIS.

WHAT paſs'd before I ſaw my lovely fair,
Deſerves not now my jealouſy or care:
Had I at firſt the fickle beauty known,
She had been conſtant then, and all my own.

A deſcription of the inchanted palace and garden of ARMIDA; *whither two knights from the chriſtian camp were come in ſearch of* RINALDO.

Tranſlated from the beginning of the ſixteenth Book of TASSO's JERUSALEM.

THE palace in a circling figure roſe,
Its lofty bounds a ſylvan ſcene incloſe;
Expanded there a beauteous garden lay,
Where never-fading flow'rs their pride diſplay,
A thouſand *Dæmons* kept their lodgings round,
Whoſe arts with endleſs labyrinths confound
Each paſſage to the fair inchanted ground.
A hundred gates adorn the ſtately place,
The chief of which the heroes wond'ring paſs:
The folding doors on golden hinges turn,
With poliſh'd gold the radiant pillars burn;
But all the dazzling precious metal's coſt,
Was in the rich, unvalu'd ſculpture loſt.

The

The figures which the ſpacious portals grace,
With human motion ſeem to leave their place;
In ev'ry viſage, an expreſſive mind
Th' inimitable artiſt had deſign'd,
And life in all their looks and geſtures ſhin'd.
Nor ſpeech was wanting, fancy that ſupplies;
They breathe and ſpeak, while each conſults his eyes.

THE ſtory firſt with *Hercules* begins;
With virgins ſeated here, he tamely ſpins:
The god-like man, who hell's ſtrong paſſage gain'd,
And heav'n, and all its rolling orbs ſuſtain'd,
A ſpindle wields, and with ſoft tales beguiles
The flying hours; fond *Love* ſtands by, and ſmiles;
His uſeleſs club the fair *Iöle* holds,
The lion's rugged ſkin her tender limbs infolds.

REMOTE from this, a ſea its ſurges rears,
Hoary with foam the azure field appears;
Two warlike fleets advance on either ſide,
And o'er the waves with equal terror ride:
The flaſhes which from brandiſh'd weapons came,
With dreadful ſplendor all the deep inflame.
Conſpicuous far the bright *Egyptian* queen,
Urging the fierce encounter on is ſeen:
Antonius here conducts the eaſtern kings,
The mighty *Romans* there illuſtrious *Cæſar* brings.
As when two floating iſles amidſt the main,
Puſh'd on by winds, each other's ſhock ſuſtain,
And mountains claſh with mountains on the wat'ry plain;

With

With ſuch a force the hoſtile fleets ingage,
Their thund'ring chiefs oppos'd with equal rage;
While javelins, darts, and flaming torches fly,
And foreign ſpoils above the waters lie.
To *Cæſar* now the victory inclines,
The beauteous queen the liquid field reſigns;
She flies, nor would the fond *Antonius* ſtay,
But madly left the ſcarce decided day,
And threw the empire of the word away.
Nor touch'd with fear, nor conquer'd by his foes,
Th' unhappy man the doubtful field forgoes,
But by his love betray'd; yet gen'rous ſhame
And martial honour oft his thoughts reclaim:
And now he wou'd the fainting fight renew,
And now the charming fugitive purſue;
With her inglorious to the ſhore he flies,
And careleſs there, and loſt in pleaſure lies;
Abandon'd looſely to her fatal charms,
Reſolves to ſoften fate in *Cleopatra*'s arms.

THE champions all theſe coſtly wonders view,
And thro' the palace now their courſe purſue:
As wild *Meander* winds along his ſhores,
Now ſinks, and now his ſilver wave reſtores;
Now to the ocean runs in various ways,
And backward now in wanton motion plays;
Such crooked paths, ſuch labyrinths they paſs,
As they the dubious ſtructure's windings trace;
And thro' th' uncertain maze they ſtill had err'd,
But the wiſe *Magus*' ſcheme their paſſage clear'd;
Whence diſengag'd, before their raviſh'd eyes
The beauteous garden's pleaſant proſpect lies;

The ſhining lakes, and moving cryſtal here,
The flow'rs, and various plants at once appear;
At once a ſhady vale, and ſunny hill,
And groves, and moſſy caves the landſcape fill;
At once itſelf the charming ſcene reveals,
And all its wiſe contriver's art conceals:
Nor art does copying nature here appear,
But ſportive nature imitating her.
The air was mild, and calm the morning breeze,
Which breath'd eternal verdure on the trees;
The trees their branches proudly here diſplay,
With full-ripe fruits, and purple bloſſoms gay;
Beneath one ſpreading leaf, a bending twig
Preſents the immature, and rip'ning fig:
Depending on a loaded branch are ſeen
The gold, the bluſhing apple, and the green:
The lofty vines their various cluſters ſhow;
Ungrateful thoſe, while theſe with *Nectar* flow:
The joyful birds beneath the happy ſhade,
In guided parts a tuneful concert made.
The whiſp'ring winds, and waters murm'ring fall,
With trembling cadence ſoftly anſwer'd all:
Now ceas'd the birds, the winds and waters high,
In warbling ſounds return the harmony;
But falling, now the birds reſume their part,
Yet ſcarce this order ſeems th' effect of art:
But one with gaudy plumes, among the reſt,
And purple bill, ſuperior ſkill expreſt;
Now imitating human words begun,
The ſweet, the ſhrill, the melting note her own:
The wing'd muſicians all ſtood mute to hear,
The winds ſuſpend their murmurs in the air,

And

And liſt'ning ſtaid while ſhe her ſong recites,
Which in alluring ſtrains to love invites:
Her part perform'd, the feather'd chorus round,
Thro' all the groves their glad aſſent reſound.
The penſive doves in ſighs their pain reveal,
The whiſp'ring trees a paſſion ſeem to feel:
The floods, the fields, and lightſome air above,
Confeſs the flame, and gently breathe out love.

UNCONQUER'D yet the ſtedfaſt knights remain
And all the tempting baits of vice diſdain;
But now retir'd beneath a pleaſant ſhade,
The lovers at a diſtance they ſurvey'd:
Armida ſeated on the flow'rs they find,
And in her lap *Rinaldo*'s head reclin'd;
Inſpiring love, and languiſhing her air,
Unbound and curling to the winds her hair:
Her careleſs robes flow with an am'rous grace,
And roſy bluſhes paint her lovely face.
Fix'd on her charms he fed his wanton fires,
And feeding ſtill increas'd his fierce deſires;
Plung'd in licentious pleaſures thus he lay,
And melts his life inglorioufly away.

AT certain times *Armida* to her cells
Retires to practiſe her myſterious ſpells:
The hour was come, ſhe ſighs a ſoft adieu,
And from his arms unwillingly withdrew.
In glitt'ring armour ruſhing from the wood,
Before him ſtrait the pious heroes ſtood.
As the fierce ſteed, for juſts and battel bred,
Tow uſeleſs grown, with herds in paſtures fed,

Ranges at large, and lives ignobly free
From former toils; if arms he chance to ſee,
Or hears from far the trumpet's ſprightly ſounds,
He neighs aloud, and breaks the flow'ry bounds;
Longs on his back to feel the hardy knight,
Meaſure the liſts, and meet the promis'd fight.
Their fight the brave *Rinaldo* thus alarm'd,
Recall'd his honour, and his courage warm'd;
Its long inglorious ſleep his virtue broke,
And martial ardor ſparkled in his look.
When with a friendly ſcorn *Ubaldo* held
Before the youth his adamantine ſhield;
Surpriz'd he meets his own reflection there,
His gaudy robes hung looſe, his flowing hair,
Clouds with the rich perfume, and ſweetens all the air.
A bright, but uſeleſs ſword adorns his ſide;
Aſham'd he views this nice fantaſtic pride,
And, like a man that long in idle dreams
Has lain, deluded to himſelf he ſeems:
Enrag'd, the hateful object now he flies,
Confus'd and ſilent downward bends his eyes,
Half wiſh'd the cleaving ground might open wide,
Or overwhelming ſeas his ſhame would hide.
Ubaldo ſees the time, and thus begun:

WHILE fame, while ſo much glory may be won,
While *Aſia*, while all *Europe* are in arms,
And ſhake the univerſe with loud alarms;
Bertoldo's ſon alone, exempt from fear,
Remains a woman's noble champion here.
What lethargy, what fatal ſpells controul
Thy vig'rous honour, and unman thy ſoul?

Come

Come on! the camp, and mighty *Godfrey* ſend,
Fortune and victory thy ſword attend;
The deſtin'd hero thou the doubtful war to end:
Conclude the conqueſt o'er thy pagan foes,
What might can thy reſiſtleſs arm oppoſe?

SPEECHLESS he ſtood; and now a decent ſhame,
And now a gen'rous pride, his looks inflame:
He rends the badges of his lewd diſgrace,
And flies with horror the deteſted place.

The ſtory of ERMINIA. *Tranſlated from the ſeventh Book of* TASSO's JERUSALEM.

Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable the Lady Viſcounteſs WEYMOUTH.

ERMINIA, by the centinels ſurpriz'd,
Fled all the night, in burniſh'd arms diſguis'd;
And all the day thro' pathleſs woods ſhe ſtray'd,
Of ev'ry whiſp'ring breath of wind afraid:
But now the ſun his ſhining progreſs ends,
Deſerts the ſkies, and to the ſea deſcends;
The nymph arrives where wealthy *Jordan* flows,
And on his flow'ry borders ſeeks repoſe;
Soft ſleep, that with'd relief to mortals brings,
Spreads o'er the beauteous maid his downy wings;

But

But reſtleſs love his empire ſtill maintains,
And o'er her dreams in airy triumph reigns.
At laſt the birds ſalute the riſing light,
And wanton winds the roſy morn invite;
They curl the ſtreams and dance along the waves,
Glide thro' the woods, and whiſper in the leaves:
Each painted bloſſom opens to the day,
With them, *Erminia*'s eyes their charms diſplay:
With penſive looks, the proſpect round ſhe view'd,
The ſhepherds tents, and rural ſolitude;
Each ruffling noiſe awakes her former fears,
'Till thro' the boughs a tuneful note ſhe hears:
The fields and floods the chearful ſound retain,
And ſportive echoes mock the jovial ſwain;
Who careleſs near the banks of *Jordan* ſate,
Nor fear'd the ſtars, nor curs'd relentleſs fate:
Pleas'd with his honeſt art, he baſkets wove;
Three ſprightly boys to imitate him ſtrove.
The princeſs nearer drew, with wild affright
The children fled the unaccuſtom'd ſight,
'Till the bright helmet from her head ſhe took,
Reveal'd a female face, and modeſt look;
The golden treſſes o'er her ſhoulders fell,
And all their fears her charming eyes diſpel:
Her face no more a martial terror boaſts,
When thus the wond'ring ſhepherd ſhe accoſts.

THRICE happy man! the gods peculiar care
Protects thee from the waſteful rage of war:
I come not here to offer hoſtile wrongs,
To interrupt thy labours, or thy ſongs.

But by what methods haſt thou found defence
Againſt the ſword's impartial violence;
While claſhing arms, and the ſhrill trumpet's ſound,
With endleſs jars perplex the regions round?

MY humble ſtate, fair maid, the ſwain replies,
Beneath the turns of changing fortune lies:
While lightning blaſts the mountain's lofty brow,
The humble valley ſmiles ſecure below.
From all the tumults, which diſtract the great,
We live exempt in this obſcure retreat;
The gods themſelves the rural life approve,
And kindly guard the innocence they love:
In groves we ſleep, from ſpoil and rapine free,
Content with little, bleſt in poverty.
This life (which yet ambitious men deſpiſe)
Before a court's licentious joys, I prize;
Nor pride, nor ſordid avarice, moleſt
The ſoft tranquility within my breaſt.
Unartful meats ſupply my frugal board,
And drink the pure, untainted ſprings afford;
No poiſons thro' their channels are convey'd,
Nor are we here in golden cups betray'd:
Theſe youths, my ſons, to labour us'd, like me,
Attend my flocks with chearful induſtry.
Nor think theſe ſhades can no delights afford;
With various harmleſs beaſts the woods are ſtor'd,
Among the boughs melodious birds reſide,
And ſcaly fiſh along the rivers glide.

YET other motives did my youth engage,
And wild ambition fir'd my blooming age;

I ſcorn'd

I ſcorn'd the peaſant's care and humble toils,
And left my native ſhores, for foreign ſoils;
And in th' *Egyptian* court my ſuit preferr'd:
My ſuit the condeſcending noble heard.
The royal gardens ſoon were made my care;
I learn'd the fatal ſnares of greatneſs there,
Its impious methods, and unconſtant ſtate;
But learn'd, alas! the dear miſtake too late:
My prime was paſt, my airy wiſhes croſs'd,
And all my dreams of riſing fortune loſt,
With weeping eyes, the country ſcenes I view'd,
And bleſs'd my once inglorious ſolitude;
The ſmooth tranquility, the gay content,
In which my former happy days were ſpent.
Reſolv'd again thoſe pleaſures to purſue,
With juſt remorſe, I bid the court adieu.
The day was doubly fortunate for me,
Which ſet me from its gaudy bondage free.

HIS wiſe diſcourſe th' attentive princeſs pleas'd,
And half the tempeſt of her ſoul appeas'd:
She now reſolves to try, far from the ſtrife
Of factious courts, an unambitious life,
She paus'd —— then thus, with gentle words, began
T' addreſs the hoary venerable man.

IF, by the diſappointments thou haſt prov'd,
Thy kind relief, and pity may be mov'd,
Conduct me to ſome hoſpitable cell,
And let me in theſe calm receſſes dwell:
There quiet ſhades, perhaps, will eaſe my grief,
And give my reſtleſs paſſions ſome relief.

By thy example taught, I ſhall grow wiſe;
With that, a tear grac'd her prevailing eyes:
Some pitying drops the careful ſhepherd ſhed,
And to his cottage the fair ſtranger led.
A father's kind indulgence fills his breaſt;
His wife, with joy, receives the royal gueſt;
Who now her nodding helmet lays aſide,
Her gilded arms, and ornamental pride;
Then in a ſylvan dreſs, the graceful maid,
All negligent, her decent limbs array'd;
But nothing ruſtic in her careleſs mien,
The princeſs ſtill thro' all diſguiſe was ſeen:
Majeſtic beauty lighten'd in her face,
She mov'd, and ſpoke, with an unvulgar grace;
And air of grandeur, not to be ſuppreſs'd,
Her noble mind and high deſcent confeſs'd.
Yet to the fold her bleating flocks ſhe drove,
And with her native delicacy ſtrove:
Sometimes along the freſh enamel'd meads,
Her harmleſs charge, with gentle pace ſhe leads;
And, oft beneath ſome laurel's ſhade reclin'd,
With *Tancred*'s name, ſhe wounds the tender rind;
Each tree that flouriſh'd in the conſcious grove,
The records bore of her ſucceſsleſs love.
And when the tragic ſtory ſhe review'd,
The ſad deſcription all her grief renew'd;
With love and melting ſorrow in her eyes,
Ye verdant plants, the penſive charmer cries,
Ye pines, and ſpreading laurels, as ye grow,
Retain the deep inſcriptions of my woe;
Some wretched maid, undone by love, like me,
Shall mourn my injur'd faith, and partial deſtiny.

BUT if my charming hero here ſhould ſtray,
As grant, ye bleſt propitious powers, he may!
And wand'ring, find in ev'ry ſhade his name,
My ſecret care, and undiſcover'd flame,
Long after death has clos'd my wretched eyes,
And in the grave this mortal relique lies;
Some tender ſigh, ſome grateful tear may prove
The late ſucceſs of my unblemiſh'd love.
My hov'ring ghoſt, pleas'd with that ſoft return,
The rigour of my fate no more ſhould mourn.

WITH theſe complaints, ſhe ſooths her fond deſires,
And vainly to the fields and ſhades retires;
The fields and ſhades indulge her fatal fires:
While *Tancred*, yet a ſtranger to her charms,
Among the toils of war, and fierce alarms,
Purſues a nobler fate in military arms.

HYMN I.

I.

THE glorious armies of the ſky
To thee, O mighty King!
Triumphant anthems conſecrate,
And hallelujahs ſing.

II.

But ſtill their moſt exalted flights
Fall vaſtly ſhort of thee;
How diſtant then muſt human praiſe
From thy perfections be!

III.

Yet how, my God, ſhall I refrain,
When to my raviſh'd ſenſe
Each creature in its various ways
Diſplays thy excellence?

IV.

The active lights that ſhine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their ſkilful Maker's praiſe,
With ſilent elegance.

V.

The bluſhes of the morn confeſs
That thou art much more fair:
When in the eaſt its beams revive
To gild the fields of air;

VI.

The fragrant, the refreſhing breath
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
In balmy whiſpers owns from thee
Its pleaſing odours come.

VII.

The ſinging birds, the warbling winds,
And waters murm'ring fall,
To praiſe the firſt almighty Cauſe
With diff'rent voices call.

VIII.

Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
And ſhall I ſilent be?
No, rather let me ceaſe to breathe,
Than ceaſe from praiſing thee.

HYMN II.

I.

BEGIN the high celeſtial ſtrain,
My raviſh'd ſoul, and ſing
A ſolemn hymn of grateful praiſe
To heav'n's almighty King.

II.

Ye curling fountains, as you roll
Your ſilver waves along,
Whiſper to all your verdant ſhores
The ſubject of my ſong.

III.

Retain it long, you echoing rocks,
The ſacred ſound retain,
And from your hollow winding caves
Return it oft again.

IV.

Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings
To diſtant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
My lofty theme convey.

V.

Take the glad burthen of his name,
Ye clouds, as you ariſe,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or ſhade the ev'ning ſkies.

VI.

Let harmleſs thunders roll along
The ſmooth ethereal plain,
And anſwer from the cryſtal vault
To ev'ry flying ſtrain.

VII.

Long let it warble round the ſpheres,
And echo thro' the ſky,
'Till angels with immortal ſkill
Improve the harmony.

VIII.

While I with ſacred rapture fir'd,
The bleſt Creator ſing,
And warble conſecrated lays
To heaven's almighty King.

HYMN III.

I.

THOU didſt, O mighty God, exiſt
E'er time begun its race,
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the voids of ſpace.

II.

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was ſtay'd,
Before the ocean's mighty ſprings
Their liquid ſtores diſplay'd:

III.

E'er thro' the gloom of ancient night
The ſtreaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celeſtial arch,
Or ſtarry poles were rear'd:

IV.

Before the loud melodious ſpheres
Their tuneful round begun,
Before the ſhining roads of heav'n
Were meaſur'd by the ſun:

V.

E'er thro' the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung,
Or to their harps the ſons of light
Ecſtatic anthems ſung:

VI.

E'er men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wondrous name;
Thy bliſs (O ſacred ſpring of life!)
And glory was the ſame.

VII.

And when the pillars of the world
With ſudden ruin break,
And all this vaſt and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;

VIII.

When from her orb the moon ſhall ſtart,
The aſtoniſh'd ſun roll back,
While all the trembling ſtarry lamps
Their ancient courſe forſake:

IX.

For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlaſting years
Shall thy exiſtence be.

HYMN IV.

I.

TO thee, my God, I hourly ſigh,
But not for golden ſtores;
Nor covet I the brighteſt gems
On the rich eaſtern ſhores.

II.

Nor that deluding empty joy,
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatneſs in its gayeſt pride,
My reſtleſs thoughts inflame.

III.

Nor pleaſure's ſoft enticing charms
My fond deſires allure:
For greater things than theſe from thee
My wiſhes wou'd ſecure.

IV. Thoſe

IV.

Thoſe bliſsful, thoſe tranſporting ſmiles
That brighten heav'n above,
The boundleſs riches of thy grace,
And treaſures of thy love.

V.

Theſe are the mighty things I crave;
O! make theſe bleſſings mine,
And I the glories of the world
Contentedly reſign.

HYMN V.

I.

IN vain the duſky night retires,
And ſullen ſhadows fly:
In vain the morn with purple light
Adorns the eaſtern ſky.

II.

In vain the gaudy riſing ſun
The wide horizon gilds,
Comes glitt'ring o'er the ſilver ſtreams,
And chears the dewy fields.

III.

In vain, diſpenſing vernal ſweets,
The morning breezes play;
In vain the birds with chearful ſongs
Salute the new-born day;

IV.

In vain! unleſs my Saviour's face
  Theſe gloomy clouds controul,
And diſſipate the ſullen ſhades
  That preſs my drooping ſoul.

V.

O! viſit then thy ſervant, Lord,
  With favour from on high;
Ariſe, my bright, immortal ſun!
  And all theſe ſhades will die.

VI.

When, when, ſhall I behold thy face
  All radiant and ſerene,
Without theſe envious duſky clouds
  That make a veil between?

VII.

When ſhall that long expected day
  Of ſacred viſion be,
When my impatient ſoul ſhall make
  A near approach to thee?

HYMN *on the Sacrament.*

I.

AND art thou mine, my deareſt Lord?
  Then I have all, nor fly
The boldeſt wiſhes I can form
  Unto a pitch more high.

II. Yes,

II.

Yes, thou art mine, the contract's ſeal'd
With thine own precious blood;
And ev'n almighty pow'rs engag'd
To ſee it all made good.

III.

My fears diſſolve: for oh! what more
Could ſtudious bounty do?
What farther mighty proofs are left
Unbounded love to ſhew?

IV.

My faith's confirm'd, nor wou'd I quit
My title to thy love,
For all the valu'd things below,
Or ſhining things above.

V.

Nor at the proſp'rous ſinner's ſtate
Do I at all repine;
No, let 'em parcel out the earth,
While heav'n and thou art mine.

A PASTORAL *on the nativity of our* SAVIOUR.

In imitation of an Italian PASTORAL.

MENALCAS:

SOME mighty things theſe awful ſigns portend!
Amaz'd we ſee new ſtars the ſkies aſcend;
A thouſand ſtrange uſurping lights appear,
And dart their ſudden glories thro' the air;

A da

A dazzling day, without the ſun, returns,
And thro' the midnight's duſky horror burns.

PALEMON.

AND, in the depth of winter, ſpring appears,
For lo! the ground a ſudden verdure wears;
The op'ning flow'rs diſplay their gaudieſt dye,
And ſeem with all the ſummer's pride to vie.

URANIO.

NOR without myſt'ry are theſe joys that roll
In torrents thro' my now prophetic ſoul,
And ſoftly whiſper to my raviſh'd breaſt,
That more than all the tribes the race of *Judah*'s bleſt.

MENALCAS.

BUT ſee the eaſtern ſkies diſcloſe a light
Beyond the noontide's flaming glories bright;
This way its courſe the ſacred viſion bends,
And with much ſtate and ſolemn pomp deſcends.
Sonorous voices echo from a far,
And ſoftly warble thro' the trembling air:
The circling ſpheres the charming ſound prolong,
And anſwer all the cadence of their ſong:
And now the ſacred harmony draws near,
And now a thouſand heav'nly forms appear.

ANGELS.

IMMORTAL glory give to God on high,
Thro' all the lofty ſtations of the ſky;
Let joy on earth, and endleſs peace enſue,
The great Meſſiah's born, thrice happy men! to you.

URANIO.

URANIO.

THE great Messiah born! transporting sound!
To the wide world spread the blest accents round:
What joy these long expected tidings bring?
To us is born a Saviour and a King.

ANGELS.

AN infant in a virgin's arms he lies,
Who rides the winds, and thunders thro' the skies;
The God to whom the flaming seraphs bow,
Descends to lead the life of mortals now.

MENALCAS.

——— Surprizing power of love!
Ev'n God himself thy mighty force does prove;
Thou rul'st the world below, and govern'st all above.

PALEMON.

YOU shining messengers, be farther kind,
And tell us where the wondrous child to find.

ANGELS.

YOUR glad conductors to the place we'll be,
Eager as you this mystic thing to see.

URANIO.

SOME present to the infant king let's bear,
For zeal shou'd always liberal appear.

ANGELS.

COME on, we'll lead you to the poor abode,
Where in a manger lies th' incarnate God;

Reduc'd

Reduc'd among the sordid beasts to rest,
Who all the spacious realms of light possess'd;
And he whose humble ministers we were,
Becomes a tender virgin's helpless care.
Thro' heav'n, but now, the hasty tidings rung,
And anthems on the wond'rous theme they sung.

PALEMON.

BUT to what happy maid of human race
Has heav'n allotted this peculiar grace?

ANGELS.

YE echoing skies, repeat *Maria*'s name;
Maria thro' the starry worlds proclaim:
In her bright face celestial graces shine,
Her mind's enrich'd with treasures all divine,
From *David*'s royal house descends her noble line.
But see the humble seat, the poor abode,
That holds the virgin with the infant God.

MENALCAS.

THEE, virgin-born, thus prostrate, I adore,
And offer here the choice of all my store.
Untill'd the earth shall now vast harvests yield,
And laughing plenty crown the open field.
Clear rivers in the deserts shall be seen,
And barren wastes cloath'd in eternal green.
Instead of thorns, the stately fir shall rise,
And wave his lofty head amidst the skies;
Where thistles once, shall fragrant myrtles grow,
The beauteous rose on ev'ry bush shall glow,
And from the purple grape rich wines, unpress'd,
shall flow.

PALEMON.

PALEMON.

GREAT star of *Jacob*, that so bright dost rise,
Turn, lovely infant, thy auspicious eyes;
This soft and spotless wool to thee I bring,
My earliest tribute to the new-born king.
With thee each sacred virtue takes its birth,
And peace and justice now shall rule the earth.
Thou shalt the bliss of paradise restore,
And wars and tumults shall be heard no more.
The wolf and lamb shall now together feed,
And with the ox the lion's savage breed.
The child shall with the harmless serpent play,
And lead, unhurt, the gentle beast away.
And where the sun ascends the shining east,
And where he ends his journey in the west,
Thy glorious name shall be ador'd and blest.

URANIO.

THE hope of *Israel*, hail!——with humble zeal
To thee, unquestion'd Son of God, I kneel:
All hail to thee! of whom the prophets old
Such mighty things to our forefathers told.
Thy kingdom shall from sea to sea extend,
And reach the spacious world's remotest end.
The spicy isle, and *Saba*'s wealthy king,
To the from far shall costly presents bring.
Thy steadfast throne shall stand for ever fast,
And thy dominion time itself out-last.

THIS gentle lamb, the best my flocks afford,
I bring an off'ring to all nature's Lord.

ANGELS.

ANGELS.

AND we, the regents of the ſpheres, thus low
Before mankind's illuſtrious Saviour bow:
Aſtoniſh'd, in an infant's form we ſee
Diſguis'd th' ineffable Divinity;
Who arm'd with thunder, on the fields of light
O'ercame the potent ſeraphim in fight.
Thus humbled—O unbounded force of love!
Subdu'd by that, from all the joys above,
Thou cam'ſt the wretched life of man to prove.
And thus our ruin'd numbers wilt ſupply,
And fill the deſolations of the ſky.

HYMN *on* HEAVEN.

I.

HAIL, ſacred *Sdlem*, plac'd on high!
Seat of th' Almighty King,
What thought can graſp thy boundleſs bliſs?
What tongue thy glories ſing?

II.

Thy cryſtal tow'rs and palaces
Magnificently riſe,
And dart their beauteous luſtre round
The empyrean ſkies.

III.

The voice of triumph in thy ſtreets,
And acclamations ſound:
Gay banquets in thy ſplendid courts,
And nuptial joys abound.

IV. Bright

IV.

Bright ſmiles on ev'ry face appear,
Rapture in ev'ry eye;
From ev'ry mouth glad anthems flow,
And charming harmony.

V.

Illuſtrious day for ever there
Streams from the face divine;
No pale-fac'd moon e'er glimmers forth,
Nor ſtars, nor ſun decline.

VI.

No ſcorching heats, no piercing colds,
The changing ſeaſons bring;
But o'er the fields mild breezes there
Breathe an eternal ſpring.

VII.

The flow'rs with laſting beauty ſhine,
And deck the ſmiling ground;
While flowing ſtreams of pleaſure all
The happy plains ſurround.

Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the fields, let us lodge in the villages. Cant. vii. 11.

I.

THOU object of my higheſt bliſs,
And of my deareſt love,
Come, let us from this tireſome world,
And all its cares remove.

II. Among

II.

Among the murm'ring cryſtal ſtreams,
The groves, and flow'ry fields,
Let's try the calm and ſilent joys
That bleſt retirement yields.

III.

There, far from all the buſy world,
To thee alone I'll live,
And taſte more pleaſure in thy ſmiles
Than all things elſe can give.

IV.

My pure deſires, and holy vows,
Shall centre all in thee;
While ev'ry hour to ſacred love
Shall conſecrated be.

HYMN.

I.

BEFORE the roſy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll ſing;
Awake, my ſoft and tuneful lyre!
Awake, each charming ſtring!

II.

Awake! and let thy flowing ſtrain
Glide through the midnight air,
While high amidſt her ſilent orb
The ſilver moon rolls clear.

III. While

III.

While all the glitt'ring ſtarry lamps
Are lighted in the ſky,
And ſet their Maker's greatneſs forth
To thy admiring eye:

IV.

While watchful angels round the juſt
As nightly guardians wait,
In loſty ſtrains of grateful praiſe
Thy ſpirit elevate.

V.

Awake, my ſoft and tuneful lyre!
Awake each charming ſtring!
Before the roſy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll ſing.

VI.

Thou round the heav'nly arch doſt draw
A dark and ſable veil,
And all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.

VII.

Again, the ſky with golden beams
Thy ſkilful hands adorn,
And paint, with chearful ſplendor gay,
The fair aſcending morn.

VIII.

And as the gloomy night returns,
Or ſmiling day renews,
Thy conſtant goodneſs ſtill my ſoul
With benefits purſues.

IX.

For this I'll midnight vows to thee,
With early incenſe bring;
And e'er the roſy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praiſes ſing.

A DIALOGUE *between the* Fallen ANGELS, *and a* Human SPIRIT *juſt entred into the other world.*

Human SPIRIT.

LONG ſtruggling in the agonies of death,
With horror I reſign'd my mortal breath:
With horror long the fatal gulph I view'd,
And ſhiv'ring on its utmoſt edges ſtood;
Till forc'd to take th' inevitable leap,
I hurry'd headlong down the gloomy ſteep:
And here of every hope bereft, I find
Myſelf a naked, an unbody'd mind.
My lov'd, my fond officious friends in vain,
My fleeting ſoul endeavour'd to retain;
In vain its blooming manſion did invite;
Grandeur, and wealth, and love, and ſoft delight,
With tempting calls in vain its flight would ſtay,
When forc'd by the ſevere decree away.
'Tis paſt——and all like a thin viſion gone,
For which I have my wretched ſoul undone;

And

And wand'ring on this dark, deteſted ſhore,
My eyes ſhall view the upper light no more.

Fallen ANGELS.

THEN welcome to the regions of deſpair!
Thy ruin coſt us much deſign and care,
And thou had'ſt 'ſcap'd, but for one happy ſnare;
And in the bliſsful ſkies ſupply'd the place
Of ſome fall'n ſpirit of our nobler race:
Thou coul'd the thirſt of wine or wealth controul,
And no malicious ſin has ſtain'd thy ſoul;
But for the joys of one forbidden love
Haſt loſt the boundleſs ecſtaſies above.

Human SPIRIT.

AND all was freely, freely all was loſt;
How dear has one ſhort dream of pleaſure coſt!
But yet this fatal, this inchanting dream,
I ſhould, perhaps, beyond ev'n heav'n eſteem,
Were it as permanent: but, ah! 'tis gone,
And I a wretch abandon'd and undone,
Of God, of every ſmiling hope, am left,
And all my dear delights on earth bereft;
While here for gilded roofs, and painted bow'rs,
For pleaſant walks, and beds of fragrant flow'rs,
I find polluted dens, and pitchy ſtreams,
And burning paths, with beds of raging flames;
Inſtead of muſic's ſweet inſpiring ſound,
Repeated yells, and endleſs groans go round;
And for the lovely faces of my friends,
I meet the ghaſtly viſages of fiends;

A thou-

A thouſand nameleſs terrors are behind,
Deſpair, confuſion, fury, ſeize my mind:
But will my griefs no happy period find?

Fallen ANGELS.

COUNT all the twinkling glories of the ſky,
Count all the drops that in the ocean lie;
Of all the earthly globe the atoms count,
Eternal years thy numbers ſtill ſurmount.
Millions of tedious ling'ring ages gone,
Thy miſery, thy hell, is but begun.
As fix'd, as permanent, thy bliſs had been,
But for one darling, one beloved ſin;
Cold to the baits of any other vice,
Beauty alone could thy fond thoughts entice;
By this, (or all our ſtratagems had fail'd,)
By this we o'er thy temp'rate youth prevail'd.
Poor, ſottiſh ſoul! below our envy now,
For what a toy didſt thou a heaven forego?

Human SPIRIT.

O TELL me not from what fair hopes I fell!
Juſt miſſing heaven, but aggravates my hell.

Fallen ANGELS.

THOU know'ſt not what thou'ſt loſt, but we too well
The glories of that happy place can tell.
There endleſs heights of ecſtacy they prove,
There's laſting beauty and immortal love,
There flowing pleaſures in full torrents roll;
For pleaſures form'd, this loſs muſt rack thy ſoul.

Human

Human SPIRIT.

WITH how much cruel art you aggravate
My miſery's intolerable weight?

Fallen ANGELS.

OUR envy once, thou'rt now become our ſcorn,
In vain for thee the Son of God was born;
That mighty favour, that peculiar grace,
Too glorious for the fall'n angelic race,
Serves only to exaſperate thy doom,
And give th' infernal ſhades a darker gloom.

Human SPIRIT.

OH! that's the wounding circumſtance of all,
To lower depths of woe I cannot fall:
Ye curſt tormentors, now your rage is ſpent,
Your fury can no further hell invent;
A Saviour's title, a Redeemer's blood,
Their worth, till now, I little underſtood.

A deſcription of HELL.

In imitation of MILTON.

DEEP, to unfathomable ſpaces deep,
Deſcend the dark, deteſted paths of hell,
The gulphs of execration and deſpair,
Of pain, and rage, and pure unmingled woe;
The realms of endleſs death, and ſeats of night,
Uninterrupted night, which ſees no dawn,

Prodigious darkness! which receives no light,
But from the sickly blaze of sulph'rous flames,
That cast a pale and dead reflection round,
Disclosing all the desolate abyss,
Dreadful beyond what human thought can form,
Bounded with circling seas of liquid fire:
Aloft the blazing billows curl their heads,
And form a roar along the direful strand;
While ruddy cat'racts from on high descend,
And urge the fiery ocean's stormy rage.
Impending horrors o'er the region frown,
And weighty ruin threatens from on high;
Inevitable snares, and fatal pits,
And gulphs of deep perdition, wait below;
Whence issue long, remediless complaints,
With endless groans, and everlasting yells.
Legions of ghastly fiends (prodigious sight!)
Fly all confus'd across the sickly air,
And roaring horrid, shake the vast extent.
Pale, meagre spectres wander all around,
And pensive shades, and black deformed ghosts:
With impious fury some aloud blaspheme,
And wildly staring upwards, curse the skies;
While some, with gloomy terror in their looks,
Trembling all over, downward cast their eyes,
And tell, in hollow groans, their deep despair.

CONVINC'D by fatal proofs, the atheist here
Yields to the sharp tormenting evidence;
And of an infinite eternal Mind,
At last the challeng'd demonstration meets.

THE

THE libertine his folly here laments,
His blind extravagance, that made him sell
Unfading bliss, and everlasting crowns,
Immortal transports, and celestial feasts,
For the short pleasure of a sordid sin,
For one fleet moment's despicable joy.
Too late, all lost, for ever lost! he sees
The envy'd saints triumphing from afar,
And angels basking in the smiles of God.
But oh! that all was for a trifle lost;
Gives to his bleeding soul perpetual wounds.

THE wanton beauty, whose bewitching arts
Have drawn ten thousand wretched souls to hell,
Depriv'd of ev'ry blandishment and charm,
All black, and horrid, seeks the darkest shades,
To shun the fury of revengeful ghosts,
That with vindictive curses still pursue
The author of their miserable fate,
Who from the paths of life seduc'd their souls,
And led them down to these accurst abodes.

THE fool that sold his heav'n for gilded clay,
The scorn of all the damn'd, ev'n here laments
His sordid heaps; which still to purchase, he
A second time would forfeit all above;
Nor covets fields of light, nor starry wreaths,
Nor angels songs, nor pure unmingled bliss,
But for his darling treasures still repines;
Which from afar, to aggravate his doom,
He sees some thoughtless prodigal consume.

BEYOND them all, a miſerable hell
The execrable perſecutor finds;
No ſpirit howls among the ſhades below
More damn'd, more fierce, nor more a fiend than he.
Aloud he heav'n and heliness blaſphemes,
While all his enmity to good appears,
His enmity to good; once falſly call'd
Religious warmth, and charitable zeal.
On high, beyond th' unpaſſable abyſs,
To aggravate his righteous doom, he views
The bliſsful realms, and there the ſchiſmatic,
The viſionary, the deluded ſaint,
By him ſo often hated, wrong'd, and ſcorn'd,
So often curs'd, and damn'd, and baniſh'd thence;
He ſees him there poſſeſs'd of all that heav'n,
Thoſe glories, thoſe immortal joys, which he,
The orthodox, unerring catholic,
The mighty fav'rite, and elect of God,
With all his miſchievous, converting arts,
His killing charity, and burning zeal,
His pompous creeds, and boaſted faith, has loſt.

On HEAVEN.

WHAT glorious things of thee, O glorious place!
Shall my bold muſe in daring numbers ſpeak?
While to immortal ſtrains I tune my lyre,
And warbling imitate angelic airs:
While ecſtaſy bears up my ſoul aloft,

And

And lively faith gives me a diſtant glimpſe
Of glories unreveal'd to human eyes.

YE ſtarry manſions, hail! my native ſkies!
Here in my happy, pre-exiſtent ſtate,
(A ſpotleſs mind) I led the life of gods.
But paſſing, I ſalute you, and advance
To yonder brighter realm's allow'd acceſs.

HAIL, ſplendid city of th' Almighty King!
Celeſtial *Salem*, ſituate above;
Magnificent thy proſpect, and auguſt
Thy walls ſublime, thy tow'rs and palaces
Illuſtrious far with orient gems appear.
There regent angels, crown'd with ſtars, command;
High in the midſt, the awful throne of God
Aſcends the utmoſt empyrean arch,
The heav'n of heavens; where in conceiveleſs light,
Such as infinity alone can prove,
He enjoys th' extremeſt bounds of happineſs,
And was in perfect bleſſedneſs the ſame,
E'er any thing exiſted but himſelf;
E'er time, or place, or motion, had a name,
Before the ſpheres began their tuneful round,
Or through the air the ſun had ſpread his beams;
E'er at his feet the flaming ſeraphs bow'd,
And caſt their ſhining crowns before his throne;
E'er ſmiling angels tun'd their golden harps,
Or ſung one hallelujah to his praiſe.
But mighty love, which mov'd him to create,
Still moves him to communicate his bliſs,

O SPEAK! you happy ſpirits that ſurround
His dazzling throne, for you alone can tell;
For you alone thoſe raptures can deſcribe,
And ſtem th' impetuous floods of joy that riſe
Within your breaſts, when all unveil'd, you view
The wonders of the beatific light:
When from the bright unclouded face of God
You drink full draughts of bliſs and endleſs love,
And plunge yourſelves in life's immortal fount;
The ſpring of joy, which from his dazzling throne
In endleſs currents ſmoothly glides away,
Thro' all the verdant fields of paradiſe,
Thro' balmy groves, where on their flow'ry banks,
To murm'ring waters, and ſoft-whiſp'ring winds,
Fair ſpirits in melodious concert join,
And ſweetly warble their heroic loves.
For love makes half their heav'n, and kindles here
New flames, and ardent life in ev'ry breaſt;
While active pleaſure lightens in their eyes,
And ſparkling beauty ſhines on every face:
Their ſpotleſs minds, all pure and exquiſite,
The nobleſt heights of love prepar'd to act,
In everlaſting ſympathies unite,
And melt, in flowing joys, eternity away.

To thoſe bleſt ſhades, and amarantine bow'rs,
When dazzled with th' unſufferable beams
That iſſue from the open face of God,
For umbrage many a ſeraphim reſorts:
Nor longer here o'er their bright faces claſp
Their gorgeous wings, which open wide, diſplay
More radiance than adorns the chearful ſun,

When

When first he from the rosy east looks out:
Gentle as love, their looks serene as light,
Blooming and gay as everlasting springs.

BUT oh! when in the lofty blissful bow'rs,
With heav'nly skill, to the harmonious lyre,
The clear, the sweet, the melting voice they join;
The vales of heav'n rejoice, and echoing loud,
Redouble ev'ry charming close again;
While trembling winds upon their fragrant wings
Bear far the soft, melodious sounds away;
The silver streams their winding journeys stay,
Suspend their murmurs, and attend the song;
The laughing fields new flow'rs and verdure wear,
And all the trees of life bloom out afresh.
The num'rous suns which gild the realms of joy,
Dance in their lightsome spheres, and brighter day
Thro' all th' interminable ether dart;
While to the great unutterable Name,
All glory they ascribe in lofty strains,
In strains expressless by a mortal tongue.
O happy regions! O transporting place!
With what regret I turn my loathing eyes
To yonder earthly globe, my dusky seat!
But, ah! I must return; no more allow'd
To breathe the calm, the soft, celestial air,
And view the mystic wonders of the skies.

SERAPHIC LOVE.

I.

THOU beauty's vaſt abyſs, abſtract of all
My thoughts can lovely, great, or ſplendid call;
To thee in heav'nly flames, and pure deſires,
My raviſh'd ſoul impatiently aſpires.

II.

With admiration, praiſe, and endleſs love,
Thou fill'ſt the wide reſplendent worlds above;
And none can rival, or with thee compare,
Of all the bright intelligences there.

III.

What vapours then, what ſhort-liv'd glories be
The faireſt idols of our ſenſe to thee?
Before the ſtreaming ſplendor of thine eye,
The languid beauties fall away, and die.

IV.

Farewel then, all you flat delights of ſenſe!
I'm charm'd with a ſublimer excellence,
To whom all mortal beauty's but a ray,
A ſcatter'd drop of his o'erflowing day.

V.

How ſtrongly thou my panting heart doſt move
With all the holy ecſtaſies of love!
In theſe ſweet flames let me expire, and ſee
Unveil'd the brightneſs of thy deity.

VI. Oh!

VI.

Oh! let me die! for there's no earthly bliss
My thoughts can ever relish after this;
No, dearest Lord, there's nothing here below,
Without thy smiles, to please, or satisfy me now.

The translation of ELIJAH.

HIS lecture to the sad young prophets done,
And last adieus, the rev'rend seer goes on,
Obedient as the sacred instinct guides,
And now advanc'd to *Jordan*'s verdant sides;
Elijah, with his great successor stood,
And gave a signal to the passing flood;
Th' obsequious waters stay, for well they know
What to his high authority they owe.
While wave on wave, with silent awe, crowds back,
To leave a clean, and spacious sandy track,
Elijah on with his companion goes,
Behind 'em soon the crystal ridges close,
No more revers'd, the troubled current flows.
Then forward still they went, discoursing high
Of heav'nly bliss, and immortality,
When from a cloud breaks like the purple dawn,
By fiery steeds a fiery chariot drawn;
A glitt'ring convoy swift as that descends,
And in an instant parts th' embracing friends;
To the bright car conducts the man of God,
And mounts again the steep ethereal road.

The passing triumph lightens all the air
With ruddy lustre, than high noon more fair,
And paints the clouds, than evening beams more gay,
Thro' which, with wonderous speed, they cut their way.
Now lofty piles of thunder, hail, and snow,
Th' artillery of heav'n, they leave below;
Below the gliam'ring moon's pale regency
They leave, and now more free ascend the sky.
Breathing again immortal air, nor here
Resent the pressure of the atmosphere.
By holy ecstasies, and flames intense,
Here purg'd from all the dregs of mortal sense,
With heav'nly lustre, eminently gay,
Elijah, wond'ring, does himself survey;
All o'er surveys himself, and then the skies,
While new stupendous objects meet his eyes.
With his new being pleas'd, thus, the first man,
As just to live and reason he began,
On hills, and valleys, groves and fountains, gaz'd,
With skies and light thus ravish'd, thus amaz'd.
But now the utmost firmament they cleave,
And all the starry worlds behind them leave;
Hark, angels sing! of light appear new streaks!
Celestial day, with gaudy splendor breaks!
On heaven's rich solid azure now they tread
The blissful paths that to God's presence lead;
While to the new inhabitant all the way
Loud welcomes, on their harps, his guardians play:
A thousand joyful spirits crowd to meet
The glorious saint, and his arrival greet.

A DIALOGUE *between the* SOUL, RICHES, FAME, *and* PLEASURE.

RICHES.

DELUDED mortal, turn and view my store,
While all my glitt'ring treasures I explore.
The gold of both the *Indian* worlds is mine,
And gems that in the eastern quarries shine.
For me advent'rous men attempt the main,
And all the fury of its waves sustain,
For me all toils and hazards they disdain.
For me their country's sold, their faith betray'd;
The voice of interest ne'er was disobey'd.

SOUL.

YET I thy tempting offers can despise,
Nor lose a wish on such a worthless prize.
When yonder sparkling stars attract my sight,
Thy gold, thy boasted gems, lose all their light.
My daring thoughts above these trifles rise,
And aim at glorious kingdoms in the skies.
I there expect celestial diadems,
Outshining all thy counterfeited gems.

FAME.

'TIS nothing strange, that thy ambitious mind,
In sordid wealth should no temptation find;
But I have terms which thy acceptance claim,
Heroic glory, and a mighty name!

To these the greatest souls on earth aspire,
Souls most endow'd with the celestial fire;
Whom neither wealth, nor beauty can inflame,
These hazard all for an illustrious name.

SOUL.

AND yet thou art a mere fantastic thing,
Which can no solid satisfaction bring.
Should I in costly monuments survive,
And, after death, in men's applauses live;
What profit were their vain applause to me,
If doom'd below to endless infamy?
Sunk in reproach, and everlasting shame
With God, and angels, where's my promis'd fame?
But if their approbation I obtain,
And deathless wreaths, and heav'nly glories gain,
I may the world's false pageantry disdain.

PLEASURE.

BUT where the baits of wealth and honour fail,
Th' inchanting voice of pleasure may prevail:
The lewd and virtuous, both my vassals prove;
No breast so guarded but my charms can move.
All that delights mankind, attends on me,
Beauty, and youth, and love, and harmony.
I wing the smiling hours, and gild the day,
My paths are smooth, and flow'ry all my way.

SOUL.

BUT, ah! these paths to black perdition tend,
There soon thy soft, deluding visions end.

Thoſe ſmooth, thoſe flow'ry ways, lead down to hell,
Where all thy ſlaves in endleſs night muſt dwell.
The road of virtue far more rugged is,
But, oh! it leads to everlaſting bliſs:
And all beyond the thorny paſſage lies
The realm of light, diſcover'd to mine eyes;
Gay bow'rs, and ſtreams of joy, and lightſome fields,
With happy ſhades, the beauteous proſpect yields:
Thoſe bliſsful regions I ſhall ſhortly gain,
Where peace, and love, and endleſs pleaſures reign.

The XXXVIIIth *chapter of* JOB *tranſlated.*

IN thunder now the God his ſilence broke,
And from a cloud this lofty language ſpoke.

WHO, and where art thou, fond, preſumptuous man?
That by thy own weak meaſures mine would'ſt ſcan?
Undaunted, as an equal match for me,
Stand forth, and anſwer my demands to thee.

AND firſt, let thy original be trac'd,
And tell me then what mighty thing thou waſt,
When to the world my potent word gave birth,
And fix'd the centre of the floating earth?
Didſt thou aſſiſt with one deſigning thought,
Or my idea's rectify in aught,
When from confuſion I this order brought?

Wh

When like an artist I the line ſtretch'd out,
And mark'd its wide circumference about,
Didſt thou contribute, Job, the needful aid,
When I the deep and ſtrong foundations laid,
And with my hand the riſing pillars ſtay'd?
When from the perfect model of my mind,
The vaſt and ſtately fabric was deſign'd;
So wond'rous, ſo complete in ev'ry part,
Adorn'd with ſuch variety of art,
The ſons of light the goodly frame ſurvey,
As their own ſeats magnificent and gay;
Around the ſhining verge of heav'n they crowd,
And from the cryſtal confines, ſhout aloud:
For joy the morning ſtars together ſang,
And heav'n all o'er with glad preludiums rang.

WERE the tumultuous floods by thee controul'd,
When without bounds the foaming billows roll'd?
Didſt thou appoint them then their ouzy bed,
And humid clouds o'er all their ſurface ſpread,
Affixing limits to th' imperious deep,
The limits it perpetually ſhall keep;
Tho' mounting high, the angry ſurges roar,
And daſh themſelves, with rage, againſt the ſhore?

WHEN did'ſt thou ſummon up the ling'ring day,
And haſte the lovely bluſhing morn away?
Swift as my flaming meſſengers above,
Its gaudy wings at my direction move.

HAST

HAST thou ſurvey'd the ocean's dark abodes,
The ſteep deſcents, the vaults, and craggy roads,
Thro' which, with hollow murmurs, roll the nether floods?
Or haſt thou meaſur'd the prodigious ſize
Of waves, that in thoſe ghaſtly caverns roar?
Or haſt thou, *Job*, the fatal valley trac'd,
And thro' the realms of death undaunted paſs'd;
Where the pale king a rueful ſceptre wields,
And reigns a tyrant o'er the duſky fields?
Doſt thou the pure immortal fountain know,
From whence thoſe num'rous ſtreams of glory flow,
Which feed the radiant lamps that in the ether glow?
Or from what caves the ſullen ſhadows riſe,
When, like a deluge, night involves the ſkies?
How does the ſun his morning beams diſplay
Thro' golden clouds, and ſpread the ſudden day;
When breaking from the duſt, all freſh and fair,
He dances thro' the glitt'ring fields of air?
At his approach all nature looks more gay,
Thro' ev'ry grove refreſhing breezes play,
And o'er the ſtreams, and o'er the meadows ſtray.

DOST thou the clouds amidſt the air ſuſtain,
And melt the floating rivers down in rain;
When over-charg'd, the yielding atmoſphere,
No longer now the wat'ry load can bear?
On gloomy wings the ſounding tempeſt flies,
And heavy thunders roll along the ſkies;
Around the airy vault fierce light'nings play,
And burn themſelves, thro' ſolid clouds a way:

With water, who the wilderneſs ſupplies?
And tell me whence the midnight dews ariſe?
Or from what cold and petrifying womb
The ice, and nipping hoary froſt-ſides come?
What ſecret pow'rs its fluid parts cement,
Congeal, and harden the ſoft element?
All ſtiff, and motionleſs, the frozen deep,
No curling winds its ſhining ſurface ſweep.

Canst thou the chearing influences ſtay
Of thoſe mild ſtars which deck the ſpring ſo gay?
Or looſe the ſullen planet's icy hands,
Which froſts, and rough tempeſtuous winds commands?
Canſt thou bring out fair *Mazʼroth*'s ſultry beam?
Or guide thro' heav'ns blue tracks the ſtarry team?
Do all the ſhining, vaſt machines above,
By thy contrivance, in ſuch order move?
If ſo——ſtill thy divinity to praiſe,
Set open now the flood-gates of the ſky,
And call a mighty deluge from on high;
Kindle prodigious light'nings, and command
The burning flaſhes with a daring hand——
I'll then confeſs thou haſt an arm like me,
And that thy own right hand can ſuccour thee.

HYMN.

HYMN.

Whom have I in heaven but thee, &c.
PSAL. lxxiii. 25.

I.

THE calls of glory, beauty's ſmiles,
And charms of harmony,
Are all but dull, inſipid things,
Compar'd, my God, with thee.

II.

Without thy love I nothing crave,
And nothing can enjoy;
The proffer'd world I ſhou'd neglect,
As an unenvied toy.

III.

The ſun, the num'rous ſtars, and all
The wonders of the ſkies,
If to be purchas'd with thy ſmiles,
Thou know'ſt I wou'd deſpiſe.

IV.

What were the earth, the ſun, the ſtars,
Or heav'n it ſelf to me,
(My life, my everlaſting bliſs!)
If not ſecur'd of thee?

V.

Celeſtial bow'rs, ſeraphic ſongs,
And fields of endleſs light,
Wou'd all unentertaining prove,
Without thy bliſsful ſight.

Thoughts of a dying CHRISTIAN.

I COME, I come! and joyfully obey
The fatal voice that ſummons me away:
With pleaſure I reſign this mortal breath,
And fall a willing ſacrifice to death.
O welcome ſtroke, that gives me liberty!
Welcome, as to the ſlave, a jubilee!
Of the vain world I take my laſt adieu,
The promis'd land is now within my view;
The clouds diſpel, the ſtormy danger's paſt,
And I attain the peaceful ſhores at laſt.
My hope's dear objects, now are all in ſight,
The lands of love, and unexhauſted light,
The flowing ſtreams of joy, and endleſs bliſs,
The ſhining plains, and walks of paradiſe;
The trees of life, immortal fruits and flow'rs,
The tall celeſtial groves, and charming bow'rs:
I breathe the balmy empyrean air,
The ſongs of angels, and their harps I hear:
And ſcarce the fierce, tyrannic joy can bear.

HYMN.

I.

IMmortal fountain of my life,
My hift, my nobleft end;
Eternal centre of my ſoul,
Where all its motions tend!

II.

Thou object of my dearèſt love,
My heav'nly paradiſe,
The ſpring of all my flowing joys,
My everlaſting bliſs!

III.

My God, my hope, my laſt reward,
And all I wou'd poſſeſs;
Still more than theſe pathetic name,
And charming words expreſs!

The APPEAL.

I.

TO thee, great ſearcher of the heart,
I ſolemnly appeal,
Who all the ſecrets of my ſoul,
And inmoſt thoughts can'ſt tell.

II. Even

II.

Even thou, th' unerring judge of all,
Doſt my dread witneſs prove;
That thee, beyond whate'er the world
Can tempt me with, I love.

III.

That thou, whatever elſe I miſs,
Whatever elſe I loſe,
Art my exceeding great reward,
And higheſt bliſs I chuſe.

IV.

Leave me of wealth, of honour, friends,
And all things elſe bereft;
But of thy favour, gracious God,
Let me be never left!

V.

O hear! and grant thy boundleſs love's
Ineſtimable ſtore,
And I'll hereafter cloſe my lips,
And never urge thee more.

VI.

With this alone I'll be content;
But, Lord, of this deny'd,
Thou'd deſpiſe the nobleſt gift,
Thou cou'dſt beſtow beſide.

VII.

Among the brighteſt joys of life,
I ſhou'd no pleaſure know,
But ſhuddering to the ſullen ſhades
Of endleſs night would go.

Tell

Tell me, O thou whom my ſoul loveth, where thou feedeſt, where thou makeſt thy flock to reſt at noon. Cant. i. 7.

I.

O Lovelier to my raviſh'd eyes
Than all they ever ſaw,
Much dearer than the light I view,
Or vital breath I draw!

II.

Eternal treaſure of my heart,
Whom as my ſoul I love,
O, tell me, to what happy ſhades
Thou doſt, at noon, remove!

III.

O, tell me where, by cryſtal ſtreams,
Thy ſnowy flocks are led,
And in what fruitful meadows they
Are by thy bounty fed!

IV.

For thee I languiſh all the day,
For thee I hourly pine;
As flow'rs that want the chearing ſun,
Their painted heads decline.

V.

Ah! why from my impatient eyes
Doſt thou thy ſelf conceal,
Whilſt I in vain, in lonely ſhades,
My reſtleſs pain reveal?

To

To Mr. WATTS, *on his* POEMS *sacred to* DEVOTION.

I.

TO murmuring streams in tender strains,
My pensive muse no more
Of love's inchanting force complains,
Along the flow'ry shore.

II.

No more *Myrtillo*'s fatal face,
My quiet breast alarms,
His eyes, his air, and youthful grace
Have lost their usual charms.

III.

No gay *Alexis* in the grove
Shall be my future theme;
I burn with an immortal love,
And sing a purer flame.

IV.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain,
And sacred transports feel,
While, WATTS, to thy celestial strain
Surpriz'd I listen still.

V.

The gliding streams their course forbear,
When I thy lays repeat;
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget.

VI. With

VI.

With ſuch a grateful harmony
Thy numbers ſtill prolong,
And let remoteſt lands reply,
And echo to thy ſong.

VII.

Far as the diſtant regions where
The beauteous morning ſprings,
And ſcatters odours thro' the air
From her reſplendent wings;

VIII.

Unto the new-found realms which ſee
The latter ſun ariſe,
When with an eaſy progreſs he
Rolls down the nether ſkies.

DESPAIR.

OH! lead me to ſome ſolitary gloom,
Where no enliv'ning beams, nor chearful echoes come;
But ſilent all, and duſky let it be,
Remote and unfrequented, but by me;
Myſterious, cloſe, and ſullen as that grief,
Which leads me to its covert for relief.
Far from the buſy world's deteſted noiſe,
Its wretched pleaſures, and diſtracted joys;

Far from the jolly fools, who laugh, and play,
And dance, and ſing, impertinently gay,
Their ſhort, ineſtimable hours away;
Far from the ſtudious follies of the great,
The tireſome farce of ceremonious ſtate:
There, in a melting, ſolemn, dying ſtrain,
Let me, all day, upon my lyre complain,
And wind up all its ſoft, harmonious ſtrings,
To noble, ſerious, melancholy things.
And let no human foot, but mine, e'er trace
The cloſe receſſes of the ſacred place:
Nor let a bird of chearful note come near,
To whiſper out his airy raptures here.
Only the penſive ſongſtreſs of the grove,
Let her, by mine, her mournful notes improve;
While drooping winds among the branches ſigh,
And ſluggiſh waters heavily roll by.
Here, to my fatal ſorrows, let me give
The ſhort remaining hours I have to live,
Then, with a ſullen, deep fetch'd groan expire,
And to the grave's dark ſolitude retire.

To CLEONE.

FROM the bright realms, and happy fields above,
The ſeats of pleaſure, and immortal love;
Where joys no more on airy chance depend,
All health to thee from thoſe gay climes I ſend!
For thee my tender paſſion is the ſame,
Nor death it ſelf has quench'd the noble flame;

For

For charms like thine for ever fix the mind,
And with eternal obligations bind.
And when kind fate ſhall my *Cleone* free
From the dull fetters of mortality,
I'll meet thy parting ſoul, and guide my fair
In triumph, thro' the lightſome fields of air;
'Till thou ſhalt gain the bliſsful ſeats and bow'rs,
And ſhining plains deck'd with unfading flow'rs.
There nobler heights our friendſhip ſhall improve,
For flames, like ours, bright ſpirits feel above,
And tune their golden harps to the ſoft notes of love.
The ſacred ſubject ſwells each heav'nly breaſt,
And in their looks its tranſports are expreſt.

To CLORINDA.

'TIS not *Clorinda*'s noble air,
Her ſhape, nor lovely eyes,
(Tho' matchleſs all, exact and fair)
That thus our hearts ſurprize.

SHE by ſome mightier pow'r invades,
And triumps o'er our ſouls;
At once with ſofteſt art perſuades,
And with bold force controuls.

'TIS in *Clorinda*'s charming mind,
The ſweet attraction lies;
There all that fire and life we find,
Which ſparkles in her eyes.

In her a thouſand graces ſhine,
That might our envy move;
Which yet our thoughts alone incline
T' oblige, admire, and love.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord is my defence and guide,
My wants are by his care ſupply'd:
He leads me to refreſhing ſhades,
Thro' verdant plains, and flow'ry meads;
And there ſecurely makes me lie,
Near ſilver currents rolling by.
To guide my erring feet aright,
He gilds my paths with ſacred light;
And to his own immortal praiſe,
Conducts me in his perfect ways.
In death's uncomfortable ſhade,
No terror can my ſoul invade:
While he, my ſtrong defence, is near,
His preſence ſcatters all deſpair.
My ſpiteful foes, with envy, ſee
His plenteous table ſpread for me:
My cup o'erflows with ſparkling wine,
With fragrant oils my temples ſhine.
Since God hath wond'rous mercies ſhew'd,
And crown'd my ſmiling years with good;

The

The life he graciouſly prolongs,
Shall be employ'd in grateful ſongs;
My voice in loſty hymns I'll raiſe,
And in his temple ſpend my days.

On the death of the honourable HENRY THYNNE, *Eſq; only ſon of the right honourable* THOMAS, *Lord Viſcount* WEYMOUTH.

YE ſtately buildings, and ye fair retreats,
That lately ſeem'd of guiltleſs joys the ſeats;
You groves, and beauteous gardens, where we find
Some graceful tracts of *Weymouth*'s active mind;
Put off your chearful looks, and blooming air,
And wear a proſpect ſuited to deſpair;
Such as the melancholy muſe requires,
When fun'ral grief the mournful ſong inſpires.
The muſes here *Amyntas* ſhould deplore,
Who viſits theſe delightful walks no more.
The noble youth, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
The boaſted hope and glory of his race,
No more ſhall theſe inviting ſhades frequent;
What merit can the fatal hour prevent?

LAMENT, ye gloomy grotts, and charming bow'rs,
Pine at your roots, ye various plants and flow'rs;

Decay'd may all your painted bloſſoms fall,
Nor let the genial ray your life recall;
Nor e'er again your gentle tribute bring,
(Gay nature's pride) to crown the fragrant ſpring:
Tho' in her prime the lovely ſeaſon here,
'Till now, has triumph'd round the changing year;
And blooming ſtill the wintry turns defy'd,
Nor blaſting air, nor nipping froſt has try'd;
While the glad ſun ev'n linger'd in his race,
And bleſt with conſtant ſmiles the happy place.

YE tender myrtles mourn, nor let your boughs
Hereafter deck one joyful lovers brows.
Ye folding bays, and laurel's ſacred ſhade,
At once let all your wreathing glories fade.
May raging tempeſts in the grove contend,
And from the ſtately firs their branches rend:
Nor let their ſhade receive the feather'd throng,
Which chear the ev'ning with their tuneful ſong;
Nor ever here let balmy *Zephyrs* ſtray,
And with their fragrant breath perfume the op'ning day.

YE ſwelling fountains, be for ever dry,
Or far from theſe unhappy borders fly;
Nor let the ſkill of any daring hand,
To grace theſe walks your dancing ſpouts command;
Nor ſportive *Tritons* from their native courſe
Aloft in air the ſilver currents force;
While deep caſcades the muſing thought delight,
And ruſhing waves to ſoft repoſe invite.

LET the proud pedeſtals no longer prop
Their marble loads, but into ruins drop;
The forms of heroes, and poetic gods,
But ill become theſe deſolate abodes:
Amyntas is no more; who beſt could trace
Their fine proportions, judge of ev'ry grace,
The ſpeaking geſture, and pathetic face.
Whatever air a noble thought expreſt,
An image met in his own gen'rous breaſt.
Nor ſculpture, nor heroic numbers told
A great deſign, or glorious name inroll'd,
But mov'd in him an emulating flame;
And had occaſion try'd, his deeds had been the ſame.

ACCOMPLISH'D youth; why waſt thou ſnatch'd away?
A thouſand lives ſhould have redeem'd thy ſtay.
Muſt worth, like thine, ſo ſhort a period find,
And leave ſo many uſeleſs things behind,
Unthinking forms, the burthen of the ſtate;
While a whole nation ſuffers in thy fate?

On LOVE.

VICTORIOUS Love, thou ſacred myſtery!
What muſe in mortal ſtrains can ſpeak of thee?
We feel th' effect, and own thy force divine,
But vainly would the glorious cauſe define.

In part, thy pow'r in theſe cold realms is known;
But in the bleſt celeſtial ſeats alone,
Thy triumphs in their ſplendid heights are ſhown.
Thy gentle torch, with a propitious light
And ſpotleſs flame, burns there for ever bright,
Expreſsleſs pleaſure, and tranſporting grace,
With laſting beauty, ſhine upon thy face.
By ev'ry tongue thy charms are there confeſt,
And kindle joys in ev'ry heav'nly breaſt:
For thee they touch the ſoft, melodious ſtring,
And Love in glad triumphant accents ſing,
Almighty Love, whence all their raptures ſpring.

REVELATION, *Chap.* xvi.

ALREADY from before the ſacred throne
The ſev'n avenging miniſters are gone;
Charg'd with the laſt great plagues behold they ſtand,
With each his various miſchief in his hand:
Sev'n trumpets give the ſign, at ev'ry call,
In order they the wrathful dregs let fall.

A PRELUDE ſounds: The firſt his vial pours
Amidſt the air, enſu'd by ſulph'rous ſhow'rs;
While from their caves portentous tempeſts riſe,
And pitchy clouds obſcure the angry ſkies.

THEY ſound again; the ocean's briny flood
The ſecond vial turns to ſtreaming blood:

Again;

Again! and lo! a burning comet takes
Its downward way, and drinks the freſhet lakes;
The lakes, the ſwelling ſprings, and running ſtreams,
Are all a prey to its malignant beams.

HIS ſignal now the fourth great angel takes,
And o'er the ſun a livid venom ſhakes;
Its beauteous orb a bloody tincture wears,
And with a fierce malignant horror glares:
The ſilver moon reſigns her trembling ray,
While all the faint nocturnal lights decay.'

'ANOTHER echoing clangor ſhakes the ſky;
And open wide th' infernal portals fly,
Revealing all the diſmal realms below,
The dens of night, and ſeats of endleſs woe;
Aſcending ſmoke pollutes the ſickly air,
While ruddy flames amidſt the darkneſs glare.

NOW the ſixth trumpet's direful ſounds ſucceed;
And from their adamantine fetters freed,
The raging fiends from long confinement come,
With monſtrous ſhapes in open air to roam:
A gloomy hoſt: in terrible array
They march along; pale horror leads the way,
And in its ghaſtlieſt form before them walks;
Behind them empty deſolation ſtalks.

THE ſev'nth ſhrill trumpet utters now its voice,
Thro' earth and hell reſounds the dreadful noiſe:
'Ariſe, ye dead, ariſe to judgment! come,
'And take, according to your works, your doom!'

Th' extended ſkies are rent from pole to pole,
The lightnings flaſh, the final thunders roll,
The graves divide, the ſtartled dead awake,
And hov'ring ſouls their former manſions take.

A PASTORAL.

Inſcrib'd to Mrs. FRANCES WORSLEY, [*Now the right honourable the Lady* CARTERET.]

SYLVIA, the pride of all the rural train,
By *Celadon* was lov'd, but lov'd in vain.
His graceful form by nature ſeem'd deſign'd
To charm the niceſt of the beauteous kind.
With vain *Narciſſus* in his blooming pride,
Or *Hyacinth*, the ſhepherd might have vy'd.
He danc'd——not *Paris* with a nobler mien,
On *Xanthus'* borders trac'd the level green.
Tuneful his voice——but *Phœbus* lov'd in vain,
Nor met ſucceſs with his immortal ſtrain:
More wild than *Daphne*, o'er the flow'ry mead,
Coy *Sylvia* her intreating lover fled.
Nor could his melting numbers once prevail
To gain attention to his am'rous tale;
'Till mov'd with pity for his reſtleſs care,
Her fellow nymphs detain the flying fair;

Intreated

Intreated half, and half compell'd her ſtay;
Beneath a ſhade that ſkreen'd the burning ray
They ſit; their bleating flocks around them ſtray:
While thus th' unhappy youth, in mournful ſtrains,
Of his ungrateful ſhepherdeſs complains.

RETURNING ſprings the faded year renew,
And ſummer gales the wintry ſtorms enſue;
But no viciſſitude of joy I prove,
No change of ſeaſon to my hopeleſs love.
The falling ſun in weſtern ſhades declines,
Refreſh'd again the purple morning ſhines;
But no kind ſmiles with dawning rays appear
In *Sylvia*'s eyes, my gloomy breaſt to cheer.

THE ſilver moon wheels her pale courſe above,
And midnight ſtars in ſolemn order move,
Envy it ſelf, and faction find repoſe;
While no relief my wilder paſſion knows:
Or if diſorder'd ſlumbers cloſe mine eyes,
Coy *Sylvia* ſtill before my fancy flies;
Thro' duſky groves and vales I ſeem to trace
Her fleeting form, that mocks my fond embrace;
I wake to new deſpair, and tell my pain
To whiſp'ring winds and ſounding rocks in vain:
Yet theſe, relentleſs fair, more kind than thee,
In ſighing echoes ſeem to plead for me.
Gay nature now to gentler thoughts invites,
And the fair ſeaſon calls for ſoft delights;
The vig'rous ſun ſmiles on the fruitful earth,
And gives a thouſand beauteous flow'rs their birth;

The conſcious trees their verdant branches ſpread,
Inviting lovers to their friendly ſhade:
Theſe ſcenes were made for love; each whiſp'ring ſtream,
And painted vale require the tender theme.
Love triumphs here, and on the peaceful plains
The gentle god his empire ſtill maintains;
The buſy city's reſtleſs noiſe he ſhuns,
And far from factious courts affrighted runs;
Hither his quiver, and his torch he brings,
And hov'ring round the air with downy wings,
Among the ſwains his ſportive darts he flings.

TH' immortal race oft ſeek the calm retreats,
And for their pleaſures chaſe the rural ſeats.
In the *Sabæan* groves, and *Cyprian* bow'rs
The queen of beauty ſpent her ſofteſt hours:
The fair *Aurora* too, a nymph divine,
With roſy cheeks, and ſparkling eyes like thine,
But gentler far; on *Hæmus* dewy head
Purſu'd a youth, who her embraces fled.
Diana's ſelf, thy boaſted goddeſs, lov'd,
Nor ſtill, like thee, inflexible has prov'd:
Mæander's winding banks, and *Lycus*' ſhore
Have heard her oft her rig'rous fate deplore;
The *Carian* hills were witneſs to her grief,
There wand'ring round, ſhe vainly ſought relief;
Nor roves a ſavage huntreſs as before,
Her hand a pointed jav'lin ſhakes no more,
While thro' the woods ſhe tracks the foaming boar.
To diff'rent cares her thoughts were now confin'd,
Endymion's image had poſſeſt her mind.

On *Latmos'* top the lovely youth ſhe found,
Gently reclin'd upon the verdant ground,
His ſenſes all in balmy ſlumbers drown'd.
Not young *Adonis* ever look'd more fair;
An am'rous breeze plays with his careleſs hair:
The virgin goddeſs fix'd her wond'ring ſight;
Above her own tranſparent orb roll'd bright,
And all the ſtars lent their officious light.
She views his blooming charms with fond ſurprize,
Unuſual tranſports in her boſom riſe;
An unaccuſtom'd wiſh her breaſt inſpires;
And now ſhe checks, now ſoothes her wild deſires,
Approaches ſoftly now, and now retires:
At laſt reſolv'd, a modeſt kiſs ſhe ſteals,
While *Venus* laughing, all the theft reveals.

THUS gods and men to *Love's* imperial ſway
Submit, and his reſiſtleſs laws obey:
And truſt me, *Sylvia*, ſome propitious hour
Shall yet arrive, when thou ſhalt feel his pow'r.

THE ſhepherd ceas'd, the nymphs his numbers praiſe;
Ev'n *Sylvia*, ſoften'd by his melting lays,
Returns a ſmile; then with a decent pride
Retires, and ſtrives her alter'd thoughts to hide.

To CHLOE.

An EPISTLE.

FAIR *Chloe*, leave the noiſy town, and try
What artleſs ſweets the country ſcenes ſupply:
While the young year in all its pride invites,
And promiſes a thouſand gay delights;
While the glad ſun his faireſt light diſplays,
And op'ning bloſſoms court his chearful rays.
The nymphs for thee ſhall deck ſome rural bow'r
With every verdant branch and painted flow'r;
To thee the ſwains full caniſters ſhall bring,
Of all the fragrant treaſures of the ſpring:
While ſome young ſhepherd in the founding grove
Shall tune his reed for thee to ſtrains of love.
Nor from the ſoft, inchanting accents run,
For who the pleaſing charms of love would ſhun;
Such love as in theſe guiltleſs ſeats is known,
Such as a ſtate of innocence might own.
No frauds, no treach'rous arts are practis'd here.
No perjur'd vows deluded virgins fear.
The gentle god with mild indulgence ſways,
And ev'ry willing heart his laws obeys.

ALL hail, ye fields, and ev'ry happy grove!
How your ſoft ſcenes the tender flame improve,
And melt the thoughts, and turn the ſoul to love!
'Twas here *Mirtillo*'s charms my boſom fir'd,
While all the god the am'rous youth inſpir'd;

Divine

Divine his art, prevailing was his tongue,
While in the ſhades the ſkilful ſhepherd ſung;
On downy wings young *Zephyrs* took the ſound,
And chear'd the plains, and all the valleys round:
The liſt'ning ſtreams were conſcious of his flame,
And ev'ry grove acquainted with my name.
No nymph but envy'd me *Mirtillo*'s praiſe,
For I had all his vows and tender lays.
Nor could ſuch truth and merit plead in vain,
I heard his ſighs, and pity'd all his pain;
While *Venus* ſmil'd propitious from above,
And crown'd our vows, and bleſt our mutual love.
May proſp'rous fates attend the happy day,
And circling joys for ever make it gay!
From thence we date our bliſs, and ſtill improve
Our ſoft delights, as thro' the woods we rove:
In flow'ry meadows, groves, and fragrant bow'rs,
Serene and free, we ſpend the lightſome hours.

THUS live the *Dryads*, thus the ſacred race
That haunt the valleys, and the fountains grace;
The rural ſcenes indulge their warm deſires,
Heighten their joys, and feed immortal fires.
Diana, who in heav'n could guard her breaſt,
In *Latmos*' flow'ry fields the god confeſt.
No name, but his, among the ſwains is known,
Superior Love is all the pow'r they own;
Their willing tribute to his ſhrine they bring,
Turtles, and lambs, and all the blooming ſpring,
While to their tuneful harps his praiſe they ſing.
Young *Zephyrs* bear the charming accents round,
And rocks and moſſy caves retain the ſound;

Tigers

Tigers and wolves grow wild, the wanton fawns,
Undaunted, skip along the open lawns;
Roses and myrtles bloom, the amorous doves,
And all the warbling chorus own their loves:
The nodding groves, and falling floods reply,
And all confess the powerful deity.

The CONFLAGRATION.

An ODE.

I.

SUPINE as men before the deluge days,
In melting joys and luxury dissolv'd,
'Till swift destruction swept them all away,
The stupid world will then be found;
In all licentiousness and sin involv'd,
When loud to judgment the last trumpets sound:
Then time shall be no more,
Nor months and years proportion'd by the sun;
Which ne'er again shall run,
With vig'rous pride, the shining zodiac o'er.

II.

A sudden change the living shall translate
To an immortal from a mortal state:
While those that slumber in the grave awake
In crowds, their former vehicles to take,
Indu'd with principles that may sustain
Celestial pleasure, or infernal pain.

III. AND

III.

AND now begins the universal wreck;
The wheels of nature stand, or change their course,
And backward hurrying with disorder'd force,
The long establish'd laws of motion break.
The refluent rivers to their fountains run,
Their antient paths and well-known channels shun.
The seas their sandy banks deride,
And know their bounds no more,
Against the rocks, with stormy pride,
The angry billows roar:
Now swelling, like transparent mounts appear,
Which to the clouds their lofty summits rear,
And mingle with the virgin waters there:
Here, like the mouth of hell, vast whirlpools yawn,
And down the rapid gulph whole floods and isles are drawn.

IV.

PRODIGIOUS thunders shake the sky,
As from their cells with clam'rous rage they break;
Prodigious lightnings kindle as they fly,
And trace the clouds with many a fiery streak:
While in the darken'd air
With horrid beams malignant comets glare.
Encountring tempests strive,
Which mighty winds across each other drive;
Loos'd from the spacious cavities below,
From all the adverse points of heav'n they blow,
And murmur from afar with stormy sound;
While burning bolts and hailstones rake the ground.
Resistless whirlwinds bluster here and there,
Trees from their roots, stones from their rocks they tear.

V. THE

V.

THE central fire within its priſon raves,
And all the globe with ſtrong concuſſions ſhakes,
As from its urn in ſulph'rous waves
The dreadful element breaks;
Thro' all the gloomy vaults around it flows,
Thro' ev'ry cleft and winding fiſſure glows,
And wild excurſions makes:
Its courſe no ſubterranean damps oppoſe,
From vein to vein the active particles take fire,
And towards the ſurface of the globe aſpire;
Whole groves, and hills, and buildings undermine,
Whole groves, and hills, and palaces drop in;
Wide gapes the direful gulph, and where
Tall mountains ſtood, prodigious chaſms appear.
With wilder fury here
The fierce materials outward ruſh,
And where, ev'n now, a level plain was ſpread,
Vaſt rocks and frowning ſteeps erect their hideous head;
From whoſe dark entrails livid torrents guſh,
And glowing cataracts ſpout:
Like *Ætna* now the new *Volcano* roars,
Unweildy ſtones, and burning craggs throws out,
With ſhow'rs of ſand, and ſeas of melted ores.

VI.

While louder ſtill on high the trumpets ſound,
And reach the dreary kingdoms under ground.
Hell's deep foundations the ſtrange echoes ſhake,
With terrors fill each raging fiend,
The earth with ſtrong concuſſions rend,
And wide diſcloſe the vaſt infernal lake,

With

With all the execrable dens below,
The dwellings of unutterable woe.
Thick steams from the unbottom'd gulph arise,
And blacken all the skies:
The startled sun winks at the horrid fight,
And robs the moon of all her silver light:
While ev'ry gay, ethereal flame expires,
Or to its first original retires.
Now mightier pangs the whole creation feels;
Each planet from its shatter'd axis reels,
And orbs immense on orbs immense drop down,
Like scatt'ring leaves from off their branches blown.

VII.

AGAIN the great archangel's summons fly
Thro' earth, thro' hell, and all the ample vaults on high.
Wide fly the portals of eternal day,
To give the King of glory way:
And lo! the Son of God descends,
Heav'n's everlasting frame beneath him bends;
On louring clouds he sits inthron'd,
Whence ruddy flames, and pointed lightnings play,
And bellowing thunders with shrill voices sound:
To judge the world he comes with awful state,
Ten thousand times ten thousand on him wait,
Cherub and seraphim,
With mighty chiefs, and splendid dignities,
Dominions, potentates and pow'rs,
Of heav'nly thrones the num'rous regencies.
And (if a muse might dare
Things so extremely distant to compare)
Like *Hesperus* leading on the countless stars,
The God before his radiant train appears;

Divine

Divine his form, ineffable his air,
At once benignant, solemn, and severe;
Around him dart refulgent beams,
And from his eyes approachless glory streams.

VIII.

THE waters see, and downward sink,
The mountains melt like wax before the fire,
The folding heav'ns together shrink,
And with a mighty noise the clashing orbs retire.
Despairing, trembling, mad, the vitious fly,
And to the falling rocks for shelter cry;
To hell's impenetrable shades would run,
The face of their vindictive judge to shun.
The shudd'ring fiends t' avoid his sight,
Beneath the burning deeps would hide;
Unable now to bear celestial light,
Or the resplendence of his looks abide.

IX.

UNMOV'D alone the virtuous now appear,
And in their looks a calm assurance wear.
Not hell, nor all its horrors fear.
From east, from west, from north, and south they come,
To take from the most righteous judge their doom;
Who thus to them, with a serene regard
(The books of life before him laid,
And all the secret records wide display'd)
'According to your works be your reward;
'As my reproach and cross you did not fear,
'To men and angels I approve you here;
'Possess immortal kingdoms as your due,
'Prepar'd from an eternal date for you.'

X. THE

X.

THE glitt'ring legions shout above,
And down ten thousand heav'nly guardians fly,
T' attend their joyful charges to the sky:
And upward now with wond'rous pomp they move,
Melodious welcomes they receive on high,
With shining robes, victorious palms and crowns,
Celestial dignities, and everlasting thrones;
While beauty, life, and joy, with love divine,
Break from their eyes, and on their faces shine.

XI.

TH' apostate spirits rage, as when they fell
From off th' ethereal battlements to hell,
To see the humble race of man supply
Their once illustrious stations in the sky.
The sinners gnash their teeth for envy too;
To whom thus speaks the wrathful Deity.

'FROM me, accurst! for ever go,
'And dwell with endless burnings, endless night and
'woe.
'In vain in your adversity you cry,
'Inexorable to your cries I'll be,
'As you were once to me.'

XII.

LIKE stings these fatal accents wound,
And all the wretched sinners pleas confound;
Oppress with shame, confusion, and despair,
They sink, nor can the heavy judgment bear.
Th' unfathom'd deep to swallow them gapes wide;
And now without controul
The fiery surges roll,
And hell extends itself on ev'ry side:

Where,

Where, without intermiſſion, without end,
Howling and lamentations loud aſcend;
With flames and helliſh ſmother, which appear
To form about the globe a dreadful atmoſphere.

XIII.

WHY vice was proſp'rous, virtue why diſtreſt,
With all the deep writ ſenſe,
The dark myſterious ways of providence,
To men and angels now are manifeſt.

A LAPLANDER's *ſong to his miſtreſs.*

I.

SHINE out, reſplendent God of day,
On my fair *Orramoor*;
Her charms thy moſt propitious ray,
And kindeſt looks allure.

II.

IN mountain, vale, or gloomy grove,
I'd climb the talleſt tree,
Could I from thence my abſent love,
My charming rover ſee.

III.

I'D venture on a riſing cloud,
Aloft in yielding air;
From that exalted ſtation proud,
To view the ſmiling fair.

IV. SHOULD

IV.

SHOULD ſhe in ſome ſequeſter'd bow'r,
Among the branches hide,
I'd tear off ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
'Till there ſhe was deſcry'd.

V.

FROM ev'ry bird I'd ſteal a wing
To *Orramoor* to fly;
And urg'd by love, would ſwiftly ſpring
Along the lightſome ſky.

VI.

RETURN, and bleſs me with thy charms,
While yet the ſun diſplays
His faireſt beams, and kindly warms
Us with his vital rays.

VII.

RETURN before that light be gone,
In which thou ſhouldſt appear;
Unwelcome night is haſt'ning on
To darken half the year.

VIII.

IN vain, relentleſs maid, in vain
Thou doſt a youth forſake,
Whoſe love ſhall quickly o'er the plain,
Thy ſavage flight o'ertake.

IX.

SHOULD bars of ſteel my paſſage ſtay,
They could not thee ſecure:
I'd thro' inchantments find a way
To ſeize my *Orramoor*.

A HYMN

A HYMN *of thanks,*

On my recovery from the SMALL-POX.

I.

MY God, my great deliv'rer, and my truſt,
My life, my love, and ev'ry tender name
That makes my gratitude and homage juſt;
Let heav'nly ardor all my ſoul inflame!

II.

To thee my muſe ſome tuneful gift would bring,
And humbly conſecrate her nobleſt verſe;
Fain would ſhe touch, for thee, her ſweeteſt ſtring,
And in immortal ſtrains thy love rehearſe.

III.

BUT, oh! what words of men can reach the theme?
What human eloquence expreſs thy praiſe?
Immenſe thy pow'r, unſpeakable thy name,
Thy throne ſurrounded with majeſtic rays.

IV.

YET let my grateful zeal accepted prove,
Since weak mortality can give no more;
I cannot ſpeak, 'tis true, but I can love,
I love, and what I cannot praiſe, adore.

The HYMN *of the three eastern* MAGI, *adoring our Saviour at his nativity.*

FROM those blest regions where the sun displays
His blooming light, and spreads his earliest rays;
Where fragrant groves for sacred incense spring,
To thee, great Son of God, our zealous vows we bring.

HAIL, mighty infant, offspring of the skies!
Celestial glory lightens in thy eyes;
Thy smiles presage immeasurable grace,
And scenes of paradise are open'd in thy face.

MORE than the race of man surprizing fair!
More lovely than thy own propitious star!
When first its chearful lustre blest our sight,
Grac'd with superior beams, and well distinguish'd light.

THE sun it's conqu'ring glories met by day,
And fac'd his rival with a fainter ray:
In golden robes, amidst the shades it blaz'd,
While night, with all her eyes, on the fair stranger gaz'd.

TO rich *Judea* still it led the way,
And hov'ring where th' immortal infant lay:
With darting beams it gilds the blest abode,
And to our longing eyes reveal'd th' unquestion'd God.

WHO'S

WHOM thus with pure devotion we adore,
And freely offer all our coſtly ſtore;
Gold, as a tribute to the new-born king,
And incenſe to the God, with humble zeal we bring.

THE ſpacious *Eaſt* ſhall ſoon converted be,
And all her ſplendid monarchs kneel to thee.
The ſun no more, in folding clouds array'd,
Shall mourn the impious honours to his luſtre paid.

APIS ſhall ceaſe to bellow thro' the croud,
With gilded horns, and flow'ry garlands proud;
Panthea's coſtly gums ſhall ſmoke no more
To gods of monſtrous ſhape, on *Nile*'s polluted ſhore.

BUT thou ſhalt riſe in fame, illuſtrious child,
Of all mankind the GREAT REDEEMER ſtyl'd;
A God in ev'ry language known and bleſt,
By every bending knee ador'd, and ev'ry tongue confeſs'd.

TEMPLES to thee with gilded ſpires ſhall riſe,
And clouds of fragrant incenſe ſhade the ſkies:
In lofty hymns, and conſecrated verſe,
Succeeding times ſhall ſpeak thy praiſe, and thy great name rehearſe.

AND thee, unblemiſh'd maid, divinely fair,
Whoſe tender arms th' eternal monarch bear:
Thrice happy thee poſterity ſhall call,
Pride of thy lovely ſex, and grac'd above them all.

A PASTORAL.

In imitation of DRAYTON'*s ſecond* Nymphal.

CLEON and *Lycidas* were jolly ſwains,
Their worth diſtinguiſh'd on th' *Arcadian* plains.
Cleon, a hardy youth, on mountains bred,
O'er craggy rocks his browzing goats he led;
At rural feſtivals he ſtill appear'd,
A challenger in ev'ry combat fear'd:
For none like him the weighty fledge could throw,
Or manage with more dextrous art the bow;
In wreſtling ſkill'd, and foremoſt in the race,
Advent'rous ſtill, and eager for the chace;
Thro' ſavage woods, o'er hills with ſummits hoar,
Arm'd with a ſpear, he trac'd the tuſky boar.

BUT *Lycidas* among the nymphs was bred,
The flow'ry vales he ſought, and verdant mead,
And there, by curling ſtreams, his flocks were fed.
His goodly ſtature, and well-featur'd face,
Of ev'ry ſhepherdeſs obtain'd the grace.
His flaxen hair, in ringlets from his crown,
Beneath his ſhoulders careleſsly hung down.
Whene'er he danc'd, *Apollo*'s ſelf was ſeen,
In the proportion'd ſtep, and graceful mien;
He ſpoke ſo fine, ſo artfully he ſung,
None but *Myrtilla* could reſiſt his tongue.

No charms but her's his numbers could inſpire:
The nymph was fam'd, a ſylvan god her ſire.
Her mother of the *Naiads* beauteous race;
From her ſhe took the ſweetneſs of her face.
Not *Venus'* ſelf could boaſt a face more fair,
More roſy lips, or more inticing hair.
Her blooming innocence, her lovely eyes,
And perfect ſhape, did ev'ry heart ſurprize.
Her voice cou'd ev'n a riſing torrent ſtay,
A hungry lion's fierceſt rage allay,
And keep the liſt'ning ſavage from his prey.
The maid by gentle *Lycidas* was lov'd,
Nor wilder *Cleon* leſs enamour'd prov'd,
The lovers both attend the uſual hour,
That brought *Mirtilla* from her fragrant bow'r,
To breath the balmy morning's pleaſant air;
When full of warm deſires the ſwains prepare,
With ſongs and promis'd gifts, to gain the fair.

LYCIDAS.

A SNOWY lamb I've bred, ſo full of play,
'Twill entertain my ſhepherdeſs all day;
To thee, when hungry, it will bleat, as proud
From thy fair hands alone to take its food;
Then to expreſs its joy, with many abound
And airy friſk, 'twill ſeem to ſcorn the ground:
And this, with all my future vows, are thine,
If thou, for me, my rival wilt decline.

CLEON.

MY proffers now, and artleſs language hear,
And turn from his ſmooth tales thy liſt'ning ear.

For I can boaſt a kid more white than milk,
And ſofter far than the *Siberian* ſilk;
When'er you walk, 'twill walk as gently by,
And at your feet, when'er you ſit, will lie;
If o'er the plains you run with nimble pace,
'Twill ſkip along, and ſeem to urge the race:
And this, bright maid, I frankly offer thee,
To quit my rival, and to live with me.

MYRTILLA.

HAVE you, indeed, ſuch valu'd things in ſtore,
And never boaſted of your wealth before?
Your offers, gentle youths, I own moſt fair,
And ſuch a kid and lamb are wond'rous rare.
What virtue ſo ſevere, what maid ſo vain,
Such lovers, and ſuch preſents to diſdain?
Yet *Minx*, my dog, I dare a wager lay,
As many tricks as both of them ſhall play.

LYCIDAS.

BUT I two ſparrows will on thee beſtow,
Their plumes unſoil'd, and white as falling ſnow;
Venus herſelf had warm'd them in her breaſt,
Had her unlucky ſon but found the neſt.
The ſprightly birds are bred ſo tame, they'll ſtand,
And chirp, and ſweetly prattle on thy hand;
Wanton, among thy curling locks they'll creep,
And, if permitted, in thy boſom ſleep.

CLEON.

FAIR nymph, his boaſted ſparrows do not mind,
As good in ev'ry common buſh I'll find.

But I'a pair of am'rous doves will bring,
With ſhining plumes, and nicely-chequer'd wing;
Their changing necks more various colours ſhow,
Than *Iris* paints on the celeſtial bow;
Should *Cytherea* on them caſt an eye,
The birds ſhe'd with her golden apple buy.

MYRTILLA.

WITH ſuch fine doves and ſparrows will you part,
Unthinking youths! to gain a trifling heart?
On *Venus*, who ſo well their worth muſt know,
The wond'rous birds you'd better far beſtow:
Your coſtly zeal the goddeſs may reward,
And your ſoft vows propitiouſly regard.

LYCIDAS.

TO crown thy temples, garlands I'll compoſe
Of full-blown lilies, and the budding roſe;
With thoſe the golden hyacinth I'll twine,
And bluſhing pinks, and purple vi'lets join;
Freſh noſegays from the fields each day I'll bring,
Made up of all the ſweetneſs of the ſpring.

CLEON.

HIS wreaths and painted noſeways will decay,
And loſe their proudeſt beauty in a day:
But I've a gift which all his trifles mocks;
As towards the beach I lately drove my flocks,
Three coral-ſprigs I found among the rocks:
Theſe nicely plac'd among thy braided hair,
As little ornaments may ſerve my fair.

MYRTILLA.

WITH yellow hyacinths, pinks and vi'lets blue,
In garlands wreath'd, and painted noſegays too,
With coral-ſprigs ſo deck'd, and wond'rous fine,
A lady of the *May* I ſhall out-ſhine.
But while I trim my braided locks ſo gay,
And waſte in dreſſing half the fleeting day,
My flocks, I fear, would thus neglected, ſtray.

LYCIDAS.

AS on *Alphæus'* banks my ſheep were fed,
I form'd a little barge of bending reed;
So cloſely wrought, and twiſted round the ſides,
That on the dancing wave ſecure it rides:
In this, if thou wilt try the ſilver ſtream,
Another ſea-born goddeſs thou ſhalt ſeem;
While twelve white ſwans, with wreathing woodbines ty'd,
And taſſell'd flow'rs, the floating pomp ſhall guide.

CLEON.

ON yonder hill, with lofty foreſts crown'd,
A nymph of bright *Diana's* train I found,
Who from her ſiſters heedleſsly had ſtray'd;
And by a brutal *Satyr* ſeiz'd, the maid
On her chaſte goddeſs call'd aloud for aid:
I to her ſuccour running, nimbly threw
A bearded arrow, which the monſter ſlew.
On me the grateful virgin would beſtow
Her painted quiver, and her poliſh'd bow.
The bow and gilded ſhafts thou may'ſt command,
And both are worthy of *Diana's* hand:

Thus arm'd, with me thou thro' the woods ſhalt rove,
And ſeem another goddeſs of the grove.

MYRTILLA.

THRO' ſavage woods to hunt wild beaſts with thee,
To love muſt needs a mighty motive be;
But I the dang'rous pleaſure dare not prove,
Ev'n to be thought a goddeſs of the grove:
Nor leſs I fear to try the promis'd boat,
And venture on the dancing waves to float.
I've no ambition o'er the floods to ride,
Tho' drawn by ſwans, with wreathing woodbines ty'd:
Rather ſecure thro' peaceful vales I'd ſtray,
And watch my flocks in humble ſhades all day.
But if a tender thought could warm my breaſt,
In two ſuch worthy lovers I were bleſt;
Whoſe merits with ſuch equal claims appear,
That 'twere injuſtice either to prefer;
While both rejected, both muſt be content;
And treated thus, you've nothing to repent,
But that, like me, an hour you've idly ſpent.

An ODE *on* BEAUTY.

I.

BEAUTY, my ſoft tranſporting theme,
Aſſiſt my muſe, and all my ſoul inflame:
With ev'ry grace, and ev'ry tender charm,
Exalt my fancy, and my boſom warm.

Thou

Thou canſt the coldeſt breaſt inſpire
With ſacred rapture, and refin'd deſire:
Not glory, friendſhip, wealth or liberty,
Attract and charm like thee.
The prince, the ſwain, the tim'rous, and the brave,
Thou, by a ſov'reign title, doſt inſlave:
Thee, ev'n the ſaint and libertine obey,
And uncontroul'd and boundleſs is thy ſway.

II.

By thee the holy hermit fir'd,
In ecſtacies ſublime,
Far from the ſenſual crowd retir'd,
Spends all his happy time;
While ſmiling forms, and glorious viſions roll
Uninterrupted thro' his raviſh'd ſoul.

III.

Nor human minds alone thy pow'r confeſs,
A kind of homage brutes themſelves expreſs;
Vanquiſh'd by thee, fierce lions quit their prey,
And harmleſs o'er the *Libyan* deſarts ſtray.

IV.

With admiration, ecſtaſy, and love,
Thou fill'ſt the num'rous ſhining worlds above:
There are thy triumphs ſhown,
For thee each heav'nly lyre is ſtrung;
Thy force to no celeſtial breaſt unknown,
Is the perpetual ſubject of their ſong.

V.

The mighty Being whom we all adore,
Immortal Beauty, owns thy pow'r:

A whole eternity roll'd on,
While with his own ſupreme perfections he
Solac'd himſelf, immenſely bleſt in thee,
And pleas'd with the bright images which ſhone
In his own beatific mind,
He all things viſible by them deſign'd,
And after thoſe complete ideas wrought.
When from the black abyſs of night
He drew the beauteous light,
And comely order from confuſion brought;
He rais'd the ſparkling arches of the ſkies,
And bad the ſun in golden ſplendor riſe;
He gave the moon her ſilver blaze,
And lent the glimm'ring ſtars their rays.
To him the morning owes her crimſon veſt;
His ſkill with flow'rs the ſmiling valleys dreſt,
And cloath'd with various furs the beaſt;
In ſhining ſcales he arm'd the finny race,
And gave the painted birds their plumy grace.
Nor here creation ceas'd;
With the great work th' almighty Maker pleas'd,
Still from a brighter copy of his mind,
He man with godlike faculties deſign'd:
Surveying then the univerſe around,
The univerſe his approbation found,
In ev'ry part with perfect Beauty crown'd.

On LOVE.

VENUS, the beauteous offſpring of the day,
From thy bright orb dart one propitious ray;
Awake the gentleſt paſſions in my breaſt,
And be thy pow'r thro' all my ſoul confeſt.
From faithleſs waves thou art but feign'd to riſe,
Nor gloomy *Saturn* gave thee to the ſkies;
No wanton crowds at *Cyprus* thee invok'd,
Nor impious incenſe on thy altars ſmok'd.

DIVINE thy lineage, thy reſplendent ſtar,
With chearful glory glads the fields of air:
From thee the ſweet, the fertile ſpirit flows,
That (ſource of life) thro' total nature glows,
And bids her jarring parts one beauteous *ALL* compoſe.

THE poets juſtly would thy pomp diſplay,
In dazzling triumph rolling o'er the ſea:
While all the ranks of life, or ſenſe, that riſe
In fields, or floods, or thro' the ſpacious ſkies,
Confeſs the force of thy inſpiring flame,
And pay their homage to thy mighty name.

To Mrs. ARABELLA MARROW, *in the* COUNTRY.

WHATE'ER delights the verdant field,
The grove, and mossy fountain yield;
Whate'er the gentle, blooming spring,
Or summer in their glory bring;
Let them all conspire to bless
Belinda, in her soft recess.
All ye tuneful feather'd throng,
Salute her in your artless song.
Ye *Zephyrs* flying thro' the vales,
Meet her with your fragrant gales,
Ye purling brooks, indulge her sleep,
And gently by your borders creep.
Whene'er she wanders o'er the green,
Let all *Arcadia* there be seen.
May the charming visions rise,
That dance before the poet's eyes,
When the solitary muse
Does rural shades its subject chuse;
While nymphs, like *Stairs*, adorn the scene,
Graceful, like her's, their looks and mien.

HENCE ye gilded toys of state,
Ye formal follies of the great,
Nor e'er disturb this peaceful seat.
No sound of faction hither fly,
Ambition, hate, or jealousy;

No

No envious tattle enter here,
That wrongs the innocent and fair:
But let the graces and the loves
Wander round theſe gentle groves,
And baniſh from *Belinda*'s breaſt,
Whatever may her joys moleſt;
While here ſhe finds that ſoft repoſe,
Which from virtue only flows.

A PASTORAL.

IN vain my muſe would imitate the ſtrains
Which charm'd the nymphs on *Windſor*'s verdant plains;
Where *Pope*, with wondrous art in tuneful lays,
Won from *Appollo*'s hand immortal bays.

THE morning ſcarce appear'd, when *Phillis* roſe,
And call'd *Aminta* from a ſhort repoſe;
With cautious ſteps they left the peaceful bow'r,
Both, by appointment, choſe the ſilent hour;
To tell, in rural ſtrains, their mutual care,
And the ſoft ſecret of their breaſts to ſhare:
Securely ſeated near a purling ſtream,
By turns they ſing, while love ſupplies the theme.

PHILLIS.

THE ſtarry lights above are ſcarce expir'd,
And ſcarce the ſhades from open plains retir'd;

T'

The tuneful lark has hardly ſtretch'd her wing,
And warbling linnets juſt begin to ſing;
Nor yet induſtrious bees their hives forſake,
Nor ſkim the fiſh the ſurface of the lake.

AMINTA.

NOR yet the flow'rs diſcloſe their various hue,
But fold their leaves, oppreſt with hoary dew;
Blue miſts around conceal the neighb'ring hills,
And duſky fogs hang o'er the murm'ring rills;
While *Zephyr* faintly ſighs among the trees,
And moves the branches with a lazy breeze:
No jovial pipe reſounds along the plains,
Safe in their hamlets ſleep the drowſy ſwains.

PHILLIS.

FOR me *Mirtillo* ſighs; the charming youth
Perſuades with ſo much eloquence and truth,
Whene'er he talks, my flocks unheeded ſtray;
To hear him I could linger out the day,
Untir'd 'till night, till all the ſtars were gone,
Till o'er the eaſtern hills the morn came on.

AMINTA.

FOR me *Silvander* pines, as full of truth,
In ſecret too, perhaps, I love the youth;
Yet treat him ill, while with diſſembled pride
I mock his vows, his ſoft complaints deride;
And fly him ſwifter than a ſportive fawn
Skips thro' the woods, and dances o'er the lawn.

PHILLIS.

PHILLIS.

UNPRACTIS'D in the turns of female art,
My looks declare the meaning of my heart;
To own ſo juſt and innocent a flame,
Can fix no blemiſh on a virgin's name:
When firſt my lips the tender truth expreſs'd,
A thouſand joys *Mirtillo*'s eyes confeſs'd.

AMINTA.

No boaſting ſwain ſuch truths from me ſhall hear,
Such words ſhall never reach *Silvander*'s ear.
With *Thiſbe* once, his favour'd dog, I play'd,
Which from his maſter thro' the woods had ſtray'd;
Still on the path my watchful eyes I kept,
When from the thicket the pleas'd owner ſtept;
His ſmiling looks an inward joy confeſs'd,
To find by me the darling dog careſs'd:
Surpriz'd, from off my lap his dog I threw,
And ſwift as lightning thro' the foreſt flew.

PHILLIS.

WHENE'ER *Mirtillo*'s ſportive kid I find,
With wreathing flow'rs his twiſted horns I bind,
And fondly ſtroke him in his maſter's ſight,
Nor e'er abuſe the harmleſs thing in ſpight,
Or think the guiltleſs favour worth my flight.

AMINTA.

THE nymphs and ſwains *Apollo*'s revels grac'd,
In ſprightly dances the ſmooth green they trac'd;
Silvander begg'd I would his partner ſtand,
I turn'd, and gave to *Corilas* my hand.

PHIL-

PHILLIS.

I TO *Mirtillo* did my hand refuse;
But after that, no other swain would chuse:
At *Cynthia*'s revels *Hylas* strove in vain,
And *Lycidas* the favour to obtain.

AMINTA.

A BASKET of the finest rushes wrought,
With jess'min, pinks, and purple vi'lets fraught,
With modest zeal, to me *Silvander* brought:
His present I rejected with disdain,
And threw the fragrant treasures on the plain.
Soon as the youth retir'd, with wond'rous care
I search'd them round, nor would one blossom spare;
With some, in wreaths, my curling locks I grac'd,
And others nicely in my bosom plac'd.

PHILLIS.

FRESH sprigs of myrtle oft my breast adorn,
And roses gather'd in a dewy morn:
Of all the garden's flow'ry riches, these
Myrtillo loves, and I his fancy please.

AMINTA.

SILVANDER told a secret in my ear,
Which twice I made pretences not to hear;
He nearer drew, invited to the bliss,
And in the am'rous whisper stole a kiss.
My rising blushes the bold theft reveal'd,
Dorinda scarce from laughing out with-held:
I left the shepherd, feign'd myself enrag'd,
And with his rival in discourse engag'd.

PHIL-

PHILLIS.

I N yonder bow'r I ſate, when tow'rds the place
Mirtillo haſten'd with a lover's pace;
I feign'd myſelf to careleſs ſleep reſign'd,
My head againſt a mofſy bank reclin'd;
Approaching near, ſweet may thy ſlumbers be,
He ſoftly cry'd, and all thy dreams of me!
I laugh'd, nor longer could conceal the cheat,
But told the am'rous youth the fond deceit.

AMINTA.

W H E N in the echoing vale *Silvander* plays,
And on his reed performs the rural lays,
Behind the ſhading trees I oft' retire,
And undiſcover'd, the ſweet notes admire:
But when in public I his numbers heard,
To his, unſkilful *Egon*'s I prefer'd;
Tho' with the ſwan's expiring melody,
The cuckow's tiresome note as well may vye.

PHILLIS.

W H A T E' E R *Mirtillo* dictates meets applauſe,
His voice attention ſtill as midnight draws;
His voice more gentle than the ſummer's breeze,
That mildly whiſpers thro' the trembling trees;
Soft as the nightingale's complaining ſong,
Or murm'ring currents as they roll along;
Without diſguiſe the ſkilful youth I praiſe,
Admire his numbers, and repeat his lays.

On the death of Mr. THOMAS ROWE.

IN what ſoft language ſhall my thoughts get free,
My dear *Alexis*, when I talk of thee?
Ye muſes, graces, all ye gentle train
Of weeping loves, aſſiſt the penſive ſtrain!
But why ſhould I implore your moving art?
'Tis but to ſpeak the dictates of my heart,
And all that knew the charming youth will join
Their friendly ſighs, and pious tears to mine:
For all that knew his merit muſt confeſs,
In grief for him there can be no exceſs.

HE ſoul was form'd to act each glorious part
Of life, unſtain'd with vanity, or art.
No thought within his generous mind had birth,
But what he might have own'd to heav'n and earth.
Practis'd by him, each virtue grew more bright,
And ſhone with more than its own native light.
Whatever noble warmth could recommend
The juſt, the active, and the conſtant friend,
Was all his own——but, oh! a dearer name,
And ſofter ties my endleſs ſorrow claim;
Loſt in deſpair, diſtracted, and forlorn,
The lover I, and tender huſband mourn.
Whate'er to ſuch ſuperior worth was due,
Whate'er exceſs the fondeſt paſſion knew,
I felt for thee, dear youth; my joy, my care,
My prayers themſelves were thine, and only where
Thou waſt concern'd, my virtue was ſincere.

When-

Whene'er I begg'd for bleſſings on thy head,
Nothing was cold, or formal, that I ſaid;
My warmeſt vows to Heav'n were made for thee,
And love ſtill mingled with my piety.

O THOU waſt all my glory, all my pride!
Thro' life's uncertain paths, my conſtant guide:
Regardleſs of the world, to gain thy praiſe,
Was all that could my juſt ambition raiſe.

WHY has my heart this fond engagement known?
Or why has Heav'n diſſolv'd the tie ſo ſoon?
Why was the charming youth ſo form'd to move?
Or why was all my ſoul ſo turn'd for love?
But virtue here a vain defence had made,
Where ſo much worth and eloquence could plead.
For he could talk——'twas ecſtaſy to hear,
'Twas joy, 'twas harmony to ev'ry ear!
Eternal muſic dwelt upon his tongue,
Soft and tranſporting as the muſe's ſong:
Liſt'ning to him, my cares were charm'd to reſt,
And love, and ſilent rapture fill'd my breaſt;
Unheeded the gay moments took their flight,
And time was only meaſur'd by delight.
I hear the lov'd, the melting accents ſtill,
And ſtill the kind, the tender tranſport feel:
Again I ſee the ſprightly paſſions riſe,
And life and pleaſure ſparkle in his eyes.
My fancy paints him now with ev'ry grace,
But, ah! the dear deluſion mocks my fond embrace;
The ſmiling viſion takes its haſty flight,
And ſcenes of horror ſwim before my ſight.

Grief,

Grief and deſpair in all their terrors riſe,
A dying lover pale and gaſping lies;
Each diſmal circumſtance appears in view,
The fatal object is for ever new:
His anguiſh, with the quickeſt ſenſe I feel,
And hear this ſad, this moving language ſtill.

MY deareſt wife! my laſt, my fondeſt care!
Sure Heav'n for thee will hear a dying pray'r:
Be thou the charge of ſacred PROVIDENCE,
When I am gone, be that thy kind defence;
Ten thouſand ſmiling bleſſings crown thy head,
When I am cold, and number'd with the dead.
Think on thy vows, be to my mem'ry juſt,
My future fame and honour are thy truſt.
From all engagements here I now am free,
But that which keeps my ling'ring ſoul with thee.
How much I love, thy bleeding heart can tell,
Which does, like mine, the pangs of parting feel:
But haſte to meet me on thoſe happy plains,
Where mighty love in endleſs triumph reigns.

HE ceas'd; then gently yielded up his breath,
And fell a blooming ſacrifice to death:
But, oh! what words, what numbers can expreſs,
What thought conceive the height of my diſtreſs?
Why did they tear me from thy breathleſs clay;
I ſhould have ſtaid, and wept my life away.
Yet, gentle ſhade, whether thou now doſt rove
Thro' ſome bleſt vale, or ever-verdant grove;
One moment liſten to my grief, and take
The ſofteſt vows that conſtant love can make.

FOR

FOR thee all thoughts of pleaſure I forego,
For thee my tears ſhall never ceaſe to flow;
For thee at once I from the world retire,
To feed, in ſilent ſhades, a hopeleſs fire.
My boſom all thy image ſhall retain,
The full impreſſion there ſhall ſtill remain.
As thou haſt taught my conſtant heart to prove
The nobleſt height and elegance of love;
That ſacred paſſion I to thee confine,
My ſpotleſs faith ſhall be for ever thine.

On the anniverſary return of the day on which Mr. ROWE *died.*

UNHAPPY day! with what a diſmal light
Doſt thou appear to my afflicted ſight?
In vain the chearful ſpring returns with thee,
There is no future chearful ſpring for me.

WHILE my *Alexis* withers in the tomb,
Untimely cropt, nor ſees a ſecond bloom,
The faireſt ſeaſon of the changing year,
A wild and wintry aſpect ſeems to wear;
The flow'rs no more their former beauty boaſt,
Their painted hue, and fragrant ſcents are loſt;
The joyous birds their harmony prolong,
But, oh! I find no muſic in their ſong.

YE moſſy caves, ye groves, and ſilver ſtreams,
(The muſes lov'd retreats, and gentle themes)

Y

Ye verdant fields, no more your landſcapes pleaſe,
Nor give my ſoul one interval of eaſe;
Tranquility and pleaſure fly your ſhades,
And reſtleſs care your ſolitude invades.
Nor the ſtill ev'ning, nor the roſy dawn,
Nor moon-light glimm'ring o'er the dewy lawn,
Nor ſtars, nor ſun, my gloomy fancy chear;
But heav'n and earth a diſmal proſpect wear:
That hour that ſnatch'd *Alexis* from my arms,
Rent from the face of nature all its charms.

UNHAPPY day! be ſacred ſtill to grief,
A grief too obſtinate for all relief;
On thee, my face ſhall never wear a ſmile,
No joy, on thee, ſhall e'er my heart beguile.
Why does thy light again my eyes moleſt?
Why am I not with thee, dear youth, at reſt?
When ſhall I, ſtretched upon my duſty bed,
Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead?

To PHILOMELA.

Occaſioned by her POEM *on the death of her* HUSBAND.

I.

WHILE you in ſoft harmonious ſtrains bewail
Your dear *Alexis*, we attend the tale,
I loſe our grief, as kinder thoughts prevail,

II. JUSTLY

II.

JUSTLY you tell what merit in him ſhone,
Yet, tho' unartfully, you then make known,
In more reſplendent characters, your own.

III.

'TWAS thought unjuſt by his unſpotted mind,
Such matchleſs worth ſhould be to *one* confin'd;
So modeſtly he all his right reſign'd.

IV.

SINCE then you muſt the *ſacred paſſion* move
In each admiring ſwain, how can you prove
To him more faithful, than once more to love?

To the AUTHOR *of the foregoing* VERSES.

RETRACT thy impious lines, too guilty youth!
Nor wreſt the laws of conſtancy and truth.
Should cruel death, amidſt thy ſofteſt charms
Of youth and wit, from ſome fond woman's arms
Tear thy reluctant ſoul, thus may ſhe prove
For thee, the heights of gratitude and love!
Whate'er ſuch early worth as thine might claim,
Whate'er the public owes thy future fame;
O let the penſive fair thy rules obey,
Be grateful in thy own exalted way,
And by a ſecond choice thy vows repay!
Thus let her tender heart thy merit mourn,
And all thy blooming ardor thus return;

With

With pious care tranſmit the ſacred flame,
And add immortal honours to thy name;
When thou haſt modeſtly thy right reſign'd,
And left the gentle charmer unconfin'd,
To ſhine propitiouſly on all mankind.

The RESIGNATION.

'TIS done! the darling idol I reſign,
-Unfit to ſhare a heart ſo juſtly thine;
Nor can the heav'nly call unwelcome be,
That ſtill invites my ſoul more near to thee;
Thou doſt but take the dying lamps away,
To bleſs me with thy own unmingled day.
Ye ſhades, ye phantoms, and ye dreams, adieu!
With ſmiles I now your parting glories view.
I ſee the hand, I worſhip, I adore,
And juſtify the great diſpoſing Pow'r.
Divine advantage! O immortal gain!
Why ſhould my fond, ungrateful heart complain?
Whate'er of beauty in his ample round
The ſun ſurveys, in thee is brighter found;
Whate'er the ſkies, in all their ſplendid coſt,
Their beamy pride, and majeſty can boaſt;
Whate'er the reſtleſs mind of man deſires;
Whate'er an angel's vaſter thought admires;
In thee 'tis found in its unchanging height,
Thou firſt great ſpring of beauty and delight!

What have I loſt of excellent, or fair,
Of kind, or good, that thou can'ſt not repair?
What have I loſt of truth or amity,
But what deriv'd its gentle ſource from thee?
What is there here of excellence, or grace,
Which one bright ſmile from thee would not efface?
At one kind look, one ſparkling glance of thine,
Created pride muſt languiſh and decline.

'Tis done, at laſt, the great deciding part!
The world's ſubdu'd, and thou haſt all my heart;
It pants for joys which that can ne'er beſtow,
And ſpreads it ſelf too wide for all below;
It leaves the vaſt creation far behind,
And preſſes forward free and unconfin'd:
I ſee a boundleſs proſpect ſtill before,
And dote upon my former joys no more;
Celeſtial paſſions kindle in my ſoul,
And every low, inglorious thought controul.
O come! ye ſacred guſts, ye pure delights,
Ye heav'nly ſounds, ye intellectual ſights;
Ye gales of paradiſe that lull to reſt,
And fill with ſilent calms the peaceful breaſt;
With you, tranſporting hopes, that boldly riſe,
And ſwell, in bliſsful torrents, to the ſkies;
That ſoar with angels on their ſplendid wings,
And ſearch th' *arcana* of celeſtial things.
Here let me dwell, and bid the world adieu,
And ſtill converſe, ye glorious ſcenes, with you.
Keep far away, for ever far from hence,
Ye gaudy ſhews, and flatt'ring ſnares of ſenſe;

Ye

Ye gay varieties on earth, adieu!
However ſoft, and pleaſing to the view:
And all ye dazzling wonders of the ſkies,
Ev'n you my now aſpiring thoughts deſpiſe;
No more your blandiſhments my heart detain,
Beauty and pleaſure make their court in vain;
Objects divine and infinite in view,
Seize all my pow'rs, ye fading toys, from you.

'Tis finiſh'd now, the great deciding part!
The world's ſubdu'd, and thou haſt all my heart;
It triumps in the change, it fixes here,
Nor needs another ſeparation fear.
No fatal chance thro' endleſs years ſhall riſe,
The ſeries of my pleaſures to ſurpriſe;
No various ſcenes to come, no change of place
Shall e'er thy image from my ſoul efface;
Nor life, nor death, nor diſtant height above,
Nor depths below, ſhall part me from thy love.

Tranſlated from the Italian *of* PETRUCCI.

Contentatevi, o cieli chiariſſimi, *&c.*

PERMIT me, O ye radiant ſkies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
While you the envious curtains prove,
That from my ſight conceal my love.

I know

I know my guilty eyes unmeet
The ſplendor of the ſtars to greet,
And more deſerve to view below
The caves where ſtreams of ſulphur glow;
Theſe proſpects all my ſoul confound,
My hopes in vaſt deſpair are drown'd;
'Till I the glorious methods trace,
The triumphs of almighty grace;
When thus my ſoul tranſported cries,
Permit me, O ye radiant ſkies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
While you the envious curtains prove,
That hide the object of my love.

YE ſtarry lights, ye gaudy flames,
That deck the ſpheres with golden beams,
You, that pave the milky way,
You that conſtant rules obey,
Or wand'ring, thro' the ether, ſtray;
In your gay courſes ye declare
How much more bright thoſe glories are,
By everlaſting love prepar'd
Unſhaken virtue to reward.
Thy joys, vain world, no more invite
My flatter'd ſenſe to falſe delight;
Celeſtial objects fire my ſoul,
And ev'ry humbler wiſh controul.
Permit me then, ye radiant ſkies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
For you the envious curtains prove,
That from my ſight conceal my love.

BUT while I fondly gaze on you,
And bid all human things adieu,
Your beauties all my pain renew.
Then view the anguiſh of my breaſt,
With love, impatient love, diſtreſt;
Thoſe interpoſing clouds divide,
That all my joys and treaſure hide;
But you are deaf.——Ye ſons of light,
That gaze on the tranſporting ſight,
And loſe yourſelves in vaſt delight;
That know the boundleſs heights of love,
Yet nothing but its pleaſures prove;
Oh! tell me where my Lord to find,
For you are ſtill to mortals kind;
Yet now, regardleſs of my care,
You leave to winds my fruitleſs pray'r:
Permit me then, ye radiant ſkies
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
Since you the envious curtains prove,
That from my ſight conceal my love.

THOU charming author of my pain,
Let me at laſt my ſuit obtain;
Or if deny'd ſo high a grace,
In the bright ſkies to view thy face,
Thy paths I'd thro' ſome deſart trace;
Savage as that, where thou the ſcorn
Of tempting fiends, for me haſt borne;
Or to the diſmal garden's ſhade,
Where terrors did thy ſoul invade;
Or let me climb, to follow thee,
The painful ſteep of *Calvary:*

However

However gloomy be the place,
May I but there behold thy face;
A paradise to me 'twill prove,
High heav'n, and all the joys above:
But, ah! my pray'rs are still deny'd,
And still thou dost thy beauties hide.
Permit me then, ye radiant skies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
Since you the envious curtains prove,
That hide the object of my love.

On the DIVINE GOODNESS.

AWAKE, my soul, and to th' Almighty King,
In lofty strains, triumphant praises sing;
Let all thy pow'rs their noblest force excite,
And spread his glory with sincere delight;
Extol him with uninterrupted joy,
And let his love thy longest breath employ.
O come, you blest adorers of his name,
And listen while his goodness I proclaim:
But, oh! my trembling tongue attempts in vain
The boundless subject, in a mortal strain;
Some angel lend me his melodious lyre,
And with celestial skill my breast inspire;
On wings of sacred rapture let me rise
And join my hallelujahs with the skies.
But, mighty God, how shall a mortal worm,
A span of earth, the glorious task perform?

Swallow'd in pleaſure and divine ſurprize,
I view thy love's unbounded myſteries:
In all thy wond'rous paths I gladly trace
Indulgent goodneſs and ſtupendous grace.
When I the dreadful precipice ſurvey,
Where thoughtleſs and inſenſible I lay;
While fiery billows rolled along below,
And gaping gulphs ſhew'd ſcenes of endleſs woe;
'Twas then, 'twas then, unmeaſurable love
Did to my ſoul its glorious methods prove.

PSALM LXIII.

O GOD, my firſt, my laſt, my ſtedfaſt choice,
My boundleſs bliſs, the ſpring of all my joys!
I'll worſhip thee before the ſilver moon,
With ſilent pace has reach'd her cloudy noon;
Before the ſtars the midnight ſkies adorn,
Long, long before the ſlow approach of morn,
Thee I'll invoke, to thee glad anthems ſing,
And with my voice join each harmonious ſtring:
The midnight echoes at thy name ſhall wake,
And on their wings the joyful burthen take;
While one bright ſmile from thee, one pleaſing ray,
Thro' the ſtill ſhades ſhall dart celeſtial day.

As the ſcorch'd trav'ller in a deſart land,
Tracing, with weary ſteps, the burning ſand;

And

And fainting underneath the fierce extremes
Of raging thirſt, longs for refreſhing ſtreams;
So pants my ſoul, with ſuch an eager ſtrife
I follow thee, the ſacred ſpring of life.

OPEN the boundleſs treaſures of thy grace,
And let me once more ſee thy lovely face;
As I have ſeen thee in thy bright abode,
When all my pow'rs confeſt the preſent God.

THERE I could ſay, and mark the happy place,
'Twas there I did his glorious foot-ſteps trace;
'Twas there (O let me raiſe an altar there!)
I ſaw as much of heav'n as mortal ſenſe could bear;
There from his eyes I met the heav'nly beam,
That kindled in my ſoul this deathleſs flame.

LIFE, the moſt valu'd good that mortals prize,
Compar'd to which, we all things elſe deſpiſe;
Life, in its vig'rous pride, with all that's ſtor'd
In the extent of that important word;
Ev'n life itſelf, my God, without thy love,
A tedious round of vanity would prove.
Grant me thy love, be that my glorious lot,
Swallow'd in that, be all things elſe forgot!
And while theſe heav'nly flames my breaſt inſpire,
I'll call up all my pow'rs, and touch the tuneful lyre;
With all the eloquence of grateful lays,
I'll ſing thy goodneſs, and recite thy praiſe.
The charming theme ſhall ſtill my ſoul employ,
And give me foretaſtes of immortal joy;

With ſilent rapture, not to be expreſt,
My eager wiſhes here ſhall richly feaſt.
When ſullen night its gloomy curtains ſpreads,
And ſoothing ſleep its drowſy influence ſheds;
I'll baniſh flatt'ring ſlumbers from my eyes,
And praiſe thee 'till the golden morning riſe;
Thoſe ſilent hours ſhall conſecrated be,
And thro' the liſt'ning ſhades I'll ſend my vows to thee.

PSALM LXXII.

BLEST Prince of righteouſneſs and peace,
The hope of all mankind!
Tho poor, in thy unblemiſh'd reign,
Shall free protection find.

SECURE of juſt redreſs, to thee
Th' oppreſs'd his cauſe ſhall bring;
While with the fruits of ſacred peace
The joyful fields ſhall ſpring.

THRO' endleſs years thy glorious name
The righteous ſhall adore,
When ſun and moon have run their courſe,
And meaſure time no more.

THOU ſhalt deſcend like the ſoft drops
Of kind celeſtial dews;
Or as a ſhow'r, whoſe gentle fall
The joyful ſpring renews.

THE

THE juſt ſhall flouriſh in thy days,
And ſacred truth abound,
While in the ſkies the changing moon
Reſtores her nightly round.

PEACE ſhall with balmy wings o'erſhade
Our favour'd walls around:
With graſs the meads, with plenteous corn
The mountains ſhall be crown'd.

A HANDFUL ſcatter'd on the earth,
Shall riſe a wond'rous crop;
The loaded ſtalks ſhall bend like trees
On *Lebanon*'s high top.

THY glory no eclipſe ſhall ſee,
But ſhine divinely bright,
While from his orb the radiant ſun
Darts undiminiſh'd light.

CONVERTED nations, bleſt in thee,
Shall magnify thy grace,
Call thee their glorious Ranſomer,
And hope of all their race.

WITH love and ſacred rapture fir'd,
Thy lofty name we'll ſing:
Thou only wond'rous things haſt done,
The everlaſting King!

FROM all the corners of the earth
Let grateful praiſe aſcend:
Let loud *Amens*, and joyful ſhouts,
The ſtarry convex rend.

PSALM CXLVI.

PREPARE the voice, and tune the joyful lyre,
And let the glorious theme my ſoul inſpire:
To thee, my God, I ſing; thy mighty name
With heav'nly rapture ſhall my ſoul inflame.
My tuneful homage ſhall like incenſe riſe,
And glad the air, and reach th' approving ſkies;
While life and breath remain, the ſacred ſong
Shall fill my breaſt, and dwell upon my tongue.

As ſome fair ſtructure, whoſe firm baſis lies
On ſtrength of rocks, the threat'ning winds deſies;
So ſtedfaſtly my hopes on Heav'n are plac'd,
Nor earth, nor hell, my confidence can blaſt.
Let others ſtill for human help attend,
And on the flatt'ries of the great depend;
Relentleſs death ſhall mock their airy truſt,
And lay their boaſted confidence in duſt.
As the fantaſtick viſions of this night,
Before the op'ning morning take their flight;
So periſh all the boaſts of men, their pride,
And vain deſigns, the laughing ſkies deride.

BUT

BUT he alone ſecurely guarded lives,
To whom the mighty God protection gives;
The mighty God, who made the ſtedfaſt earth,
And gave the ſprings that ſwell the ocean birth;
Who form'd the ſtars, and ſpread the circling ſkies,
And bade the ſun in all his glory riſe:
No breach of faithfulneſs his honour ſtains,
With day and night his word unchang'd remains:
On human woes he looks with pitying eyes,
To help th' oppreſs'd, and anſwer all their cries;
The orphan's ſoft complaint, and widow's tears,
Obtain redreſs, and fix his liſtning ears:
His throne from changes ſtands for ever free,
And his dominion ſhall no period ſee.

CANTICLE V.

OVEIL thy heav'nly beauties from my ſight!
I cannot yet ſuſtain celeſtial light.
The dazzling luſtre of thy eyes controul,
Their pointed glories wound my tender ſoul;
I cannot yet theſe ſacred tranſports bear,
Too feeble I, thou too divinely fair.
Return to the gay climes of day again,
Celeſtial frames thy ſplendor may ſuſtain;
Acquainted with thoſe bright, thoſe bleſt extremes,
With ſtedfaſt eyes they meet thy glorious beams;
Unveil'd they view the radiant Deity,
Loſt in the heights of bliſsful ecſtaſy;
But, oh! theſe flights are too ſublime for me;

Theſe raptures would my brittle frame deſtroy,
And overcome me with exceſs of joy:
Then veil thy heav'nly beauties from my ſight,
I cannot yet ſuſtain celeſtial light.

CANT. VIII. vi.

O SET me as a ſignal on thy heart,
And let the deep impreſſion ne'er depart!
O let me ne'er by thee abandon'd prove!
I were undone, if thou ſhould change thy love;
I could no greater miſ'ry undergo,
'Twere hell itſelf, the blackeſt hell of woe!
My hopes, my joys are plac'd in thee alone,
Robb'd of thy ſmiles and favour, all were gone.
My life, my happineſs depends on thee,
Without thee, what were all the world to me?
I ſhould deteſt the light and vital air,
And waſte my days in ſorrow and deſpair.
Forgive my fears, the ſure effect of love,
Its mighty force and violence they prove.
The thoughts of loſing thee I cannot bear,
Leſs cruel death, than that tormenting fear;
It blaſts my blooming joys, diſturbs my reſt,
And fills with deep anxiety my breaſt:
That thou mayſt once my wretched ſoul deſert,
This cruel doubt wounds my deſponding heart.

A HYMN.

A HYMN.

In imitation of CANT. V. vi, vii.

YE pure inhabitants of light,
Ye virgin minds above,
That feel the ſacred violence,
And mighty force of love.

By all your boundleſs joys, by all
Your love to humankind,
I charge you to inſtruct me where
My abſent Lord to find.

I'VE ſearch'd the pleaſant vales and plains,
And clim'd the hills around;
But no glad tidings of my love,
Among the ſwains have found.

I'VE oft invok'd him in the ſhades,
By ev'ry ſtream and rock;
The rocks, the ſtreams, and echoing ſhades,
My vain induſtry mock.

I TRAC'D the city's noiſy ſtreets
And told my cares aloud;
But no intelligence could meet
Among the thoughtleſs crowd.

I SEARCH'D the temple round, for there
He oft' has bleſt my ſight,
And half unveil'd, of his lov'd face
Diſclos'd the heav'nly light.

BUT with theſe glorious views, no more
I feaſt my raviſh'd eyes,
For veiled with interpoſing clouds,
My eager ſearch he flies.

O, COULD I in ſome deſart land
His ſacred foot-ſteps trace,
I'd with a glad devotion kneel,
And bleſs the happy place.

I'D follow him o'er burning ſands,
Or where perpetual ſnow
With horrid aſpect clothes the ground,
To find my Lord I'd go.

NOR ſtormy ſeas ſhould ſtay my courſe,
Nor unfrequented ſhore,
Nor craggy *Alps*, nor deſart waſtes
Where hungry lions roar.

THRO' ranks of interpoſing deaths
To his embrace I'd fly,
And to enjoy his bliſsful ſmiles,
Would be content to die.

EXODUS III. xiv. *I am that I am.*

WHATE'ER thou art, to thee, and thee alone,
The first almighty Cause of all, is known;
Yet would I strive ambitiously to raise
My voice to the delightful work of praise:
But oh; what human words those heights can reach?
What bolder thought the flight divine can stretch?
Ev'n angels, in their sweetest ecstacy,
When they behold the smiling Deity,
Their want of pow'r and eloquence confess,
When they thy boundless glories would express;
In heav'n they find no metaphors for thee,
And what resemblance then can mortals see?

YET I must talk, and talk of thee alone,
Be to my tongue all other themes unknown!
In holy songs I would my silence break,
In raptures, everlasting raptures speak.
O, 'tis the work of heav'n, almighty King!
To love, adore, and thy high praises sing;
And this my everlasting bliss shall be,
My lips shall talk, my heart shall fix on thee.
Thy excellence, and ev'ry glorious name
To angels known, shall feed the holy flame:
I then shall see thee lovely as thou art,
And feel what boundless joys thy smiles impart;
The beatific scene, without controul,
Shall open all its splendor on my soul.

A SON

A SONG *of* PRAISE.

PREPARE, my ſoul, thy nobleſt lays,
And ſpeak thy great deliv'rer's praiſe,
Awake, my voice, and gentle lute,
Nor let one grateful ſtring be mute;
And, oh! ye ſacred pow'rs of love,
Let me all your influence prove:
Ye heav'nly virtues, guide my tongue,
Or teach me ſome celeſtial ſong;
Such as your own flame inſpires,
When you touch your golden lyres;
And in the fair ethereal bow'rs,
Sing away your happy hours.

BEGIN, begin the tuneful lays,
While the morning's early rays
All their golden luſtre ſpread
O'er the tow'ring mountains head;
Nor ceaſe 'till noon, 'till ſable night
Conceal the world from mortal ſight.

FROM the loweſt depths of care,
To God I ſend a doubtful prayer;
Yet he lent a gracious ear,
And ſcatter'd all my groundleſs fear.

WHILE theſe lips draw vital breath,
'Till I cloſe my eyes in death,

I'll

I'll ne'er forget thy wond'rous love,
Nor thoughtleſs of thy favours prove,
Beneath thy ſhadowing wings defence
I'll place my only confidence;
In ev'ry danger and diſtreſs,
To thee I will my pray'r addreſs.
Let all my hopes on earth be loſt,
In thee I'll make my conſtant boaſt;
I'll ſpread the glories of thy name,
And thy unbounded love proclaim.

You that ſink in dark deſpair,
To God direct your humble pray'r;
From his lofty ſeat he hears
Our ſad complaints, and drys our tears;
He regards the penſive breaſt,
And gives the weary pilgrim reſt;
On human miſ'ries, from his throne
With ſoft compaſſion he looks down;
The weight of all our grief he knows,
And ſeems to ſhare our ſecret woes.

Lord, what is man, that he ſhould prove
The object of ſuch boundleſs love?
Whence can ſuch wond'rous bounty ſpring,
To ſuch a vain and worthleſs thing?
Why ſhould he ſo largely ſhare
Thy favour, and thy tender care?
Why thy ſacred thoughts employ,
In the heights of perfect joy?

O LET ev'ry grateful tongue
Speak thy praiſe in lofty ſong;
And thou, my ſoul, join all thy pow'rs,
In this bleſt work employ thy hours.

CANT. I. vii.

O TELL me thou, for whom I prove
The ſofteſt languiſhments of love,
Thou, dearer than all human things,
From whom my pureſt pleaſure ſprings,
Thou lovely object of my care,
Whom more than life I prize by far;
O tell me in what verdant mead,
Or flow'ry vale, thy flocks are fed;
Or by what ſilver current's ſide,
Thou gently doſt their footſteps guide?
Inſtruct me to what ſhade they run,
The noon day's ſcorching heat to ſhun.
They follow thee, they hear thy voice,
And at the well known ſound rejoice:
O let me too that muſic hear,
Let one kind whiſper reach mine ear;
My ſoul ſhall that ſoft call obey,
Nor longer from thee wildly ſtray.

CANT. *chap.* V.

THE night had now her gloomy curtains ſpread,
And ev'ry chearful beam of light was fled;
This diſmal night, my Lord, who ne'er before
Had met a cold refuſal at my door,
Approach'd, and with a voice divinely ſweet,
My ears with theſe perſuading words did greet.
'My faireſt ſpouſe, my ſiſter, and my love!'
(But, ah! no more theſe charming names could move)
'Ariſe, for thro' the midnight ſhades and dew
'I thee, the object of my cares, purſue.'

HIS heav'nly voice and moving words I heard,
And knew the bleſt deſign my Lord prepar'd;
But long, with poor excuſes, I delay'd,
And careleſs ſtretch'd on my enticing bed.
Tir'd with my cold delay, 'Farewel,' he cries:
Theſe killing words my fainting ſoul ſurprize;
With fear diſtracted to the door I run,
But, oh! the treaſure of my life was gone;
Yet of his recent preſence ſigns I found,
For heav'nly fragrance fill'd the air around.
I rove wherever love directs my feet,
And call aloud, but no return could meet;
Echoes alone to my complaint reply
In mournful ſounds, as thro' the ſhades I fly.
I from the watchmen hop'd, in vain, relief,
With cruel ſcorn they mock'd my pious grief.

But

But you, *Jeruſalem*'s fair daughters, you
That know what pity to my cares is due,
O! if you meet the object of my love,
Tell him what torments for his ſake I prove;
Tell him how tenderly his loſs I mean,
Tell him that all my joys with him are gone;
Tell him his preſence makes my heav'n; and tell,
O tell him, that his abſence is my hell!

WHAT bright perfections does he then poſſeſs,
For whom thou doſt this tender grief expreſs?

O! he's diſtinguiſh'd from all human race,
By ſuch peculiar, ſuch immortal grace,
That you among ten thouſand may deſcry
His heav'nly form, and find for whom I die.
There's nothing which on earth we lovely call,
But he ſurpaſſes, far ſurpaſſes all.
He's fairer than the ſpotleſs orbs of light,
Nor falling ſnow, compar'd to him, is white.
The roſes that his lovely face adorn,
Out-bluſh the purple glories of the morn.
The waving ringlets of his graceful hair,
Black as the ſhining plumes the ravens wear.
His eyes would win the moſt obdurate heart,
Victorious love in ev'ry look they dart.
His balmy lips diffuſe divine perfumes,
And on his cheek a bed of ſpices blooms.
His breaſt, like poliſh'd iv'ry, ſmooth and fair,
With veins which with the ſaphires may compare.
Stately his height, as thoſe fair trees which crown,
With graceful pride, the brow of *Lebanon*.

His

His voice ſo ſweet, no harmony is found
On earth to equal the delightful ſound.
He's altogether lovely——This is he
So much belov'd, ſo much ador'd by me.

The SUBMISSION.

HOWEVER hard, my God, thy terms appear,
Howe'er to ſenſe afflicting and ſevere,
To any articles I can agree,
Rather than bear the thoughts of loſing thee:
Exact whate'er thou wilt, we'll never part,
Nothing ſhall force thy image from my heart.
Thou ſtill art good, howe'er thou deal with me,
Spotleſs thy truth, unſtain'd thy purity;
Amidſt my ſuff'rings ſtill I'll own thee juſt,
And in thy wonted mercy firmly truſt.
Whate'er becomes of ſuch a wretch as me,
Thy equal ways ſhall ſtill unblemiſh'd be;
The ſons of men ſhall ſtill thy grace proclaim,
And place their refuge in thy mighty name;
Thro' all the wide-extended realms above,
Bright angels ſhall proclaim thy wond'rous love:
Ev'n I ſhall yet adore thy wonted grace,
Tho' darkneſs now conceals thy lovely face.
But, oh! how long ſhall I thy abſence mourn?
When, when wilt thou, my ſun, my life, return?
Thou only can'ſt my drooping ſoul ſuſtain,
Of nothing but thy diſtance I complain.

The

The WISH.

I SHOULD renounce this heart from being mine,
If all its love were not intirely thine.
Objects of ſenſe my paſſions may inflame,
But thou doſt ſtill my nobler reaſon claim.
Could I theſe ſtubborn faculties controul,
And manage all the motions of my ſoul,
My ſerious grief by pious tears I'd prove,
For each offence againſt forgiving love:
My breaſt ſhould ne'er admit a ſpark of joy,
But when thy favour did my thoughts employ.
With early zeal I would myſelf preſent,
When to thy holy dwelling place I went:
I'd breathe my ſoul in lofty praiſe to thee,
And join with angels in their harmony.
My raviſh'd heart ſhould at thy table prove
The heights of ecſtaſy and ſacred love;
Th' immortal food immortal ſtrength ſhould give,
On that alone my active hopes ſhould live.
My hymns ſhould ſtill prevent the riſing ſun,
Like that, with joy, my vig'rous race I'd run:
When from his height he downward glory ſtreams,
My mounting praiſe ſhould meet his noon-day beams;
And ſtill untir'd to thee, my God, I'd ſing,
While the grey ev'ning ſtretch'd her ſhady wing.
Thy name and works ſhould be my daily theme,
And conſtant ſubject of my nightly dream:
Celeſtial viſions ſhould employ my ſleep,
While angels round my bed their watches keep.

My

My life, by one bright courſe of piety,
And not by months and years ſhould meaſur'd be.
Thy glory all my actions ſhould deſign,
I'd hear no voice, obey no call but thine.
At thy command I would the world forego,
And no ſuch things as ſelf or int'reſt know.
For thee I would my deareſt friend reſign,
And from my heart blot ev'ry name but thine.
Thy love, the fountain of my happineſs,
Thy love ſhould all my raviſh'd ſoul poſſeſs:
And while I'm thus intirely bleſt in thee,
No happy monarch ſhould my envy be;
Loſt in the high enjoyment of thy love,
What glorious mortal could my wiſhes move?
I'd view each charming object as the glaſs,
In which my eyes with vaſt delight ſhould trace
The lov'd, tho' faint reſemblance of thy face.
I'd nothing lovely call, no beauty ſee,
But that which led my riſing ſoul to thee:
No harmony ſhould e'er my ears rejoice,
Without the welcome muſic of thy voice.
Not the bright ſun, in dazzling glory gay,
Nor the ſoft luſtre of the lunar ray;
Not all the ſweets that give the ſpring to pleaſe,
The morning *Zephyr*, or the ev'ning breeze;
The murm'ring rill thro' flow'ry borders drawn,
The ſecret covert, or the open lawn;
The verdant valley, or the fragrant field,
Abſtract from thee, ſhould any ſolace yield:
I'd be inſenſible of all delight,
But what unſtain'd devotion ſhould excite.

MORE I would ſpeak, but all my words are faint,
Celeſtial love, what eloquence can paint?
Nor more can be by mortal words expreſt,
But vaſt eternity ſhall tell the reſt.

On the works of CREATION.

BEAUTY complete, and majeſty divine,
In all thy works, ador'd Creator, ſhine.
Where'er I caſt my wond'ring eyes around,
The God I ſeek in ev'ry part is found.
Purſuing thee, the flow'ry fields I trace,
And read thy name on ev'ry ſpire of graſs.
I follow thee thro' many a lonely ſhade,
And find thee in the ſolitary glade.
I meet thee in the kind, refreſhing gale,
That gently paſſes thro' the dewy vale.
The pink, the jeſſ'min, and the purple roſe,
Perfum'd by thee, their fragrant leaves diſcloſe.
The feather'd choir that welcome in the ſpring,
By thee were taught their various notes to ſing.
By thee the morning in her crimſon veſt,
And ornaments of golden clouds is dreſt.
The ſun, in all his ſplendor, wears thy beams,
And drinks in light from thy exhauſtleſs ſtreams.
The moon reveals thee by her glimm'ring ray;
Unnumber'd ſtars thy glorious paths diſplay.
Amidſt the ſolemn darkneſs of the night,
The thoughts of God my muſing ſoul delight:

Thick

Thick shades and night thy dread pavilion form;
In state thou rid'st upon the flying storm;
While thy strong hand its fiercest rage restrains,
And holds the wild, unmanag'd winds in reins.
What sparklings of thy majesty appear,
When thro' the firmament swift lightnings glare?
When peals of thunder fill the skies around,
I hear thy voice in the tremendous sound.
But, oh! how small a part is known of thee,
From all thy works immense variety?
Whatever mortal men perfection name,
Thou, in an infinite degree, dost claim.

AND while I here thy faintest shadows trace,
I pine to see the glories of thy face;
Where beauty in its never-changing height,
And uncreated excellence shines bright.
When shall the heav'nly scene, without controul,
Open in dazzling triumph on my soul?
My pow'rs with all their ardor shall adore,
And languish for terrestrial charms no more.

On LOVE.

YE stars that sparkle in the midnight skies,
Propitious Love shines out in all your eyes;
Nor does the moon the glorious truth conceal,
But darts soft glances thro' her gloomy veil.
The sun comes forth in majesty above,
And kindles, as he goes, the flames of Love;

With

With gentle beams he warms the teeming earth,
And gives ten thouſand various forms their birth.
Whatever ſhape thou wear'ſt, thy bright abode
Was from eternity, the mind of God:
There thou haſt triumph'd in the ſplendid height
Of uncreated and eſſential light;
The ſpring, the fountain of the life divine,
The conſtant end of ev'ry great deſign.

SPIRIT of nature, its informing ſoul;
Thou doſt the pow'rs of heav'n and earth controul:
All the degrees of life and ſenſe that riſe
In fields, or floods, or thro' the ſpacious ſkies;
All feel the force of thy inſpiring flame,
And joy and triumph in thy mighty name.
O, thou art all in all! the higheſt end,
That boundleſs grace and wiſdom could intend!
And lengths, and breadths, and depths, and heights above,
Shall finally be ſwallow'd up of Love:
No further changes then, but fully bleſt
The Maker, and his finiſh'd works ſhall reſt.

On the picture of King GEORGE I.

SUCH native goodneſs, ſuch a regal grace
Was never ſtamp'd on any vulgar face;
The ſacred characters ſo clearly ſhine,
'Twere impious not to own the *right divine.*

Pant

To Mr. PRIOR.

On his SOLOMON.

AMUSE devoted to celestial things,
Again for thee profanes th' immortal strings;
The stars, the myrtle shade, and rosy bow'r
She quits, to revel in thy iv'ry tow'r;
The music of the spheres and heav'nly throngs
She minds no more, to listen to thy songs.
Inchanted with thy lovely *Hebrew* king,
Gabriel in vain displays his purple wing;
Boasts of his golden zone, and bright attire,
His starry crown, soft voice, and charming lyre;
With all his fine address, and glitt'ring shew,
The muse abandons the celestial beau:
Perverted by the *Jewish* monarch's eyes,
She fondly turns apostate to the skies,
And envies *Abra*'s beauty, while it shines
With undecaying bloom in *Prior*'s lines.

A SONNET.

Tranſlated from the Italian *of Signior* ROLLI.

Canzonetta xxiii.

GLIDE gently on, thou murm'ring brook,
And ſooth my tender grief;
'Twas here the fatal wound I took,
'Tis here I ſeek relief.

WITH *Silvio*, on the verdant ſhore
I fondly ſate reclin'd,
Believ'd the charming things he ſwore,
Too credulous and kind!

WHILE thus he ſaid; 'This purling ſtream
'Back to its ſpring ſhall flow,
'O *Paſtorella!* e'er my flame
'The leaſt decay ſhall know.'

YE conſcious waves, roll back again!
Back to your cryſtal head!
The falſe, ungrateful, perjur'd ſwain
Has broke the vows he made.

AND yet he ſwore, 'till the laſt breath
Of life he ſhould reſign,
'Till fate ſhould cloſe his eyes in death,
His ſtedfaſt love was mine.

PERHAPS

PERHAPS some fairer shepherdess
His faithless breast has warm'd,
And those kind vows and soft address
Her guiltless heart has charm'd.

BUT tell the nymph, thou gentle stream,
If e'er she visits thee,
The treach'rous youth has vow'd the same,
Yet broke his faith with me.

An ANSWER *to an* Italian SONG, *that begins thus:*

Venere bella, per un instante,
Deh, mi concede le grazie tutte
Del dio d'amor, &c.

THE soft petition soon ascends,
Nor wanders thro' the air,
Smiling the Queen of love attends
To her new vot'ry's pray'r.

ASK any thing, the Goddess cries,
In this propitious hour;
My breast is fill'd with glad surprize,
To hear thee own my pow'r.

To thee my charms and gentle art,
With pleasure I resign:
Cupid presents thee ev'ry dart,
His conqu'ring bow is thine.

HAD I describ'd my tender care
In thy harmonious strain,
Adonis had been won to hear
A Goddess tell her pain.

The DESCRIPTION *of the* DROUGHT.

Translated from the beginning of the XIIIth *book of* TASSO's JERUSALEM.

WHILE *Godfrey* in his active mind revolves
The martial plan, and mighty things resolves,
Now enter'd the celestial *Crab*, the sun,
With beams direct, unusual heat darts down:
The sacred troops, for warlike toil unfit,
Drooping beneath their useless armour sit.
Each gentle star's extinguish'd in the skies,
While in their stead ill-boding planets rise;
Which on the army noxious fervors shed,
And thro' the air a baleful influence spread.
Horrors on horrors rise, a fatal night
Succeeds the fatal day's malignant light;
The fatal day's malignant light reveals
Signs of new terror, and augmented ills.
The sun all dreadful in his rising seems,
With sanguine tresses, and polluted beams;
With blood distain'd his radiant face appears,
And sad presages all his aspect wears:

'Till having gain'd the zenith's burning height,
He darts a stronger, and more piercing light;
Blasts all the verdant beauty of the meads,
While ev'ry plant and flow'ry blossom fades.
Mountains and valleys desolate appear,
The cleaving hills all wither'd, cast and bare,
The dismal marks of Heav'n's displeasure wear.
The rivers at their inmost springs decay,
While horrid signs the fiery clouds display,
The airy space a smoking furnace seems,
With stifling vapours, and pernicious steams.
To cool the air no gentle gales arise,
Each *Zephyr* silent in his cavern lies;
Only the south from *Affric*'s burning sands,
With scorching blasts infests the *Christian* bands:
Nor milder breezes with the ev'ning come,
But sultry still, and all inflam'd the gloom;
While gliding fires, and comets strangely bright,
Glare thro' the sable shadows of the night.
The languid moon sheds from her silent sphere
No cooling dews, the thirsty ground to cheer.
The flow'rs decay, each tree and verdant plant
Pine at their roots, and vital moisture want.
From these unquiet nights sleep takes its flight,
In vain the troops the drowsy god invite.
But thirst, of all their ills the worst, remains,
He dies who drinks, he dies whoe'er abstains.
For poisons mingled by the *Pagan* king,
Infected ev'ry stream, and bubbling spring:
Like gloomy *Styx*, or curs'd *Acheron*,
The black, contagious, troubled waves roll on.

Scarce ſilver *Sibab* glides above its ſands,
Whoſe ſtreams before ſupply'd the *Chriſtian* bands:
But now the ſwelling *Po*, that mighty ſtream,
To ſate their thirſt would ſcarce ſufficient ſeem;
Nor *Ganges*, nor great *Nile*, when all around
His riſing waves o'erflow their loftieſt bound.
The tempting thought of cool, unſully'd ſtreams,
And bubbling ſprings, the fierce diſeaſe inflames;
And he who had obſerv'd ſome cryſtal pool,
Or down the *Alps* a living torrent roll,
Recalls the flatt'ring images again,
Which ſtill exaſperates his fervid pain.
The mightieſt chiefs with noble heat inſpir'd,
Whom neither arms, nor toilſome march had tir'd,
Projected now, and gaſping on the ground,
Unweildy burthens to themſelves are found;
While inward fires, by ſlow degrees, exhauſt
Their vital ſprings, and manly vigour waſte.
The ſteed, late fierce, now ſcorns his proffer'd meat,
And faulters in his once imperious gait;
His former victories are all contemn'd,
With martial glory now no more inflam'd,
His rich capariſons no more adorn,
But as a loath'd, inglorious load are worn.

CANT.

CANT. II. viii, ix.

IS it a dream? or does my raviſh'd ear
The charming voice of my beloved hear?
Is it his face? or are my eager eyes
Deluded by ſome viſion's bright diſguiſe?
'Tis he himſelf! I know his lovely face,
It's heav'nly luſtre, and peculiar grace.
I know the ſound, 'tis his tranſporting voice;
My heart aſſures me by its riſing joys.
He comes, and wing'd with all the ſpeed of love,
His flying feet along the mountains move;
He comes, and leaves the panting hart behind,
His motion ſwift and fleeting as the wind.
O welcome, welcome, never more to part!
I'll lodge thee now for ever in my heart;
My doubtful heart, which trembling ſcarce believes,
And ſcarce the mighty ecſtaſy receives.

The PETITION.

YOU faireſt offspring of immortal love,
That revel in the fragrant bow'rs above,
The brighteſt products of your Maker's ſkill,
In viſions to the gentle maid reveal
Your glowing beauties, your celeſtial charms,
And free her breaſt from all the wild alarms,

The fatal ſallies of an earthly flame;
Let heav'n alone the reigning paſſion claim:
At once unfold the ſparkling ſcenes of joy,
The raptures which your happy hours employ;
While crown'd with mirth, with love and ſacred ſong,
Eternal years unclouded dance along.
Deſcribe the glitt'ring natives of the ſkies,
Their roſy bloom, ſoft ſmiles, and radiant eyes;
With all your ſkill the favour'd nymph allure,
And from the arts of mortal race ſecure:
Be ſhe your conſtant, your propitious care!
O grant my wiſh, and hear the friendly pray'r!

VERSES *preſented to her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs* AMELIA, *at* Marlborough, June *the* 18*th*, 1728.

YE ſylvan ſhades, ye fair inchanting ſeats,
Of peace and guiltleſs love the ſoft retreats;
Be all your flow'ry elegance diſplay'd,
To charm, with nature's pomp, the royal maid.
Let ev'ry proſpect wear a lively grace,
Clear as the blooming beauties of her face.
Ye various plants, your fragrant tribute bring,
The painted product of the lovely ſpring.
Ye whiſp'ring breezes, and refreſhing gales,
That fly with downy wings along the vales,

Take

Take the soft musick of *Amelia*'s name,
Breathe it to ev'ry list'ning grove and stream.
Let nature shew a pleasure unconfin'd,
And speak the sense of *Hertford*'s gen'rous mind.

Part of the third SCENE *of the third* ACT *of* PASTOR FIDO, *translated.*

MIRTILLO.

UNGRATEFUL nymph! thy too severe command,
To narrow bounds would limit those desires,
Whose vast extent scarce human thought can grasp.

THAT I have lov'd, and lov'd thee more than life,
If still thou doubt, the fields, the conscious groves,
The savage race can tell; and these hard rocks,
Soften'd by my complaints, can witness too.

LOOK on thyself, thy matchless beauty proves
The justice, truth, and grandeur of my flame.
Whate'er the earth, or azure skies can boast
Of excellence, 'tis all summ'd up in thee.
So high the spring of my unbounded passion,
'Tis nature, 'tis necessity——As flame
Ascends, as water sinks, as floats the air,
As rests the earth, as roll the circling spheres;
With such perpetual force, my eager soul,
In all its restless motion, tends to thee,
As its superior bliss: and who would tear

My conſtant heart from thee, as well might change
Great nature's long eſtabliſh'd laws, turn back
The ſhining planets from their ancient courſe,
And from its ſtedfaſt centre ſhake the world.

BUT ſince thy harſh commands injoin my tongue,
In brief to tell the ſtory of my pain;
If I muſt ſpeak no more, my parting breath
Shall tell thee that I die a victim to thy ſcorn.

From the ſame. ACT III. SCENE IV.

AMARILLIS alone.

MY life, my lov'd *Mirtillo!* could'ſt thou view
My ſecret inclinations, this ſevere,
This cruel *Amarillis*, ſoon would find
From thee that pity, thou doſt now implore.
I love, and am belov'd; yet what avails
The ſoft engagement, but to make us wretched?

O WHY, ye deaf, inexorable pow'rs,
Will ye for ever part what love unites?
Or rather why, too fond, perfidious love,
Wilt thou unite what ſacred rites divide?
Happy the ſavage race, that thro' the woods
Purſue their pleaſures unconfin'd by laws!
Too rig'd laws that nature would reſtrain!
Or too imperfect nature that reſiſts!

O SACRED

O SACRED virtue! let my tongue recall
These impious accents; thine's a name divine,
And still my soul pays homage to thy pow'r:
To thee I sacrifice these wild desires,
And fall a victim to thy holy rigour.

Part of the thirteenth Book of TASSO'S JERUSALEM *translated.*

THE vast machine was scarce in ashes sunk,
Which from their walls the fearful *Pagans* drove,
When new designs the curst magician forms:
How to prevent the *Gauls* from fresh supplies
Of useful timber from the neighb'ring wood,
That might more formidable engines raise,
And *Sion*'s trembling walls again alarm.

AT distance from the *Christian* camp there rose,
Amidst a silent, solitary vale,
A lofty forest thick with ancient trees,
Whose folding branches all beneath diffuse
A dusky horror, and malignant shade.
Nor here the radiant sun at brightest noon
E'er smiles with chearful rays, but feebly casts
A dim, discolour'd, and uncertain light;
Uncertain as the cloudy skies display,
While rising night, and parting day contend.

BUT when the ſun the gay horizon leaves,
Blackneſs and terror all the place poſſeſs,
Blackneſs and terror, imitating hell;
Which mortal eyes with fearful darkneſs veils,
And fills with deep anxiety the ſoul.
Nor here for ſhade the ſhepherd leads his flock,
Nor here the herdſman drives his grazing charge:
No pilgrim enters here, unleſs miſled;
But haſtens far with cautious ſteps away,
And beckons trav'llers from the fatal road.

THE goblins here nocturnal revels keep,
A monſtrous congreſs, in the gloom they meet:
With dragons wings ſome break the tortur'd air,
Others, with cloven hoofs, ſkip o'er the hills:
A lewd aſſembly, who with tempting wiles,
And ſoft, fallacious images, entice
The minds of men from virtue's ſacred ways.
With helliſh rites, and execrable pomp,
Their impious banquets here they nightly keep.

THE *Pagans* this aſſert, nor lift an axe
Within the confines of the haunted grove;
Which yet the *Chriſtians* boldly violate,
And carry thence materials for the war.

AMIDST the deepeſt ſilence of the night,
Hymenes hither comes to prove his arts;
And uncouth figures on the ground inſcribes,
Thrice ſhakes his wand, and murmurs potent words,
And invocation ſinful to recite.

THE twinkling glories that adorn the sky
Look pale, and sicken at the dreadful sound:
The troubled moon withdraws her feeble beam,
And wraps her silver horn in folding clouds.

MILLIONS of spirits by his charms compell'd,
Astonish'd from their sev'ral quarters come:
By thousands some the realms of air forsake;
While others thro' the cleaving earth ascend,
All black and sullen from the gloomy deep.

TAKE you, the wizard cries, these trees in charge,
As souls their bodies, animate each trunk,
Secure them from the bold incroaching *Gauls*,
And force them, terrify'd, from hence to fly.

DISPLEAS'D, the tardy spirits undertake
A task that kept them from the war; and lodge
In ev'ry sprig, and every leaf posses.

ISMENES joyful to the king returns,
And boasting, all his curst success relates.
He adds, your regal seat is now secure,
Nor can your foes their proud maching repair:
But still their worst misfortunes are behind.
Within the course of some revolving days,
Hot *Mars* and *Phœbus* in the *Lion* meet,
With angry aspects, and malignant rays;
Whence heat so strong and violent ensues,
That nothing shall its fierce extremes allay;
Nor winds, nor clouds, nor dews, nor cooling show'rs:
Not more intemp'rate flames the *Indian* burn.

This all the ſtars and face of heav'n predict.
To us the diſadvantage will be leſs,
With ſwelling ſprings, and grateful ſhade ſupply'd.
By Heav'n abandon'd, firſt their camp ſhall fall
An eaſy conqueſt to th' *Egyptian* troops.
Thus fitting, you the victory may gain,
And try no more the doubtful chance of war.
But if the proud *Argantes* this withſtands,
Your conduct muſt his headlong rage reſtrain.
Leave all beyond to Heav'n, which ſoon will bring
Triumph to you, confuſion to your foes.

THESE ſpeeches ſooth the king, who now commands
The breaches of the wall to be repair'd:
The chearful citizens and ſlaves aſſiſt
To mend the wall, and fortify the town.

An EPISTLE *from* ALEXIAS, *a noble* Roman, *to his wife, whom he left on his wedding-day, with a deſign to viſit the* eaſtern *churches.*

ALL health to thee, ſtill dearer than my life;
My lovely miſtreſs, and more charming wife!
Warn'd by a heav'nly viſion from thy bed,
And tender arms, yet an enjoy'd, I fled.

Haſte

Haſte, cries the ſhining form, without pretence,
Aſtoniſh'd man, 'tis Heav'n commands thee hence;
The mighty meſſage leaves thee no defence.
Haſte, and the reſt to providence reſign,
This deed ſhall in immortal legends ſhine.

MUTE with ſurprize, I took my ſudden flight,
Aſſiſted by the covert of the night.
The friendly pow'r conducts me to the ſhore
Of thoſe lov'd regions I muſt view no more;
The winds to ſea the deſſin'd veſſel bore.
The deep, and all its ſtormy dangers paſt,
We reach the happy *Aſian* coaſts at laſt:
To all the *Chriſtian* churches there as ſent,
With pious zeal to viſit them I went.

ANOTHER heav'nly charge conſtrains me then
To quit the dear ſociety of men;
In ſome remote and humble hermitage,
Far from the world to ſpend my blooming age.
Now thro' uncouth and pathleſs woods I ſtray,
Frequented only by the beaſts of prey,
Who trembling haſte at my approach away.
O'er *Libya*'s ſcorching ſands, or *Scythian* ſnows,
Undaunted, innocence and virtue goes.
All night, unguarded, in the woods I lie,
The ſtars my lamps, the clouds my canopy:
With wholeſome fruits my hunger I ſuffice,
My thirſt a bounteous ſilver ſpring ſupplies.
To Heav'n alone in this retreat I live,
And all my hours to ſtrict devotion give;

Deep

Deep contemplation, sacred hymns, and pray'r,
In solemn turns, my constant leisure share.

SOMETIMES, my sinking forces to renew,
The scenes of everlasting pain I view,
The dreadful fate to curst apostates due:
My shudd'ring fancy seeks the shades below,
The realms of death, and dismal seats of woe;
I trace the burning banks, the sulph'rous streams,
And tremble at the never-dying flames.

A NOBLER view my virtue now excites,
And pleasure's charming name my soul invites;
The boundless joys, the crown, the vast reward,
In heav'n for stedfast piety prepar'd.
My tow'ring thoughts in raptur'd sallies rove,
Thro' all the wide resplendent worlds above;
I view the inmost glories of the skies,
And paradise lies open to my eyes;
Whole floods of joy come pouring on my soul,
And high the flowing tides of pleasure roll.

THESE blissful prospects urge my virtue on,
No toil too great for an immortal crown!
No path that leads to happiness is hard,
Short the fatigue, eternal the reward!
The course of some few fleeting minutes o'er,
And I shall gain the long-expected shore;
And from these dark tempestuous coasts remove
To the calm skies, and peaceful climes above.

WITH transport there, with transport all divine,
My lov'd *Emilia*, shall my soul meet thine:
To endless years our raptures we'll improve,
And spend a whole eternity in love.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of——

TO thee my muse's softest skill I owe,
For thee, *Amintor*, I indulge it now;
Yet by my praise I would not make thee less,
But something great and worthy thee express;
Yet while I strive the daring thought to paint,
Its beauties in the flat expression faint.

FOR there's in thee I know not what divine,
Which must the brightest metaphors out-shine.
When angels cloath'd in human forms appear,
Such grandeur, such benignity they wear:
If they discourse, like thine must be their sense,
Like thine their accent, and their eloquence.

NOT all the gaudy pageantries of state,
But thy own native lustre makes thee great.
In all things modest, fortunate, and brave,
To custom, vice, nor virtue's self a slave;
That's reason, thought, and gen'rous choice in thee,
And not the low effect of dull necessity.
With beauty thou, and blooming life art crown'd,
While flatt'ring pleasures court thee all around;

But

But thou, with an heroical diſdain,
Unconquer'd, unſeduc'd doſt ſtill remain;
And with a philoſophic pride engage
The num'rous follies of a vitious age;
Nor breaks the ſun leſs fully'd from a cloud,
Than thou from all the vices of a crowd.

On an unſucceſsful attempt to draw Lord BOYLE'S *picture.*

IN vain, with mimic ſkill, my pencil tries
To paint the life that ſparkles in thoſe eyes.
What art, what rules of ſymmetry can trace
That air of wit, that bloom, and modeſt grace?
What ſoft degrees of ſhade or light expreſs
The inward worth thoſe ſpeaking looks confeſs?
'Tis more than beauty here that charms the ſight,
And gives our minds an elegant delight:
Were virtue ſeen by mortal eyes, ſhe'd wear
Thoſe peaceful ſmiles, and that ingaging air.

Lord

Lord BOYLE's *anſwer to the foregoing* VERSES.

NO air of wit, no beauteous grace I boaſt;
My charms are native innocence, at moſt.
Alike thy pencil, and thy numbers charm,
Glad ev'ry eye, and ev'ry boſom warm.
Mature in years, if e'er I chance to tread,
Where vice, triumphant, rears aloft her head;
Ev'n there the paths of virtue I'll purſue,
And own my fair and kind director you.

To Mrs. ROWE.

Occaſion'd by her verſes on Lord BOYLE.

By Mr. N. MUNCKLEY.

THE great, the good, for arms or arts renown'd,
(Their brows with laurel, or with olive crown'd)
May from thy art a double life receive,
And in thy lays, or from thy pencil live.
Yet ſhort the life thy colours can ſupply,
Raphael's and *Kneller*'s teints, and thine muſt die.

Not

Not so thy lays; more lasting fame they give,
And bid their theme to endless ages live.
Thus *Homer*'s verse remains the muse's boast,
While *Zeuxes*' later labours now are lost.

No more in works like these thy skill display,
Nor give what rolling years shall take away;
To paint *Boyle*'s blooming charms invoke the *Nine*,
And bid him in immortal numbers shine:
The lovely form posterity shall view,
Each charm un-injur'd, and each feature true.
Thus shall he flourish in unfading bloom,
The joy and wonder of each age to come.

On the death of the Honourable Mrs. THYNNE.

IF virtue can immortal honour give,
Thy worth the muse's boasted theme shall live.
But mine's a private, unambitious part,
Where nature dictates, negligent of art:
In shades retir'd, I breathe my secret grief,
And sooth my sorrows, hopeless of relief.

O SACRED shade! the impious wish forgive,
That fain would have thee yet a mortal live;
That fain would bring thee from celestial joys,
To these wild seats of vanity and noise.

Could

Could tears prevail, how many weeping eyes
Would join with me to tempt thee from the ſkies!
A juſt compaſſion, ſure, would touch that mind,
Which here was gentle, and ſincerely kind:
The gen'rous diſpoſition reigns above,
Diſtinguiſh'd in the peaceful realms of love.

WOULD Heav'n permit, I could my ſorrows paint,
Invoking thee as ſome protecting ſaint;
Such warm devotion riſes in my breaſt,
So bright a flame thy virtues have impreſs'd!
I talk to winds——the happy ſpirit roves
Thro' lightſome plains, and ever-verdant groves,
Pleas'd with harmonious ſtrains, nor lends an ear
To the ungovern'd language of deſpair.

YET let my grief the rites of friendſhip pay,
And weep my ſorrows o'er thy breathleſs clay,
Viſit with juſt reſpect thy ſilent tomb,
And ſooth my anguiſh in the mournful gloom.

O COULD I hear thy gentle voice again,
Or one ſhort moment's ſight of thee obtain;
If but to take a laſt, a ſad adieu——
What vain illuſions my wild thoughts purſue?
The ſhades of death are drawn, perpetual night
For ever hides thee from my longing ſight;
Fix'd deſtiny ſhall ne'er that bliſs reſtore,
'Till earth, and ſea, and heav'n ſhall be no more.

BUT, ſacred friendſhip, thy ſuperior flame
Shall time out-live, and be unchang'd the ſame.

When

When all the fond relations nature knows,
When all the ties that human laws impoſe
Are cancell'd, when the mighty league expires,
That holds the univerſe, when yon gay fires
Have waſted all their glory; thou ſhalt riſe
In triumph o'er the ruins of the ſkies:
Thy pow'r, immortal friendſhip, then confeſt,
Shall fill with tranſport ev'ry heav'nly breaſt.

To Mrs. ROWE.

On her ELEGY *on the death of the Honourable Mrs.* THYNNE.

By the Right Honourable JOHN, *Earl of* ORRERY.

SO ſweet you ſing, ſo well your *Laura* paint,
Weep ſo pathetic a departed ſaint,
That with freſh rage my ſorrows you renew,
And call my *Henrietta* to my view.
Before my eyes the charmer ſtands confeſt,
Again I ſee her, and again am bleſt.
Oh, no—the viſion's gone—an airy dream,
Rais'd by the magic of your mournful theme:
But ſince by fate we are alike oppreſt,
Since ling'ring ſorrows both our minds infeſt,
From hence let mutual conſolation flow,
And let each breaſt with new-born friendſhip glow.

Thus,

Thus, when the tedious race of life is run,
And all our fleeting earthly joys are gone,
Together to the realms of light we'll fly,
You to meet *Laura*, *Henrietta*, I.

Marston, *Dec.* 17.
1734.

To Mrs. ROWE.

Occasioned by the foregoing ELEGY.

By another HAND.

WHILE, *Philomel*, you breathe your plaintive sighs
O'er *Laura*'s loss, and friendship's broken ties,
To my pain'd thought that fatal hour appears,
When (all the wise, and all the good in tears)
Number'd no more with mortals, thou shalt rise
To meet thy kindred minds in yonder skies.
(Late be that hour, let years on years roll slow,
E'er that sad hour shall plunge a world in woe!
Long, long may worth like thine this earth adorn,
The joy and wonder of a race unborn!
Ah! how shall then thy wretched friends sustain
The woes of absence, and the parting pain?
Yet then, ev'n then, not full despair their doom,
One chearful ray relieves the mournful gloom;

Amid

Amid their copious tears, one ſoothing ſmile
Thy verſe permits, their anguiſh to beguile.
When ev'ry ſick'ning ſtar ſhall feel decay,
And earth, and ſea, and ſkies ſhall paſs away;
To pay the pangs of parting, fate ordains
A bliſsful meeting on the heav'nly plains;
To join in friendſhip, and unite in joy,
Which abſence cannot part, nor death deſtroy.

To the Right Honourable JOHN, *Earl of* ORRERY.

IMMORTAL friendſhip, thou unblemiſh'd name!
Why ſhould I fear t' admit thy ſacred flame?
Why with fantaſtic rules thy force controul,
And damp the noble ardor in my ſoul?
When thou art baniſh'd from the human breaſt,
Envy and rage the gloomy ſeat infeſt.
Thy gentle warmth inſpires the worlds above,
Thoſe pure abodes of innocence and love.

THEN come, a welcome inmate to my breaſt,
And be thy pow'r theo' all my ſoul confeſt!
When ſuch diſtinguiſh'd merit is in view,
The ſacred tribute is intirely due.

A HYMN.

A HYMN.

From RACINE's ATHALIA. Act I. Scene 4.

I.

TH' Almighty's grandeur fills the universe,
E'er time had birth his empire was the same.
Let heav'n and earth his benefits rehearse,
Adore his greatness, and invoke his name.

II.

IN vain our impious foes
A rig'rous silence on our tongues impose;
Tho' ev'ry tongue should silent lie,
His glory with th' instructing sun would fly
Around the world, and fill the vaulted sky.

III.

FROM him the fruits receive their blushing pride;
By him, in all their various hues,
The gaudy flow'rs are dy'd;
His bounty with the ev'ning's gentle dews,
And morning gales, the verdant field renews.

IV.

AT his command the sun displays
Its vital warmth, and spreads its golden rays:
Nor chiefly here his goodness stands confest,
Of all his gifts to man his law exceeds the rest.

To Mr. THOMSON.

On the Counteſs of ——'s praiſing his POEMS.

SECURE of glory, crown the head with bays,
Ambition ſets its bounds in *Delia*'s praiſe;
What ſhe approves eternity ſhall claim,
And give the favour'd muſe unrival'd fame;
She well can judge, who knows with tuneful art,
In tender ſtrains to move the coldeſt heart.

WHEN thro' the flow'ry vale, and dusky groves,
Her muſe retir'd, with guileleſs freedom roves,
With new delight we ſeek the calm abodes,
Deteſt the town, and wander thro' the woods;
The ſylvan ſcene, conſcious of joy appears,
And charms like thy own ſummer ev'ning wears;
No longer the ſad nightingales complain,
But learn from her's a more exalted ſtrain:
Her tuneful numbers ev'ry care beguile,
And make the ſolitary proſpect ſmile.

BUT when ſhe ſets the lyre to themes divine,
An angel ſpeaks in every flowing line:
She takes from vice its undeſerv'd applauſe,
And dares aſſert abandon'd virtue's cauſe!

Expreſs'd

Expreſs'd in heav'nly eloquence we find
The perfect image of her beauteous mind:
Her beauteous mind, that with diſtinguiſh'd grace
Shines in her eyes, and ſparkles in her face;
Gives ev'ry blandiſhment, and charming air,
Makes all harmonious, and completely fair.

On the DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

LET thoſe that hate thee tremble at thy name,
Thy being is my confidence and joy.
Abſtract from all things elſe, I find in thee
A ſecret, an unfailing ſpring of peace:
Alacrity and pleaſure fill my ſoul,
To think thou art, and that compar'd to thee
Things ſeen, and things unſeen, deſerve no name.

THOU only art without variety,
Or ſhadow of a change, immutable.
Periſh this viſionary form of things!
In darkneſs be the gay creation loſt!
While thou remain'ſt unchang'd, with joy theſe eyes
Could gaze on nature's univerſal wreck,
See heav'n and earth in one vaſt ruin ſink,
And ſmile upon the glorious deſolation.

THOU haſt no attribute but gives me joy,
Be as thou art, ſevere in holineſs!

My higheſt reaſon loves thy perfect laws,
Thou righteous King of ſaints! Pure as thou art,
And ſinful as I am, I triumph ſtill:
My guilt is all my own, and thou art clear.
From the low depths of miſery and duſt,
With angels and archangels round thy throne,
To thy dominion and unbounded ſway
I join my glad aſſent.——Be all thy foes
In juſt deriſion had, and vile contempt,
While thy bright throne for ever ſtands ſecure!

BE abſolute! be uncontroul'd and free!
Thou canſt not be unjuſt, howe'er above
The view of man thy ways.——A time will come,
When all ſhall be explain'd; and conqu'ring love,
The ſplendor and the beauty of thy face,
Victorious love, ſhall ſhine on all thy works.

FOR, oh! what daring thought ſhall limit thee,
Thou darling attribute of the Moſt-High,
And greateſt of his names?——A heart ſubdu'd
Like mine, muſt make its loudeſt boaſts of thee:
My life, my glory and ſalvation's thine,
And thine ſhall be my everlaſting ſong.

IN theſe cold regions thou haſt warm'd my heart,
And gently trac'd ſome faint reſemblance there.
But, oh! thou charming pow'r, that canſt efface
All the remains of enmity and ſtole,
Transform me to thine image, let me wear
No character but thine: Be thou my life,
Its ſpring, its motion, conſtant as my breath;

Dwell

Dwell on my tongue, and govern all my soul,
'Till faith and hope be swallow'd up of thee.

THESE eyes shall see the then supremely fair;
Apparent in the heights of excellence,
And perfect beauty thou shalt stand reveal'd.
Blessings and smiles, unmeasurable grace,
Essential glories, ever-blooming life,
Prospects of pleasure, regions of delight,
The heav'n of heav'ns, visions ineffable,
At once shall all their dazzling pomp unfold,
And open in thy fair unclouded face.

On the name of JESUS.

IF love, if joy, if gratitude can speak,
If sacred rapture can its silence break;
Yet once more let me tune my harp for thee,
Thou source of the divine benignity:
On this side heav'n yet once more let me sing,
E'er to thy praise I set th' immortal string;
In mortal strains permit me to rehearse
Thy name, and with it grace my humble verse.

YE winds, to heav'n the sacred accents bear,
For heav'n delights the glorious sound to hear.
Ye angels, take it on your golden lyres,
Voices like yours the mighty word requires.

Seraph and cherub, ſpeak, is there a ſound
More ſweet than this in all your language found?
Is there within the bounds of paradiſe,
A note of harmony compar'd to this?

YE heav'nly pow'rs, your gentle warmth infuſe,
And tell me what ſweet eloquence you uſe;
I burn in ſacred flames like yours, and fain
Would talk and ſing in your immortal ſtrain;
My voice would mix with the melodious ſpheres,
And pleaſe, with ſoft attraction, angels ears.

YE winds, to heav'n the glorious accents bear,
For heav'n delights the charming name to hear:
I'll breath it with the morning's fragrant air,
Its pleaſing echoes ſhall the ev'ning chear,
The fields, the lawns, and every ſhady grove,
The ſweet retirements, and delights of love,
Shall learn from me the dear, inſpiring name,
And all be witneſs to my holy flame.

DEVOUT SOLILOQUIES.

SOLILOQUY I.

ETERNAL Maker, hail! hail Pow'r divine!
The heav'ns and earth, the day and night are thine.
Matter and form to thee their being owe,
From thee, their great original, they flow:
When yet the mingled mass unactive lay,
Thou gav'st it motion by thy quick'ning ray;
Chaos and night thy pow'rful mandate heard,
And light and glorious order soon appear'd.
If thou but hide thy face, the creatures mourn,
But life and pleasure with thy smile return;
Thy gentle smile dependant nature chears,
Revives its hopes, and dissipates its fears.
The earth and skies thro' various changes run;
But thou, whose wond'rous being ne'er begun,
Can'st ne'er thro' all eternity decay,
While time's swift flood bears all things else away.
By thy direction, the fair orbs above,
In perfect order, thro' the ether move;
And all that's lovely, all that's pure below,
Immediately from thy bright essence flow.
Fountain of life! from thy immortal flame
All ranks of intellectual beings came:
Our Maker thou, our great Original,
We own thy right, and thee our Father call.

SOLILOQUY II.

CELESTIAL love, my ever-charming theme,
Ten thouſand bleſſings reſt upon thy name!
From the Divinity thou haſt thy ſource,
And God himſelf atteſts thy wond'rous force.

SOME angel, ſpeak in your immortal ſtrain,
How love does o'er th' immenſe creator reign;
But, oh! that glorious truth what angel can explain?
You ſaw him quit the pleaſures of the ſky,
And veil the glories of the Deity;
You ſaw him born, and wond'ring heard him weep,
Wond'ring you ſaw the world's protector ſleep;
You ſaw him wander here deſpis'd, unknown,
Without a place to reſt his head, his own;
You knew his grief and inward agony;
You ſaw the heav'nly lover bleed and die.

VICTORIOUS love, how infinite thy pow'r,
How great thy triumph, on that ſolemn hour!
The ſun, the moon, and ſparkling ſtars on high,
Stood witneſs to the vanquiſh'd Deity.

STRIKE up your golden harps, ye ſons of light,
Some mighty genius the vaſt ſong indite;
And, oh! ye ſons of men, unite your voice,
Let all the ranſom'd tribes on earth rejoice;
Ye ranſom'd tribes, peculiarly from you
Unbounded thanks, and endleſs praiſe are due.
Triumph and ſhout, begin th' eternal ſtrains,
To him that dy'd, but now for ever reigns;

To him that lov'd, and wash'd us in his blood,
And made us kings, and chosen priests to God:
For worthy is the Lamb, that once was slain,
Of praise and blessing in the highest strain.

SOLILOQUY III.

WHATEVER various turns my life shall see
Of downy peace, or hard adversity;
Let smiling suns shine on my prosp'rous ways,
Or louring clouds obscure my gloomy days;
The praises of my God shall still employ
My tongue, and yield my thoughts perpetual joy:
For he is all my glory, all my boast,
Be ev'ry name, but his, for ever lost!
My trust alone is his almighty name,
All other aids my tow'ring thoughts disclaim.
In God, my glorious Saviour, I'll rejoice,
And still exalt him with my grateful voice.
His angels, he himself surrounds the just,
And guards the saints who in his promise trust.
O taste and see, how blest, how highly blest
Are they who on his boundless mercy rest!
He, with indulgent care, their wants supplies,
And guides their steps with ever-watchful eyes;
His gracious ears are open to their pray'r,
And hear, with soft compassion, all their care;
When darkness and despair their steps surround,
Their gentle guide and succour he is found.
Mercy and truth, thro' all his gracious ways
To human race, shine with distinguish'd rays.
O let my tongue on the blest subject dwell,
The wonders of his love to men and angels tell!

Angels and men their glad aſſent ſhall join,
And mix their loud applauding notes with mine.

SOLILOQUY IV.

Too low my artleſs verſe, too flat my lays,
To reach thy glory, and expreſs thy praiſe;
Yet let me on my humble reed complain,
And mourn thy abſence in a penſive ſtrain;
My own ſoft cares permit me to rehearſe,
And with thy name adorn my humble verſe.
The ſtreams ſhall learn it, and the gentle breeze
On its glad wings ſhall waft it thro' the trees.
The liſt'ning nymphs, inſtructed by my flame,
Shall teach their hearts to make a nobler claim;
The ſwains no more for mortal charms ſhall pine,
But to celeſtial worth their vows reſign.
The fields and woods the chaſte retreats ſhall prove
Of ſacred joys, and pure, immortal love;
And angels leave their high abodes again,
To grace the rural ſeats, and talk with men.

SOLILOQUY V.

By ſighs, by gentle vows, and ſoft complaint,
Deluded lovers all their ſuff'rings paint;
Their joys in ſmooth ſimilitudes they dreſs,
And all their griefs in flowing words expreſs:
But what are flowing words? how poor, how vain,
Theſe high celeſtial ardors to explain!
Can human ſounds ſuch wond'rous things unfold,
As angels warble to their harps of gold?
O teach me all your ſweet melodious art,
To breathe the tender dictates of my heart!

To talk [illegible] of what [illegible] for you alone can tell
What minds inflam'd with holy tranſports feel.
You feel them, when you touch th' immortal ſtrings,
And gaze, and love, and talk immortal things;
When ev'ry bliſsful ſhade, and happy grove
Repeat the ſound, and ſoftly breathe but love.

SOLILOQUY VI.

O SPEAK! and in the muſick of thy voice
My ſoul ſhall antedate immortal joys;
The tempting calls of ſenſe ſhall all be drown'd
In the ſuperior ſweetneſs of that ſound:
Nature and ſtudious art would ſtrive in vain
To reach the charms of that victorious ſtrain.
O let me hear thee but in whiſpers break
Thy ſilence, and in gentle accents ſpeak!
Such accents as ne'er raviſh'd mortal ears,
Such as the ſoul in calm retirement hears;
When from external objects far away,
Her higheſt pow'rs the call divine obey;
That voice that to ineffable delights,
From mortal things the willing mind invites;
More charming than the notes which angels play,
When they conduct a dying ſaint away;
While rapture'd he reſigns his parting breath,
And ſmiles on all the ſolemn pomp of death.

WHEN wilt thou ſpeak, and tell me thou art mine?
O how I long to hear that word divine!
When that tranſporting ſound ſhall bleſs my ear,
Fly ſullen grief, and ev'ry mortal care;

Fly days, and hours, and meaſur'd time, with ſpeed,
And let the bleſt eternity ſucceed!

'TILL then the rolling orbs my love ſhall hear,
And let the whole creation lend an ear.
Witneſs, ye cryſtal ſtreams, that murm'ring flow,
For you the ſecret of my paſſion know;
Ye fields, ye glades, and ev'ry ſhady grove,
The ſweet retirements, and delights of love,
I call you all to witneſs to my flame,
For you have learnt the dear inſpiring name;
In gentle echoes you have oft reply'd,
And in ſoft breezes thro' the valleys ſigh'd;
The valleys, moſſy caves, and open lawn,
The ſilent ev'ning, and the chearful dawn;
Thou moon, and ev'ry fair conſpicuous ſtar,
Whoſe ſilver rays the midnight horrors chear;
And thou bright lamp of day, ſhall witneſs prove,
To the perpetual fervour of my love.
To heav'n and earth my tongue has oft confeſt,
And heav'n and earth my ardor can atteſt.
Angels, for you the ſolemn truth can tell,
And ev'ry pious midnight ſigh reveal;
You feel the warmth of this celeſtial flame,
And bleſs, with me, the dear tranſporting name;
Be witneſs that my raptur'd vows aſpire,
To the high theme of your immortal lyre.

BUT oh! my life, my hope, to thee alone
I ſtrive to make my ardent wiſhes known;
To thee alone, to thee I would reveal
My tender cares, to thee I dare appeal.

Thou

Thou that doſt all my ſecret ſoul behold,
Pierce all its depths, and ev'ry veil unfold,
Ev'n thou, my glorious Judge, thyſelf ſhalt prove
Th' eternal witneſs of my truth and love.

SOLILOQUY VII.

Celestial gift, by heav'n alone inſpir'd,
And not by man, in all his pride acquir'd,
What wonders haſt thou done; thy ſacred force
The ſkies obey, and nature turns her courſe.
At thy command the ſun has backward fled,
Th' aſtoniſh'd moon ſtood ſtill with ſilent dread.
If thou but ſpeak, the raging winds obey,
The waves divide, and leave an open way:
Thy potent breath diſſolves the rock, and brings
From ſolid marble, ſoftly bubbling ſprings;
At thy requeſt mortality is fed
From heav'n's high ſtore-houſe, with celeſtial bread;
Thy wide commands no limits can confine,
Whate'er omnipotence can do is thine.

SOLILOQUY VIII.

Why does the ſun with conſtant glory burn?
Why does the day to guilty man return?
To guilty man? whoſe inſolence and pride
The glories of th' eternal ſun would hide.
Why do the ſtars with nightly ſplendor ſhine,
While miſts from hell obſcure the light divine?
Back to your fountain turn your lucid ſtreams,
To holier regions lend your gentle beams.

O! LET

O! LET me weep in some sequester'd shade,
Whose dark recess no light shall e'er invade;
Where mortal joys shall offer no relief,
To intermit the just, the serious grief.
O could my tears the public vengeance stay,
And yet suspend the desolating day!
But see it comes! the threatning tempests rise,
Presaging darkness gathers in the skies.

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* * * * * * * *

SOLILOQUY IX.

FROM thee, my God, my noblest pleasures spring,
The thoughts of thee perpetual solace bring.
How does my soul, from these exalted heights,
Contemn the world, and all its poor delights;
And wing'd with sacred rapture, pass the rounds
Or circling skies, and all created bounds!
Celestial prospects, visions all divine,
Unfold their glories, and around me shine.

THUS let me live, nor hear, nor see, nor know
What mortals, in their madness, act below.
Be thy refreshing consolations mine!
And I the world, with all its boasts, resign:
Deluding shews, I give you to the wind!
My soul a nobler happiness must find.

SOLILOQUY X.

IF e'er again I find my soul's delight,
With love's soft fetters I'll restrain his flights;
And e'er I with the darling treasure part,
The sparks of life shall quit my trembling heart;

That

That life, which soon would prove a tiresome load,
Without the charming hopes to find my God.
O thou that dost my panting breast inspire
With all the ardour of celestial fire,
Thee I must find or in the search expire!
In vain the tempting world its glory shews,
All it can give would yield me no repose;
Renounc'd at once let all its proffers be,
My bliss shall be completely full in thee;
Here is my rest, my vain pursuits are o'er;
Here let me fix, and never wander more!

SOLILOQUY XI.

No change of time, nor place, shall change my love,
Nor from my God my stedfast thoughts remove:
The flatt'ring world, with all its tempting art,
Shall never blot his image from my heart.
Should hell with all its stratagems combine,
They could not quench an ardor so divine:
Their false allurements, nor their proudest rage,
Shall e'er my resolution disengage.
Pleasure shall court in vain, and beauty smile,
Glory in vain my wishes would beguile.
The persecutor's rage I would not fear;
Let death in all its horrid shapes appear,
And with its keenest darts my breast assail;
When breath, and ev'ry vital spring shall fail,
The sacred flame on brighter wings shall rise,
And unextinguish'd reach its native skies;
With an eternal force the heav'nly fire
Shall to its bright original aspire.

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY XII.

DANCE on, ye hours, on ſoft and downy feet!
Roll ſwift, thou ling'ring ſun, and let us meet!
Come, ye bleſt moments, with a ſprightly grace
Let the gay period ſhew its ſmiling face!
What is the day? what is its uſeleſs light,
Unleſs it ſhews me that tranſporting ſight?
No beauteous object ſmiles below the ſkies,
To charm my thought, and fix my longing eyes;
Celeſtial excellence my eyes inſpires,
And kindles in my breaſt immortal fires.
Thou bright, unrival'd object of my love,
To thee alone my ſoft affections move;
Thine are my riſing hopes, my pureſt fires,
My nobleſt wiſhes, and ſublime deſires.

SOLILOQUY XIII.

YE happy minds, that free from mortal chains,
Poſſeſs the realms where boundleſs pleaſure reigns,
That feel the force of thoſe immortal fires,
And reach the bliſs, to which my ſoul aſpires;
Who meet, unveil'd, that radiant Majeſty,
Of which, to gain one tranſient glance, I'd die;
I charge you, by the boundleſs joys you feel,
My tender cares to my beloved tell;
Make all th' aſpiring inclination known,
In ſuch high ſtrains as you deſcribe your own;
In ſuch exalted numbers as explain
The ſacred flames which in your boſoms reign;
When all the heights of eccſtaſy you prove,
And breathe the raptures of immortal love.

O tell

O tell the glorious object, whom I prize
Beyond the chearful light that meets mine eyes,
Beyond my friend, or any dearer name,
Beyond the breath that feeds this vital frame,
Beyond whate'er is charming here below,
Beyond the brighteſt joys that mortals know,
Beyond all theſe, O tell him that I love!
Tell him what anguiſh for his ſake I prove;
Tell him how long the hours of his delay,
And what I ſuffer by this tedious ſtay;
Tell him his abſence robs my ſoul of reſt,
While cruel jealouſy torments my breaſt.
O let him know that my diſtracted mind
No real joy, while he withdraws, can find;
That all my hopes are center'd in his love,
How loſt without it, how undone I prove!
Tell him that nothing can that loſs repair,
Nor help the ſoul that diſmal ſtroke to bear,
Nothing enſues but grief, and black deſpair:
Nothing beyond my ſoul could undergo;
'Tis death! 'tis hell! 'tis all unmingled woe!

SOLILOQUY XIV.

O STAY, thou ſacred object of my love,
Nor from my longing eyes ſo ſoon remove!
Stay yet, nor let me loſe thy charming ſight!
Stay 'till the midnight ſhadows take their flight!
Stay till the morning ſtar's illuſtrious ray
Awakes the dawn, and leads the bluſhing day!
Stay 'till the ſun unveils his golden light,
And joyful birds their early ſongs recite;

Return

Return, my life, or let me follow thee!
The world affords no solace now for me.
With thee I ev'ry smiling hope forego,
And in thy absence no delight can know:
Thou, thou art all my happiness below!

SOLILOQUY, XV.

COME, gentle death, release my struggling soul
From those dull fetters which her flight controul!
Less eagerly the hireling waits the close
Of the long, tedious day, to find repose.
A pilgrim here in this detested clime,
I rove and sigh away the lingering time.
O come, thou wished for messenger of peace!
The pris'ner longs not more for a release.
The wretch that under painful bondage groans,
With less concern his misery bemoans.
How shall I bless the hour that sets me free,
And gives my soul her native liberty!
With eager joy I'll bid the world adieu,
And with contempt its parting glories view;
To mortal vanities I'd close mine eyes,
Led on by sacred love I'd upward rise,
And in a moment reach the blissful skies.

SOLILOQUY XVI.

ON *Libya*'s burning sands, and trackless waste,
Or *Zembla*'s icy coast, let me be cast;
On some bleak shore, or solitary den,
Far from the path, and chearful haunt of men:
However sad and gloomy be the place,
Let me but there behold thy smiling face;

The

The wildeſt cave a paradiſe would be,
Celeſtial plains, and bliſsful groves to me.
Danger, and ſolitude, and lonesome night,
At thy propitious preſence take their flight.
Beauty, in all its ſoft variety,
And love, and crowning joys attend on thee.
Immortal life ſprings up, where-e'er thou art,
And heav'nly day breaks in from ev'ry part.
Thou moon, ye ſtars, and thou, fair ſun, adieu!
I aſk no more thy riſing beams to view;
For oh! the light himſelf, with rays divine
Breaks in, and God's eternal day is mine.

SOLILOQUY XVII.

BE huſh'd, ye gentle pow'rs, of harmony,
Whatever ſoothing ſounds in nature lie!
Whatever art, thro' all her wide controul
Of changing notes, has found to touch the ſoul,
Be huſh'd for ever! while my thoughts attend
That voice which might ev'n hell itſelf ſuſpend,
Lull all its anguiſh, calm its fierceſt pains,
Open its gates, and looſe th' infernal chains;
That ſacred voice, whoſe efficacious ſound
Gave motion to the ſpheres, and ſet their tuneful round.
O let thoſe charming accents from above
Breathe down celeſtial harmony and love!
Eternal joys on the ſmooth current roll,
And boundleſs pleaſure overwhelms my ſoul.
Ye angels, I reſign your tuneful choirs,
Nor envy ſeraphim their golden lyres.

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY XVIII.

THE angels call, they call me from above,
And bid me haſten to the realms of love;
My ſoul with tranſport hears the happy doom,
I come, ye gentle meſſengers, I come!

YE minſtrels of the palaces above,
Who conſecrate your golden lutes to love;
When I am entring on the dreary plain,
Death's diſmal realms, touch the melodious ſtrain;
The charming ſound ſhall ev'ry care beguile,
And make the ſeats of deſolation ſmile.
My ſoul prepar'd by holy ecſtaſy,
Shall learn and join the chorus of the ſky.
Tho' yet a ſtranger to the ſacred fire,
The heights of love that your high ſtrains inſpire;
Some kindling ſparks within my boſom move,
Which ſhall improve in the gay worlds above.

WHEN theſe material clouds ſhall be diſpell'd,
And God in perfect excellence reveal'd;
Theſe eyes ſhall ſee thee then, and bleſs the ſight,
And in thy preſence view immortal light;
See beauty in its heav'nly prime unveil'd,
And wiſdom's boundleſs treaſuries unſeal'd;
See thee in ſparkling majeſty ador'd,
Extoll'd and own'd the univerſal Lord.

SOLILOQUY XIX.

YE soft complaints, and tender sighs,
That from my anxious bosom rise,
Take wing, and reach the distant skies.
Your gentle eloquence may move
The sacred object of my love
To heal the anguish of my breast,
Of God forlorn, and robb'd of rest.
But oh! what sighs, what soft complaints,
My grief and wild distress can paint?
What lover's pains can equal mine,
While at thy absence I repine?
Without thee pleasure is no more,
I die 'till thou my bliss restore.
At once thy lovely face reveal,
And all these gloomy fears dispel.
My lov'd Redeemer! let that name,
Which does thy tenderness proclaim,
Let that thy soft compassion move,
And waken all thy former love.
Thou taught'st my infant lips thy name,
And didst my first desires inflame:
Recall the kindness of my youth,
When first I gave my plighted truth;
Ev'n then I felt the fire divine,
My young affections all were thine.

SOLILOQUY XX.

FAIR *Eden* lost, my fancy oft renews,
And still with grief the beauteous scene reviews.
But oh! nor verdant plants, nor painted flow'rs,
Nor crystal rills, sweet shades, nor fragrant bow'rs

Excite

Excite my envy; theſe I could reſign,
Nor for the tree of life itſelf repine:
The nobler bliſs, in high converſe to rove
With friendly angels, thro' the happy grove,
Content I would forego; but oh! I mourn
Delights that ne'er to guilty man return,
Delights that guilty man could never boaſt,
Since the bleſt age of innocence was loſt;
Among the trees with God himſelf to walk,
And in ſweet converſe to his Maker talk:
The ſcenes of paradiſe appear'd more fair,
Nature rejoic'd, and heav'n itſelf was there.
O highly-favour'd, hail! how bleſt thy fate!
How much unlike thy future wretched ſtate!
O highly-favour'd, hail! the angels cry'd,
The echoing ſkies in chearful ſounds reply'd.
Roll back, thou ſun, and bring thoſe glorious views,
Thoſe envy'd joys! 'tis theſe my ſoul purſues.

SOLILOQUY. XXI.

To thy high praiſes be my lips unſeal'd,
And in chaſte ſtrains celeſtial love reveal'd.
O thou bright cauſe of this celeſtial flame!
In ſacred rapture let me ſpeak thy name;
That name which ev'ry ſullen care beguiles,
That dear-lov'd name ſtill breath'd with heav'nly ſmiles:
That makes the wildeſt ſtorms of paſſion ceaſe,
And fills my breaſt with unmoleſted peace.
How much I love thee, thou alone canſt tell,
On thee, on thee my thoughts for ever dwell.
To all but thee my joys, my hopes are loſt;
How fair thou art to what the world can boaſt!

When I but meet a smile from thy bright eyes,
Nature in all her blooming glory flies;
And let the whole creation disappear,
I have enough; for God himself is here!

SOLILOQUY XXII.

I'LL spend the silent hours in vows to thee,
Nothing shall come betwixt my God and me.
No other image shall my soul employ,
No earthly pleasure, no unholy joy.
From all the charms of sensual objects free,
My spirit disengag'd shall spring to thee.
The whole creation I at once resign,
I ask no more, be thou, great God, but mine!
'Tis thou alone shalt fill my thoughts, to thee
All my desire in its full height shall be.
Be thou my portion, my eternal lot,
And be the world in ev'ry form forgot!
In silence, undisturb'd with pomp and noise,
Let me be swallow'd in immortal joys:
Full in my view place all the bliss above,
The scenes of pleasure and eternal love;
From op'ning heav'ns let streaming glories shine,
And thy sweet whispers tell me thou art mine!

DEVOUT

DEVOUT SOLILOQUIES.

In blank verſe.

SOLILOQUY I.

O THOU! to whom the faireſt angel veils
With folded wings, the beauties of his face,
'Tis thee, 'tis thee alone my wiſhes ſeek:
For thee I'd break the fondeſt ties below,
Forget the names of amity and love,
And ev'ry gentle blandiſhment of life.

O TURN aſide the veil that hides thy face,
And holds the glorious viſion from my view,
Pity the agonies of ſtrong deſire,
And ſtand in open majeſty confeſt!
If when a few ſhort moments are expir'd,
And this frail ſubſtance to its duſt returns,
If thou wilt then unfold thy lovely face,
And in the heights of excellence appear;
Why wilt thou not indulge a moment's bliſs,
Diſcloſe one beam of thy unclouded light,
To chear the joyleſs gloom of mortal life?

FORGIVE the fond impatience of my ſoul,
Which dwells on thee, and has no other joy,
No entertainment in this loneſome world;
'Tis all a diſmal ſolitude to me.

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY II.

WHERE am I? surely paradise is round me!
My soul, my sense is full of thy perfection.
Whatever nature boasts in all her pride,
The blooming fragrancy of thousand springs
Are open to my view; and thou art all
The charming, the delicious land of love.

I KNOW not what to speak! for human words
Lose all their pow'r, their emphasis and force,
And grow insipid, when I talk of thee,
The excellence supreme, the God of gods:
Whate'er the language of those gods, those pow'rs
In heav'nly places crown'd; however strong,
Or musical, or clear their language be,
Yet all falls short of thee; tho' set to strains
That hell would smile to hear, and wild despair,
Discord, and mad confusion stand compos'd
In fix'd attention to the charming song.

WHEN wilt thou blow away these envious clouds,
And shew me all the dazzling scenes within?
Those heav'ns of beauty and essential glory;
Those sights which eyes of mortals never saw,
Nor ear has heard, nor boldest thought conceiv'd.
What will these wonders prove? how shall my pow'rs
Be to their full capacity employ'd
In ecstasy and love? how shall I rove
For ever thro' those regions of delight,
Those paths, where joy ineffable leads on
Her smiling train, and wings the jocund hours.

COME, ye triumphant moments! come away
Thou glorious period! where I fix my eyes;
For which I hourly chide the ling'ring courſe
Of ſun, and moon, and ev'ry tardy ſtar.
Thou end of all my grief, thy happy date
Of care, and pain, and ev'ry human ill!

SOLILOQUY III.

ABSOLVE the penance of mortality,
And let me now commence the life divine.
I ſicken for inlargement—Where's the bar?
Thy ſpirit is not ſtraitned, thou canſt raiſe
Thy creature to what eminence thou wilt.
Unmerited the brighteſt ranks above
Receiv'd their flame and purity from thee.

I DARE not article with the Moſt-High,
Nor boaſt, but of my wants and indigence.
Let me be poor, neceſſitous and low,
Or any thing, that thou mayſt be advanc'd!
If I muſt glory, let me glory here,
That I can make no claim, nor aſk reward.
O be thy goodneſs free! give like thyſelf,
And be thy own magnificence the rule!
Still undiminiſh'd, from thy endleſs ſtore
Eternal bounty cannot leſſen thee.

WHY ſhouldſt thou bound thyſelf, and check the courſe
Of thy own glorious nature: which is all
O'erflowing love, and pure beneficence?

'Tis

'Tis thy delight and glory to dispense
Treasures of wisdom, life, and heav'nly love
To souls that pine and languish after thee.

O THOU can'st never lavish out thy store!
The sun, that from his radiant exaltation
Looks down, and blesses universal nature;
Nor from the meanest worm keeps back his rays,
That sun is but a feeble type of thee.

MILLIONS of happy spirits draw in life
And pleasure from thy smiles; yet still the springs,
The fresh, the ever-rising springs of joy
Unwasted flow—Thou to thy glorious self
Art all-sufficient, the sum, the plenitude
Of thy own bliss; and canst thou not supply
The utmost wishes of created minds?

SOLILOQUY IV.

LET God himself, to whom I dare appeal,
Let God, my glorious judge, be witness here!
Unfold my inmost soul, for thou shalt find
No rival form, no image but thy own.
So sure I love thee, I would stake my bliss,
My immortality on this high truth.

IS this existence real, or a dream?
Is light, is life, or is the sacred name
Of virtue dear? Do I love happiness?
'Tis sure I do! and oh! 'tis full as sure
I love my God. If this is not a truth,

I do not breathe, I have nor hopes, nor fears,
I know not where, I know not what I am,
But wander in uncertainty and doubt.
If this is not a truth, why have I ſhut
My eyes on all the beauty of the world?
Why have I ſtopp'd my ears to ev'ry call
Of glory and delight? why do I ſhun
The paths of pleaſure? why deſpiſe the joys,
The entertainments of ſociety;
And loſt to all, in ſolitary ſhades
Give up my hours, and ev'ry thought to thee?
My God, I cry, the treaſure of my ſoul,
Give me my God, and let the world forſake me!

MY whole enjoyment in thy love conſiſts;
Nor earth, nor heav'n, nor the high heav'n above,
Abſtract from thee, can furniſh out a bliſs,
To entertain theſe infinite deſires:
No, thou art all the ſolace of my life;
Shouldſt thou but ſay thou haſt no pleaſure in me,
Lo! here I am——but oh! the moſt undone
And wretched thing that the creation names.
For I muſt love thee ſtill; howe'er thou deal'ſt
With me, ſtill I muſt love thee for thy own perfections,
And languiſh for thee thro' eternal years.

SOLILOQUY V.

CAN ſome fond lover, by the charming force
Of mortal beauty held, invoke the groves,
The fields, the floods, and all the ſparkling ſtars
To witneſs his unſhaken truth and love;

While

While the frail object of his boaſted faith
Fades like a painted flow'r, and is no more:
And ſhall my heart, with heav'nly love inflam'd,
Grow doubtful, while I ſwear eternal truth
To the prime Excellence, Beauty divine;
Shall I proteſt with caution? ſhall my tongue
Speak with reſerve, and yield but half aſſent?

No; let me find the moſt pathetic form;
Beyond the obligations men have known,
Beyond all human ties; ſolemn as when
Some mighty angel lifts his hand on high,
And by the living God atteſts his oath.

Thus let me bind my ſoul—and oh! be witneſs,
Ye ſhining miniſters (for you ſurround,
And ſanctify the place where holy vows
Aſcend to heav'n) be witneſs when we meet
Upon the immortal ſhores, as ſoon we muſt,
Be witneſs! for the ſolemn hour draws near;
That ſolemn hour, when with triumphant joy
Or exquiſite confuſion, I ſhall hear
Your approbation, or your juſt reproaches:
Your juſt reproaches if you find me falſe;
If this fond heart, enſnar'd by earthly charms,
Shall break its faith, and ſtain the ſanctity
Of plighted vows and conſecrated flames.

O thou! to whoſe all-ſeeing eye my ſoul
Lies all unveil'd, to thee I dare appeal:
If thou art now my chief, my only joy,

Let ſacred peace for ever fly my breaſt,
And reſt become an endleſs ſtranger there.
Let no harmonious ſound delight mine ears,
If thy lov'd name is not the ſweeteſt accent,
The moſt tranſporting muſic they convey.
Let beauty ne'er again attract my eyes,
Shut out the ſun, and ev'ry pleaſant thing
Its rays diſcloſe, if e'er I find a charm
In nature's lovely face, abſtract from thee.
Let all my hopes, my gayeſt expectations
Be blaſted, when they are not plac'd on thee.

O! I might ſpeak a bolder language ſtill,
And bid thee cut off all my future hopes
Of heav'nly bliſs, if thy tranſporting ſmiles
Are not the emphaſis of all that bliſs.

SOLILOQUY VI.

THESE eyes have never ſeen thy lovely face,
No accent of thy voice has reach'd my ear,
And yet my heart's acquainted well with thee;
To thee it opens all its ſecret ſtore
Of joy and grief, and whiſpers ev'ry care.

I'VE known the names of father, huſband, friend,
But when I think of thee, theſe tender ties,
Theſe ſoft engagements vaniſh into air.

AMIDST the gentleſt blandiſhments and charms,
The ſmiles and flatt'ring boaſts of human things,
My ſoul ſprings forward, and lays hold on thee;

Calls thee her only portion and defence,
Nor knows a thought of diffidence or fear.

LET nature fail, let darkness hide the stars,
And cover with a sable veil the sun;
Unchang'd and fix'd the truth of God remains,
Nor knows the least decay,—Here let me rest,
With full assurance and unshaken faith.

O THOU unbounded, self-sufficient Being!
How rich am I! how happy! how secure!
How full my portion in possessing thee!
One gentle, one transporting smile of thine,
Thou darling of my soul! contains more wealth
Than this, or thousand brighter worlds can boast.
'Tis thou thyself art my immediate bliss,
My paradise, my everlasting heav'n!

SOLILOQUY VII.

I LOVE thee—Here the pomp of language fails,
And leaves th' unutterable thought behind;
The eloquence of men, the muses art,
Their harmony and tuneful cadence faint.
Whatever names of tenderness and love,
Whatever holy union nature knows,
Are faint descriptions of celestial fires.

BUT oh! may sinful breathing dust presume
To talk to thee of love and warm desires?
To thee! who sit'st supreme enthron'd on heights
Of glory, which no human thought can reach?

Shall wretched man whoſe dwelling is with duſt,
That calls corruption his original,
And withers like the graſs, ſhall he preſume,
With heart and lips unſanctify'd, to ſpeak
On ſubjects, where the holy ſeraphim
Would ſtop their lutes; and with a graceful pauſe
Confeſs the glorious theme too great for words,
For eloquence immortal to expreſs?

YET I muſt aim at ſubjects infinite,
For oh! my love-ſick heart is full of thee.
In crowds, in ſolitude, the field, the temple,
All places hold an equal ſanctity;
While thy lov'd name in humble invocation
Dwells on my tongue, and ev'ry gentle ſigh
Breathes out my life, my very ſoul to thee.

SOLILOQUY VIII.

FOUNTAIN of love, in thy delightful ſtreams
Let me for ever bathe my raviſh'd ſoul,
Inebriated in the vaſt abyſs,
The plenitude of joy; where all theſe wide,
Theſe infinite deſires ſhall die away
In endleſs plenty, and complete fruition.

O MY dear God! have I a ſingle joy,
A thought of happineſs, remote from thee?
Am I at reſt? tho' thou haſt crown'd my years
With ſmiling plenty, and unmingled peace.
Is not the joy, the ſolace of my life
Summ'd in thy ſmiles, and center'd in thy love?

WHAT is this vain, this viſionary ſcene
Of mortal things to me? my thoughts aſpire
Beyond the narrow bounds of rolling ſpheres.
The world is crucify'd and dead to me,
And I am dead to all its empty ſhews;
But oh! for thee unbounded wiſhes warm
My panting ſoul, and call forth all her pow'rs.
Whate'er can raiſe deſire, or give delight,
Or with full joy repleniſh ev'ry wiſh,
Is found in thee, thou infinite abyſs
Of ecſtaſy and life!—How my free ſoul
Expatiates in theſe wide, theſe boundleſs joys!
How am I loſt to ev'ry thought but thee,
Forgetting ev'n myſelf, forgetting all
But thee, my glorious, everlaſting theme!

THOU wilt, thou muſt return upon my ſoul,
'Till death; and after death, while I exiſt,
Ages, ten thouſand ages I will fix
My full attention on thy bright perfections.

SOLILOQUY IX.

O BLOW theſe clouds away, and let me ſee
Thoſe diſtant glories that attract my love!
I muſt be ſatisfy'd, theſe longings quench'd,
Theſe infinite deſires muſt find an object;
Or thou haſt made thy nobleſt work in vain.

THE beaſts are happy; they attain the end
Appointed for them by the courſe of nature,
They reach whate'er their ſenſes can enjoy,

Nor ſeek, nor apprehend ſuperior bliſs;
Inſenſible of thee, whoſe potent word
Call'd out their various claſs from empty nothing;
Yet unacquainted ſtrangers to thy name,
Nor knowing higher good, they are at reſt.

BUT man, capacious of immortal bliſs,
Purſues, unſeen, an object infinite;
And only there can find the reſt he ſeeks.

SOLILOQUY X.

MY great Redeemer lives! I know he lives!
I feel the ſacred, the tranſporting truth
Exulting in my ſoul: He lives to plead
My cauſe above (unworthy as I am!)
He there appears to intercede for me.

MY record is on high, and the bleſt Spirit
With gentle atteſtations pleads within;
Divine the voice, 'tis all celeſtial truth,
I yield my glad aſſent; triumphant hope,
And heavenly conſolations fill my ſoul.

I MUST, I will rejoice; 'tis God himſelf
Is my exceeding joy: He kindly ſmiles,
And heav'n, and earth look gay; while all the clouds
That conſcious guilt ſpread o'er my ſhudd'ring ſoul
Vaniſh before thoſe reconciling eyes.

YE pow'rs of darkneſs, where are all your threats?
Speak out your charge, the black indictment read;
Down the dreadful, the amazing ſcore;

But

But who condemns, when God does justify?
Who shall accuse, when freely he acquits?
He calls me blest, and what malignant pow'r
Shall call the blessing back? who shall reverse
What the Most-High has said?—Nor life, nor death,
Nor depth below, nor endless height above
Shall part me from his everlasting love.

SOLILOQUY XI.

WHERE are the boasts of nature? where its pride,
When reason looks within with humble view,
And sanctity of judgment measures out
My conduct by the perfect laws of God?

BUT oh! let not my crimes recorded stand
Before thy sight, nor call me to account,
Thou righteous Judge; for who can answer thee?
Can mortal man be just? can he be pure
Whose dwelling is with flesh? If thou shouldst pry
Into my secret guilt, I am undone;
But if thou pardon the unnumber'd score,
The glory will be thine, whose clemency
Can know no bounds; for thou art uncontroul'd,
And absolute in all thy ways: No rule
But thy own perfect nature limits thee.

I SINK, this empty shadow pays thee homage,
And vanishes to nothing; thou art all.
I am but vanity, this is my share;
I am content, be thou alone advanc'd!
Thy grace is free, thy favours unconfin'd:

Whate'er

Whate'er my pride can boaſt, my righteouſneſs
Can never profit thee——The ſaints above,
The higheſt angels ſtand not unreproach'd,
Nor ſpotleſs in the preſence of thy glory.

O DO not ſtrictly mark my num'rous crimes,
Nor aſk what I deſerve, but what becomes
The grandeur of thy name, thy glorious nature,
Thy clemency, and gentle attributes:
Act thou up to the heights of grace divine,
And be the glory and ſalvation thine!

SOLILOQUY XII.

WHEN will the journey end? this weary race,
This tedious pilgrimage of life be o'er?
'Tis guilt, 'tis error, ſhades and darkneſs all!
Some helliſh ſnare attends on ev'ry ſtep,
And I ſhall ſtumble, fall, and be undone;
If thou one moment leave thy trembling charge,
And truſt me to myſelf, my treach'rous heart
Will give up all the boundleſs joys to come,
The ſmiles of God, the raptures of his love,
For toys, for trifles, droſs and empty dreams.
My foes are watchful; and my fooliſh heart,
Too credulous, unguarded and ſecure,
Gives eaſy entrance to the fatal arts
Of thoſe infernal pow'rs that ſeek my ruin.

BUT thou canſt break the ſnare; and hitherto
The Lord has help'd, be thine alone the praiſe!
O leave me not at laſt to bring reproach,
Or caſt a blemiſh on thy holy ways.

Thou

Thou know'ſt my folly, impotence and guilt,
What darkneſs, what depravity controls
My nobler pow'rs; how when my riſing thoughts
Would fix on thee, this mortal part withſtands.

O BRING my ſoul from this deteſted priſon,
Enlarge it, and my tongue ſhall ſpeak thy praiſe!

SOLILOQUY XIII.

COME to my longing ſoul, that I may know
My union with thee in immortal love:
This is the ſecret language of my heart.
I dare appeal to thee, my awful Judge,
Whoſe eyes can penetrate my inmoſt thought;
Thou art my firſt deſire, my warmeſt wiſh:
Theſe reſtleſs motions, theſe repeated ſighs
Are all addreſs'd to thee; at thee I aim,
In theſe imperfect flights, theſe upward views,
Theſe frequent glances at the diſtant ſtars;
Fain would they pierce beyond the azure veil,
And gaze at thoſe tranſporting ſights within.

PUT out your gaudy lights, ye rolling ſpheres!
Could I but ſee the brighter worlds beyond,
I ſhould with joy bid ſun and ſtars adieu,
With all the beauteous ſcenes their beams diſplay.

I'M tir'd, I'm ſick of all theſe trifling things,
The ſhew, the vain amuſements of the world;
Thou art my only joy: Again my ſoul
Atteſts its firſt, its early, glorious choice,

Un-

Under my hand (behold, my preſent judge,
For thou art here a witneſs to my truth)
Under my hand I take thee for my portion,
My preſent bliſs, and all my future hope.

I CAST reproach on ev'ry lower good,
And look with ſcorn on tranſitory things;
Divide them where thou wilt; 'tis thou thyſelf,
Thy ſmiles, the full fruition of thy love
My panting ſoul purſues: not all the pomp
Or pleaſure of the ſkies, abſtract from thee,
Could make me bleſt, or fill theſe large deſires.

'SOLILOQUY XIV.

THE hour muſt come, the laſt important hour,
O let me meet it with expecting joy!
Nor let the king of terrors wear a frown,
Nor bring unwelcome tidings to my ſoul!

WHEN all the ſprings of life are running low,
And ebbing faſt in death; when nature tir'd,
Trembling and faint, gropes thro' the gloomy vale,
Nor human aid can give the leaſt ſupport;
Then may the cordials of eternal love
Pour in divine refreſhments on my ſoul;
Then let him ſmile, whoſe gentle ſmiles could chear
The ſhades of hell, and ſcatter all its gloom.

FORGET me not in that important hour;
Recall theſe earneſt ſighs, look kindly o'er
The long recorded file of humble pray'r

Sent

Sent to thy gracious seat: Thou, who at once
Dost past, and present, and the future view,
Give back an answer in that sullen moment,
When all things else shall fail.——No sound of joy,
No sight of beauty, no delightful scene
Shall aught avail; nor sun, nor sparkling stars
Shall yield one gentle, one propitious ray,
To gild the fatal dusk, or chear the soul.

THEN let the sun of righteousness arise
With dawning light, and be the prospect clear
Beyond the dismal gulph; let darting beams
Of glory meet my view.——Be hell defy'd,
On that triumphant day: O let me give
A parting challenge to infernal rage,
And sing salvation to the *Lamb* for ever!

SOLILOQUY XV.

THOU lovely object of my utmost hope,
Whate'er my soul stretch'd to its vast extent,
And wide capacity of bliss can grasp!
I would be from this moment free from all
Terrene delight, and joy in God alone.
Here I might still expatiate in the realms
Of boundless bliss, and drink the springs of life
Unsully'd at the native fountain head.

O THOU that by a soft, but certain band
Of everlasting love hast drawn my soul;
Continue the attraction, bring me near,
Nor let us part for ever!——What words can paint

The horrors of that doom, that ſhould divide
My ſoul from all its bliſs? accurſt diviſion!
O be it ne'er my lot! Let dark oblivion
Extinguiſh this frail ſpark of entity,
Blot me, in mercy blot me from exiſtence,
Rather than blot me from the book of life!

WHAT pangs, what agonies would ſhake my ſoul,
To take a laſt, a ſad farewel of thee;
The rage of love, an everlaſting fire,
Muſt prey for ever on the ſofteſt ſenſe,
And feeling of the ſoul——Rather let looſe
Thy mighty hand, and cruſh me into nothing;
At leaſt efface thy image from my heart,
Thoſe traces of an excellence divine:
Tormenting view! if ne'er to be enjoy'd,
Let me forget thee, and forget myſelf;
Loſe all remembrance of thy favours paſt,
Nor e'er recall to mind thoſe bliſsful hours,
Spent in a ſweet communion with my God.

SHOULD theſe tranſporting ſcenes return in view,
I ſure ſhall curſe myſelf, defy the ſaints
That in thy temple dwell, and ſee thy face:
Perhaps, this tongue (O emphaſis of woe!
The loweſt depth, the horror of damnation!)
Perhaps, this tongue urg'd with infernal rage,
With impious blaſphemies may wound thy name;
That dear, adorable, tranſporting name,
That name imprinted on my inmoſt ſoul,
That now is all my joy, my final hope!

SOLILOQUY XVI.

DRAW me, O draw me! then with eager haſte
Unweary'd I ſhall run the ſacred paths
Thy word directs; but if unmov'd by thee,
A lump of dull unanimated clay
As well might riſe, and mean the lofty ſky;
As well theſe cold, theſe ſenſeleſs ſtones may wake,
May find a living voice, and call thee Father.

I LIVE, I move, but as thy quickning pow'r
Exerts itſelf, and animates my being;
And longer than thou draw'ſt, I cannot move.
For I am weak and vain, my nature ſunk
From its primæval rectitude and grace,
Helpleſs and deſtitute of all that's good:
But thus I humbly caſt myſelf on thee,
Imploring ſuccour at thy gracious hands;
Imploring wiſdom, to evade the wiles
Of my infernal foes, that hourly watch
My ſteps, to tempt them into fatal ſnares,
And labyrinths of darkneſs.——Take my hand,
And gently lead me in the dang'rous road
Of mortal life, this gloomy pilgrimage:
My great directing light, if thou withdraw,
I wander, and inevitably periſh.
And oh! 'tis endleſs ruin, deep perdition;
A loſs (diſtracting thought) a loſs that ne'er
Thro' everlaſting years can be repair'd;
The loſs of God, and all the boundleſs joys,
Th' immortal rapture that his preſence gives.

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY XVII.

MINE eyes have ne'er beheld, nor heart conceiv'd
The wonders of thy face; and yet unseen
Thou dost attract and raise my warmest love.
I live in thee, in thee alone am blest;
Thou art my darling thought; my soul exults,
It boasts in thee, and triumphs all the day.
That thou art happy gives me perfect joy;
I am at rest in thee——Let kingdoms sink,
Thou dost ordain their fall; or let them rise,
Thy pleasure is fulfill'd——Be thou supreme!
Be absolute!——I join my glad assent,
With all the prostrate angels round thy throne,
Unquestion'd be thy will! for oh! 'tis just,
And righteous all thy ways. Be thou ador'd
For ever in the heights of majesty!
Thy grandeur fills me with a just contempt
For all the pomp on earth; that thou art fair.
(O how divinely fair!) gives fresh delight
And transport to my soul.——How I rejoice
To find thee still beyond similitude,
Still rising in superior excellence.
To ev'ry lovely thing thy hands have made:
Ev'n seraphim in their immortal bloom
Those morning stars, the first-born smiles of heav'n,
If once compar'd to thee, their brightest charms
Would fade away, and wither in thy sight.

SOLILOQUY XVIII.

I WILL not leave thee; bid me not be gone,
Repulse me not, for I will take no nay.
As thou dost live, I will pursue thee still,
Nor e'er let go my hold: I'm fix'd on this,
To wrestle with thee 'till I gain the blessing.
I cannot be deny'd; thy word is past,
'Tis seal'd, 'tis ratify'd; thou art oblig'd,
Engag'd, confin'd by thy own clemency,
And spotless truth, to listen to my call.

I COME, I enter by the strength of faith
The holy place; thro' the atoning blood
I kneel, I humbly worship at thy feet,
My great request is to obtain thy grace,
Thro' my Redeemer's merits: Here's the way
By which I would approach thy sacred throne.
O let me never meet with a repulse,
While I invoke thee by that charming name;
That name, in which is center'd thy delight,
That name, which at thy own command I use;
Nor can it be in vain—Thy word is past;
Nor can'st thou vary, or deny thyself,
And change thy purpose, like fickle man.

The earth shall change her form, the shining skies
Shall lose their light, and vanish into shade;
But not a tittle of thy sacred word
Shall fail the hopes of them that rest on thee.

BE gone, ye impious, unbelieving fears!
I am a ſinner, freely 'tis confeſt,
Unmeriting the leaſt regard from thee;
But here the riches of thy grace will ſhine;
To thee immortal honour will ariſe,
When ſuch a worthleſs wretch as I ſhall ſtand
Acquitted by an act of ſov'reign will
Before thy gracious ſight; cleans'd from my guilt
By a Redeemer's blood, that healing balm
For all the wounds within——In heav'nly ſtrains
My lips ſhall tell the ſtory of thy grace;
Ages ſhall in a long ſucceſſion roll,
While the bleſt theme employs my joyful tongue:
Unbounded gratitude ſhall ſwell my ſoul,
And all its nobler faculties inlarge.

SOLILOQUY XIX.

VANISH my doubts, and let me give the glory
Due to th' eternal name, by ſtedfaſt faith,
Hope againſt hope, believe above belief!
For he that ſaid, is able to perform:
His word annihilates, his word creates;
And he can open the eternal ſtores,
And pour ten thouſand bleſſings on my head.

WHY ſhould'ſt thou bound thyſelf? why ſhould'ſt thou ſtay
The ſacred byaſs of thy glorious nature?
For thou art love ſupreme, eſſential love,
Ev'n my unworthineſs can be no bar.

Shall

Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
And check the progress of almighty grace?
Shall dust and vanity obstruct the course
Of thy omnipotence, and spoil the boast
Of free, of absolute benignity?

LOVE is thy life, in its transcendent height
And full enjoyment; thy eternal thought,
In boundless wisdom, mark'd it as the end
Of all thy glorious works; and it shall rise
Triumphant and victorious over all
The obstacles that seem to check its course.

IN this transporting, amiable form,
The mild, the gentle glories of thy nature,
Let me behold and meet thy gracious smiles:
Here I can triumph, here my hopes run high;
They know no bounds, but infinitely free
Grasp all a blest eternity contains.

SOLILOQUY XX.

O GOD of ages! view my narrow span,
Behold how short a period thou hast set
The limits of my life! how like a shade,
A passing cloud, my vain existence flies!
Yet all my boundless hopes, my future views
For endless ages on this narrow span,
This little rivulet of time depend:
And oh! how fast the gliding current flows!
Nothing retards its everlasting course;

Ev'n

Ev'n now my haſty moments paſs away,
Forever, O forever they are gone!

I DIE with ev'ry breath; no calling back
The niceſt point of all my vain duration,
'Tis paſt beyond retrieve!——but oh! there reſt
Eternal things on this important point:
This ſpan of life, this ſhort allotted ſpan,
Is all I have to manage for the ſtake
Of an immortal ſoul; the glorious weight
Of heav'nly crowns and kingdoms are ſuſpended,
And oh! if loſt, can never be recall'd.
This *now*, this fleeting tranſitory *now*,
Contains my all; and yet this awful truth
Sits lightly on my ſoul, and faintly moves
My drooping pow'rs to action.
Yet there's a ſtrict account that muſt be made,
When the great day, the day of reck'ning comes:
The ſolemn hour draws nigh, nor ſleeps my doom;
'Twill ſoon decide my everlaſting ſtate,
And no appeal will ever be allow'd.

SOLILOQUY XXI.

O THOU! whoſe glorious, whoſe all-ſeeing eye
Marks all the dubious paths that lie before me;
Who from my mother's womb haſt been my guide,
And led me thro' the various turns of life;
Conceal not now thyſelf in darkſome ſhades,
But let me clearly know thy ſacred will,
To guide me thro' the wild, uncertain ſcenes
Of mortal life, and let not hell deceive me:

For

For I am wholly thine; thou know'ſt I am
Devoted to thy fear. For this my ſoul,
Whoſe ſecrets thou canſt tell, appeals to thee.
Oh! thou doſt ſee my thought's moſt diſtant aims,
And art my glorious witneſs, how ſincere,
How perfectly my will's reſign'd to thine.

BEHOLD me here attending thy commands,
With low ſubmiſſion oh! behold me here,
Liſt'ning to catch the whiſpers of thy voice;
In humble ſilence I attend the ſound,
And wait thy ſacred orders.——O determine,
Determine all my ſteps, and mark my path!
For I am blind, and bent to vanity.
The pow'rs of hell conſpire with my own heart
To lead me on to ſin and fatal ſnares:
But leave me not in the laſt darkſome tracks,
The cloſing part; let that be all ſerene;
Let that be ſpent in works of love and praiſe,
To fit me for the ecſtaſies above.

AS the aſcending ſun new glory gains,
'Till at bright noon he ſhines in full perfection;
Thus let me reach the higheſt point of virtue,
As far as frail mortality can riſe;
Then let me ſet in glory, and in ſmiles.
Victoria let me ſing; Be thine the crown,
Be thine alone, redeeming grace, the praiſe!

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY XXII.

I HAVE thy word, thou canſt not call it back,
I have thy oath, by thy own glorious name
Atteſted and confirm'd——Lord, 'tis enough!
My unbelieving fears are all ſubdu'd.

GOD of my pious fathers! who didſt ſet
Thy love on them, and chuſe their worthleſs race,
Ev'n me, of all thy family the leaſt,
To magnify thy own peculiar grace:
For thy prerogative is abſolute,
And uncontroul'd thy will; whate'er has pleas'd
Thy own unerring counſel thou haſt done.

O THINK on all thy kind and gracious words;
And what thy mouth hath ſpoken let thy hand
In ev'ry point fulfil, let nothing fail!
For thou art rich in grace, tho' I am poor
In merit, and can nothing claim from thee.
I dare not plead a debt; yet thou haſt ſworn,
Sworn by the glory of thy holineſs,
That thou wilt not in any wiſe deceive me.
Thou all things canſt; ev'n my unworthineſs
Can be no bar, no obſtacle to thee:
It is not what I am, but what thou art,
And what thy gracious influence can effect.

CAN duſt and aſhes plead deſert before thee?
The height of holineſs and majeſty
Can view no merit in the clay he form'd.

But oh! what bounds has goodness infinite?
What limits shall almighty love confine?
Who works in all things as his counsel guides,
Mov'd by his own benignity; the spring,
The everlasting spring, from whence arise
All the bright schemes, and well-contriv'd designs,
That love in its omnipotence could form.

Ye heights ineffable, ye wond'rous ways,
Ye glorious mysteries, ye trackless paths
Of the great Sov'reign of the earth and skies:
Whate'er I am, whate'er I hope, thro' all
Futurity, in ev'ry blissful scene,
The fountain must be free, unbounded grace.

SOLILOQUY XXIII.

Lo, here I stand devested of the world!
I give its empty glories to the wind:
Forsaking all that mortals covet here,
I come to thee, attesting thy great name,
That thou art singly in thyself my hope,
Renouncing all things else, my full delight.

Let me be banish'd to some place remote,
Where no created thing could give me joy:
Let me have sweet communion there with thee,
Breathe on me there the fragrance of thy love,
Those ever blooming sweets, and let me hear
Immortal music, harmony divine
In thy transporting voice: Be this my lot,
And give the laughing world their jovial choice!

How poor, how empty all its joys, compar'd
To those sublime, to those exalted pleasures,
That break upon my soul, when thou dost smile!

A TIME will come (O haste the blissful day!)
When I shall see thy lovely face unveil'd;
When these blest eyes shall recreate their views
With visions all divine, the dazzling scenes
Of uncreated excellence and light.

BUT now I love thee distant and unseen;
I feel a flame, which these created things
In all their pride and studied elegance
Can never gratify; should they assume
The graces of the skies, the highest bloom
Of charms immortal, and unfading life;
Yet these are not my God.

SHOULD angels open the eternal scenes,
And stand reveal'd before my wond'ring eyes
In all their pomp of splendor and perfection:
Or if beyond them there are fairer forms,
Beauties un-nam'd, and unreveal'd to men;
Where'er creation ends, the distance still
Is infinite from that for which I pine.

SOLILOQUY XXIV.

WHERE fly my wishes? what aspiring views
Are these that animate my tow'ring hopes?
What boundless aims does my ambition take?

'Tis

'Tis God himself, the great eternal God,
That spread the heav'ns, and kindled all the lights,
That roll on high, 'tis he is all my bliss!
My soaring thoughts can take no lower aim,
Thither alone my bold desires ascend.

YE splendors unconceiv'd, ye joys unknown,
Ye sights that mortal ken has ne'er explor'd,
O when in dazzling pomp will you unfold
Your fair transporting prospects to my soul?
This low creation gives me no delight,
The brightest objects sicken on my sense,
The sun and stars emit their chearful rays
In vain; in vain to me the beauteous spring
Her blooming sweets diffuses thro' the air;
In vain her gay variety, her pomp
Of party-colour'd beauties she displays:
Nothing can recreate my drooping thoughts,
Or fill the boundless vacancy within.

WHEN shall I close my eyes on mortal things,
And bid these dark, these guilty seats adieu?
Break from this prison, drop this hated chain,
And spring with full enlargement to my God?

SOLILOQUY XXV.

THE solemn hour draws near, when I must stand
Before the holy, the tremendous Judge
Of all the earth, whose quick, all-searching eye
Views all the dark recesses of my soul;
Those secret, those impenetrable deeps

To mortal ſearch unknown, the cloſe diſguiſe,
The ſpecious flatteries, whoſe ſoothing wiles
Impoſe with fair deluſions on my thoughts.
I know not what I am; miſtaken views,
And partial judgment hide me from myſelf.

O THOU that know'ſt my heart, diſcloſe its depths,
Take off the ſpecious, the deceiving maſk,
And ſhew me to myſelf. I am undone,
If here miſtaken, flatter'd and deluded
With empty hopes, and airy expectations:
An error here will prove eternal ruin,
Remedyleſs deſpair——O gracious Lord!
Avert the ſad preſage, the fatal doubt;
Nor leave me in this comfortleſs ſuſpence.
If I ſhall ſee thy glorious face in peace,
If I ſhall meet the beatific light,
And view that radiant viſion all unveil'd,
If thoſe bright hopes are not a vain deluſion,
O ſeal the bliſsful, the tranſporting truth
With ſacred demonſtration to my ſoul;
Diſpel theſe cruel, theſe tormenting doubts,
With one propitious ray! for oh! my care
Is of important weight; 'tis vaſt eternity,
'Tis boundleſs glory hangs on the event.

O COULD I know my worthleſs name is writ
Among the choſen race; that in the book
Of life (tranſporting thought!) eternal love,
And ſov'reign grace has mark'd my glorious lot!

WHERE-E'ER thou giv'ſt, the bleſſing muſt be free
And undeſerv'd; for who among the ranks
That ſhine about thy throne can plead deſert?
Who has prevented thee with benefits,
That he ſhould proudly claim a recompence?

SOLILOQUY XXVI.

SWEET name of Jeſus! in whoſe ſyllables
The animating pow'rs of harmony,
The ſoul of muſic dwells; thou ſhalt inſpire
My ſweeteſt numbers on the immortal ſtrings,
The golden harps of heav'n——My only hope!
I have no other refuge from the ſtorm,
No rock for ſhelter, no refreſhing ſhade,
No calm retreat to reſt my weary ſoul.

THOU Saviour of the ſinful race of man!
For whom deſcending from the heights of glory,
From ſongs, from triumphs, and the loud applauſe,
The ſhoutings of ten thouſand times ten thouſand,
Myriads of ſhining hoſts, thy bright adorers,
Thou deign'ſt to quit them all, and veil the form
Of radiant god-head in a cloud of fleſh.

YET haſt thou ſeen the travail of thy ſoul,
The purchaſe of thy blood? or is that blood,
(Tremendous thought!) or is that blood profan'd,
Thy grace rejected, and thy love deſpis'd?

WHY ſhines the ſun? why are the ſtars unſeal'd?
Why ſpreads the moon her mild indulgent beams
To chear the midnight ſhades? Why keeps the ſpring
Her annual round, and with her vital ſweets
Perfumes the ſeaſons for a miſcreant race,
Ungrateful and prophane! that dares blaſpheme
The awful God of nature, and of grace?

SOLILOQUY XXVII.

How ſlowly moves the ſun? how dull the wheels
Of nature? Roll along, ye planets, fly
In ſhorter rounds, and meaſure out my day,
This tedious day, this interval of woe!

I WAIT with longing looks, and mark the ſkies,
As men impatient for the breaking morn.
This world has nothing worth a careleſs thought;
I have no treaſure here, 'tis all above,
And there my heart in fix'd attention dwells.
With juſt diſdain I caſt a languid look
Around the vain creation: then repine,
And half pronounce thoſe various products evil,
Which God himſelf approv'd, and call'd them good:
Yet independent of the ſov'reign bliſs,
They yield no ſolace, give me no repoſe.

WHAT have I here to hold my ſoul from thee?
To entertain me one ſhort, fleeting hour?
I have no friend on earth, and none would have:
I'm grown a ſtranger here, my heart diſowns

Acquaintance here; I'm sick of this vain world,
Its tiresome repetitions load my sense:
The sun's bright eye, in all its circuit, views
No equal entertainment, none to hold
My heart in these inhospitable realms.

YET if I must a stranger here remain,
O condescend to visit these abodes,
And speak in frequent whispers to my soul!
Let me converse with thee, and hear thy voice;
Retir'd from men in some wild solitude,
My hours would sweetly pass, nor seek delight
Beyond that heav'nly bliss; there I could rest
Superior to the turns of human things.

THESE eyes no more should view the impious ways
Of human race; these ears no longer hear
The daring blasphemies that loudly rage
Against that gracious mediating Pow'r,
That keeps avenging thunder from their heads.

O LET me die in peace, dismiss me hence!
I'm but a sojourner, a stranger here;
Wand'ring thro' darksome ways and gloomy wilds,
Beset with hellish snares, and oft betray'd
By a deceitful, treacherous heart within:
Tir'd with perpetual toil I cast my eyes,
To yonder peaceful worlds, and long for rest.

SOLILOQUY XXVIII.

O THOU whoſe wiſdom leads the countleſs ſtars
In conſtant order thro' their ſhining courſe,
And ſets the blazing ſun his annual race!
All nature owns thy law; the raging winds,
And foaming billows in their ſwelling pride
Reluctant ſink at thy commanding voice.

BUT I with proſtrate homage at thy feet
Devote my will obſequious to thy ſway.
I have no choice, no conduct, no deſign,
No wav'ring wiſh that I can call my own;
For I am wholly, abſolutely thine:
And as the potter turns the ductile clay
Am I in thy almighty forming hands.
O thou canſt mould and faſhion ev'ry thought,
My paſſions turn, and make me what thou wilt:
Thy hand can trace the characters divine,
And ſtamp celeſtial beauty on my ſoul.

CREATING Spirit, ſpeak the potent word,
Let there be light! and cloudleſs day will riſe:
Diſpel the clouds of ignorance and ſin,
Baniſh whate'er oppoſes thy deſigns
Of love and grace, and freely work thy will.

CONFORM'D to thee, the harmony divine,
My ſoul would find the moſt exalted bliſs.
Were there no future hell, no penalties
To guard thy righteous laws; were there no heav'n,

No,

No sparkling crowns to recompence the just;
Yet would my thoughts approve thy pure commands,
And find exalted pleasure in the rules
Thy sacred word injoins. Could I but reach
The rectitude I wish, in serving thee
I meet a full reward, and gain the first,
The great design for which I had a being:
I breath'd at thy command; and 'tis the boast,
The glory of my life, to live for thee.

SOLILOQUY XXIX.

My God, support me in that gloomy hour,
When nature droops, and death's impending shade
With fatal darkness hovers o'er my head;
When honour, pleasure, wealth, and mortal friends
Shall prove but empty names, unmeaning sounds,
And lying succours to my fainting soul;
While hell with all its complicated rage
Shall raise its last effort to break my peace.

Rebuke the tempest then, and let thy voice
In gentle accents bid the storm subside;
And dart a beam of glory on my soul,
When shiv'ring on the darksome verge of life,
She trembles at the first uncertain step,
That sets her on the strange, eternal coast;
Where all is new, amazing and unknown,
Nor ever yet conceiv'd by human thought,
In all its energy and liveliest flights.

THEN be the ſhore or gloomy, or ſerene,
On which the ſpirit freed from earthly chains
Shall ſet her dubious foot to meet her Judge;
Whoſe doom will be exact, impartial, juſt;
And oh! when paſt, unchangeable and fix'd.

ETERNITY!——amazing dreadful word!
Eternity!——in vain I would explore
Thy diſtant bounds; my wand'ring thoughts are loſt,
I know not where to fix, 'tis all confuſion!

SOLILOQUY XXX.

ALMIGHTY love, thou great myſterious theme,
What eloquence of man can talk of thee?
What thought has fathom'd thy eternal depths,
Or meaſur'd out thy lengths? What angel's wing
Has reach'd thy heights? What ſeraph's flowing ſong,
In all the pow'rs of heav'nly harmony,
Can paint thy charms, and to the raviſh'd ſoul
Unfold thy beauties in their native light?

THOU art the ſplendor of the face divine,
The bliſs of angels, the delight of ſaints,
The life, the triumph, and the happineſs
Of Him in whom the ſprings of joy remain.

O WHEN with ſmiles ineffable, with looks
That dart eternal ecſtaſy and life,
And all the peace of paradiſe unfold,
Wilt thou, my God, ſhine on my raptur'd ſoul?

When

When shall I meet thy quick'ning influence,
And see that glorious vision all unveil'd?
The fairest copies of creating pow'r,
Where with transcendent art thy skilful hand
Has drawn bright beauty in her heav'nly prime,
Will fade before the splendor of thy face.

SOLILOQUY XXXI.

WHAT shall I speak? how celebrate thy praise?
What language use to paint my gratitude?
The boldest words would poorly speak the sense
Of what my soul experiences within.

O HOW thou dost attract my warmest thoughts!
How am I lost to all delights, but those
That from thy love proceed! how vain this world,
How empty all its low delights, compar'd
To those divine, those pure, exalted joys,
That sparkle on my soul, when thou dost smile!

AND yet I see but darkly thro' the cloud,
And catch a glimm'ring ray with eager eyes;
While thou dost keep the fuller glories back,
And hide the sacred splendor of thy throne.

O TURN the veil aside! I can but die:
Shine out, and let the dazzling sight o'ercome
The pow'rs of nature——Thus I would expire,
Thus yield my spirit up in ecstasy.

If this must be deny'd; yet come, my Lord,
Let me have such communion with thee here,
As saints in holy raptures have enjoy'd;
Such as may kindle up the life divine,
Imprint the image of thy holiness,
And feed the heav'nly flame; 'till dead to sense,
And all the false attractions of the world,
I live alone completely blest in thee.

SOLILOQUY XXXII.

O LET me shrink to nothing in thy sight,
And lay the boasts of nature at thy feet!
Be all my pride abas'd to lowest dust,
There lie whate'er my vanity calls worth!
Corruption, misery and guilt is all
I have to boast; this is indeed my own,
My rightful claim, my just inheritance.

But hence thy praise shall spring, thy glories rise:
My indigence shall raise thy triumphs high.
A wond'rous instance of forgiving love,
In its divine magnificence display'd,
I shall forever stand: forever stand
A monument of free, unbounded grace,
That chose a wretch like me to shew its pow'r;
That triumph'd in its own victorious strength,
O'er ev'ry opposition hell could raise.

How wond'rous are thy ways, almighty love!
How much above the narrow thoughts of men!
Lord, whence is this to me? to me, so vile,

So

So guilty, so unworthy of thy grace?
When thousands pass unbridled to perdition,
O why am I thus graciously restrain'd:
'Tis thou hast done it by thy sov'reign right,
And who shall ask thee why?

WHAT can I speak? I must be silent here,
Or lost in wonder, breathe imperfect sounds;
Yet read my thought, the gratitude, the praise
I would return—for human language fails.

SOLILOQUY XXXIII.

BLEST Jesus! 'tis thy name to which I trust
My noblest interest, my superior hopes:
Thou covert from the storm, a hiding place
From the black tempest of avenging wrath!
I see my guilt, but this augments the debt
Of gratitude and love; I see my guilt,
But see it cancell'd by redeeming blood.

TRANSPORTING thought! how shall I speak my joy?
In what gay figures paint the ecstasy?
O may'st thou reign exalted and ador'd,
Ador'd on earth, as in the highest heav'n!
With all the shouting myriads round thy throne
I join my grateful voice——Ye glitt'ring crowds,
Receive a mortal militant below
To your triumphant choir; with you I'll bless
My great Redeemer's name—transporting name!
'Tis graven on my heart, 'tis deep impress,

Immortal is the ſtamp; nor life, nor death,
Nor hell, with all its pow'rs, ſhall blot it thence.

THOU joy of angels, the deſire of nations,
The hope, the glorious hope of all mankind!
What ſhall I ſpeak, what gentle language uſe,
When thou art my tranſporting tender theme?
The tongues of angels cannot reach a ſtrain
Too ſolemn, too pathetic to expreſs
The charming ſentiments I feel for thee.

How dear thou art, how precious to my ſoul,
'Tis thou alone can'ſt tell——O fairer far
Than all thy wond'rous works! what excellence
Bears thy ſimilitude? Thy Father's image,
The plenitude, the brightneſs of his glory.
The eloquence of heav'n is far below
Thy worth; for thou art infinite perfection,
The fullneſs of the Godhead dwells in thee.
Thine is the pow'r, the kingdom, and the glory;
All, all is thine in the high heav'ns above,
On earth, and in the deep.—May ev'ry tongue
Inbleſſing thee be bleſt; may bleſſings fall
In torrents on their heads that plead thy cauſe;
Smile on their active piety and zeal,
Strengthen their hands, and fortify their hearts,
With peace divine and holy conſolation.
Let them appear bright as the vig'rous ſun,
When tow'ring from his clear meridian height,
He fills the ſpacious firmament with glory.

So

So let them proſper, while thy vanquiſh'd foes
In humble homage bow beneath thy feet!

FROM ſea to ſea be thy great empire ſpread,
And let the utmoſt iſles thy glory ſee:
The eaſtern kings their incenſe then ſhall bring,
And ſweet *Sabæa*'s groves ſhall bloom for thee.

SOLILOQUY XXXIV.

LOOK down, with pity, gracious Lord, look down,
From thy unbounded heights of happineſs,
On me a wretched, but a ſuppliant ſinner.
Thy times are always; mine will ſoon be paſt,
And meaſur'd out; while thine are ſtill unchang'd:
In boundleſs life, and undiminiſh'd bliſs
Thou ſitt'ſt ſecure; while all created things
In a perpetual motion glide along,
And ev'ry inſtant change their fleeting forms.

O BE not ſlack to hear! my time is wing'd,
See how my ſun declines! 'tis ſinking faſt,
And dying into darkneſs; the night is near,
The fatal night of death, when I ſhall ſleep
Unactive in the damp and gloomy grave.

THIS is th' important hour, the hour of grace
And offer'd life; ſalvation hangs upon it.
Nor let my importunity offend thee,
'Tis now, 'tis now or never I muſt ſpeed;
This day, this hour, this fleeting moment's more

Than

Than I can boaſt, or truly call my own;
Ev'n now it flies—'tis gone—'tis paſt for ever!

But oh! the ſtrict account I have to give
Remains uncancel'd; yet my pardon ſtands,
Perhaps, unſeal'd, or not to me confirm'd.
Regard my anguiſh while I call aloud
For mercy, and a ſignal of thy love.
Before I die, O let my longing ſoul
Receive an earneſt of its future bliſs!

SOLILOQUY XXXV.

Be thou alone advanc'd!—If there's a thought
Of favour plac'd on me, let it be all
Devoted to the Lord. May'ſt thou ſtand high
In ev'ry heart, tho' I am wholly loſt
In dark obſcurity—Be thou advanc'd!
This is my nobleſt, my ſuperior end,
My great deſign, my everlaſting view.

O be thy intereſt ſafe, thy cauſe ſecure!
Whatever clouds hang on my future hours,
I paſs them all, thy ſacred will be done!
I am of no importance to myſelf,
Be thou alone exalted! All my ſoul
Bows to thy grandeur, offers ev'ry thought
Of love and honour, friendſhip and eſteem
To thee; whatever kind impreſſion's rais'd
In any heart for me, let it be thine!

All

ALL glory be to thee! 'tis justly due;
Mine is but borrow'd at thy gracious hands;
My light is but a faint reflected ray,
From thee its sacred source—O may it guide
My soul with constant energy to thee!

THOU art my boast, my treasure, and my joy!
Content with thee, in solitary shades
I am at rest, nor miss the vain delights
This world can give, or with deceiving shews,
And lying visions, promise to my hopes.

MINE eyes have ne'er beheld, nor heart conceiv'd
The wonders of thy face; and yet unseen
Thou dost attract and raise my warmest love:
The cause is all divine, above the reach
Of reason's boldest and most daring flight.

SOLILOQUY XXXVI.

O FAIREST of ten thousand! whose bright smiles
Enlighten heav'n, and open paradise
In all its blissful and transporting scenes,
Vouchsafe me but a short, a transient glimpse
Of thy fair face, if I can gain no more.

FORGIVE the fond impatience of my heart,
Which dwells on thee, and has no other joy,
No entertainment in this lonesome world;
'Tis all a dismal emptiness to me.

HENCE

HENCE all ye clouds, ye ſeparating ſhades,
Which hide his charming face! Ye days and hours
Dance on your ſpeedy courſe, and let us meet!
Riſe thou bright morning ſtar, the joy of heav'n,
The beauty and the pride of paradiſe,
The bliſs of angels, their eternal theme,
While in high tranſports they enjoy thy ſmiles!

I MUST talk on, the glorious ſubject warms
My wid'ning ſoul; I feel immortal life,
And taſte the joys of heav'n—Thou art my heav'n,
The land of light and love, my fulleſt hope!
I have no other wiſh in all the round
Of endleſs years. Thou from the morning's womb
Haſt ſtill the dew, the fragrant dew of youth:
Eternal bloom ſits ſmiling in thy looks,
Heav'n opens in the ſplendor of thine eyes,
And ſtreams in torrents of eternal light.

THY voice is muſic, harmony itſelf
In its tranſporting charms—Ye golden harps
Which angels tune, for ever ſilent lie;
Let me but hear my Lord's ſweet, gentle voice,
Breathing celeſtial ſolace to my ſoul,
And peace ineffable, the peace of God.

SOLILOQUY XXXVII.

O JESUS! let eternal bleſſings dwell
On thy tranſporting name; let ev'ry tongue
In heav'n and earth conſpire, above, below,

Where'er

Where'er creation ſtretches out its bounds;
Let them with me unite to praiſe my King,
My Lord, my Life, my gracious Ranſomer!
Who bought my ſoul from hell at the high price
Of his own ſacred blood; amazing love!
Unutterable grace! Here let me fix
My ſoul in an eternal ecſtaſy.

LET me be wholly thine from this bleſt hour.
Let thy lov'd image be for ever preſent;
Of thee be all my thoughts, and let my tongue
Be ſanctify'd with the celeſtial theme.
Dwell on my lips, thou deareſt, ſweeteſt name!
Dwell on my lips, 'till the laſt parting breath!
Then let me die, and bear the charming ſound
In triumph to the ſkies.—In other ſtrains,
In language all divine, I'll praiſe thee then;
While all the Godhead opens in the view
Of a Redeemer's love—Here let me gaze,
Forever gaze; the bright variety
Will endleſs joy and admiration yield.

LET me be wholly thine from this bleſt hour.
Fly from my ſoul all images of ſenſe,
Leave me in ſilence to poſſeſs my Lord:
My life, my pleaſures flow from him alone,
My ſtrength, my great ſalvation, and my hope.
Thy name is all my truſt—O name divine!
Be thou engraven on my inmoſt ſoul,
And let me own thee with my lateſt breath,
Confeſs thee in the face of ev'ry horror,

That

That threat'ning death or envious hell can raiſe;
'Till all their ſtrength ſubdu'd, my parting ſoul
Shall give a challenge to infernal rage,
And ſing ſalvation to the Lamb forever.

To him, my glorious Ranſomer, I'll ſing;
To him my heart ſhall gratefully aſcribe
The crown of conqueſt, his unqueſtion'd right:
While liſt'ning angels pleas'd ſhall hear me tell
The wonders of his love, the ſtrange event
Of his ſurprizing grace.—Tranſporting theme!
Where ſhall the ſong begin?—Turn back the rolls
Of vaſt eternity—ſtill, backward ſtill
The dazzling records turn—Where ſhall I find
The glorious point? where fix the ſhining date,
When everlaſting love deſign'd my bliſs?

SOLILOQUY XXXVIII.

THOU who canſt make a paſſage thro' the ſea,
And find a way amidſt the rolling waves;
Thou who canſt open wide, and none can ſhut,
Unfold the gates of braſs! break all the bars
Of oppoſition! let the mountains ſink,
And ev'ry valley riſe to level plains!
Be darkneſs light, and let the ſmiling ſun
Of righteouſneſs, the bright, the morning ſtar,
Ariſe in all the glories of the Godhead!

SHINE out, and let the clear diſtinguiſh'd rays
Convince thy proudeſt foes, and chear the hopes
Of thoſe that love thee, love thee, tho' unſeen;

Whoſe

Whoſe wounded ears now bear the loud reproach
Of thy inſulting foes, whoſe fainting hearts
Bleed in the wide diſhonours of thy name.

O REND the ſkies! divide the firmament!
Break the long ſtanding pillars of the earth!
Let the hills tremble! let the foreſts flame,
To make thy greatneſs known! Be thou conſeſt!
Be thou in full Divinity reveal'd!
And let the wreck of nature grace thy triumph!

SET open wide the everlaſting gates!
Ye heav'nly arches, lift your heads on high,
And let the King of glory in the pomp
Of majeſty ineffable deſcend!
The nations then ſhall own thee for their God,
And ev'ry tongue confeſs th' almighty Judge.

WHEN ſhall theſe eyes behold that welcome day,
That glorious, happy, long expected period?
When ſhall my voice join with the gen'ral ſhout
Of nations, languages, and tribes redeem'd?
When ſhall I hail the triumphs of that day,
When thou ſhalt riſe in the full heights of glory,
Darken the ſun, confound the brighteſt ſtar,
Blaze in the ſplendor of the Deity,
Thy Father's image perfectly expreſt?

THEN ſhall the loud, the univerſal ſhout,
'TIS FINISH'D! echo thro' the wide creation;
Loud triumphs ſound, and hallelujahs ring,

The

The glory, the dominion is the Lord's,
And God omnipotent ſhall reign forever!

SOLILOQUY XXXIX.

THY word is paſt, look on theſe ſacred lines,
This heav'nly volume; here, great God, are writ
The records of thy truth, thy ancient works,
The bright memorials of thy pow'r and love;
To thy immortal honour, to the joy
Of ev'ry ſaint, they ſtand collected here.

CONFIRM thy promis'd grace, which I have made
My boaſt, my triumph and peculiar aid.
O make me not aſham'd! for I have ſpoke
With confidence undaunted for thy name,
Thy honour and approv'd veracity.
And now I come diſtreſt, and looking round
On human helps in vain; theſe lying aids
Excite my ſcorn, I view them with contempt.
Counſel and wiſdom, friendſhip's gentle voice
Is a deceitful ſound: I dare not reſt
Below the ſkies for guidance or protection;
On thee alone, and not on erring man
I caſt myſelf: O kindly guide my ſteps
In all the paths of righteouſneſs and peace!
On thee alone, the everlaſting rock,
On thee alone I reſt; my father's God,
My mother's early truſt, to thee I look.
O let my ſoul rejoice, rejoice in God,
Boaſt in his truth, and triumph all the day

In

In his almighty name, and gracious aid!
Be his veracity and truth my song!

THERE is no help, no confidence below:
But who relies on thy almighty arm,
A sure defence shall find; who on thy word
Securely rests, shall never be deceiv'd.

CAN the Most-High repent? can he recall
His sacred oath, and make his promise vain?
O that be far from thee, the truth divine,
Th' eternal rectitude, whose plighted word
Stands firmer than the basis of the earth!
And when its mighty pillars to the depth
Of their foundations sink, when yonder skies,
Grown old, shall crack thro' all their crystal orbs;
Thou undecay'd in endless equity,
In glory and unspotted truth shalt shine.

SOLILOQUY XL.

I CALL not you that on *Parnassus* sit,
And by the flow'ry banks of *Helicon*,
Circle your brows with fading coronets;
While some romantic hero you adorn
With lying epithets, and airy praise:
Or some fantastic lover's fate rehearse
In notes that with a soft, inticing art,
A charming, but pernicious magic draw
The chastest minds from virtue's sacred paths.

Too long inſpir'd by theſe unhappy flames,
In rural ſhades I ſung the boaſted pow'r,
And own'd the falſe divinity of love;
Reclaim'd, no longer I your aid implore,
But you, celeſtial muſes, I invoke.
Ye muſes, who above the lofty ſky
Sit crown'd with wreaths of never-fading light,
And on your ſilver lutes, immortal ſongs,
Along the bliſsful ſtreams that warbling flow,
With ſoft inimitable ſkill recite;
Aſſiſt me, while with an advent'rous flight
To everlaſting glories I aſpire;
While HE, the firſt almighty Cauſe, with you
In flowing numbers I attempt to ſing.
From him, like you, I took the vital ray,
Him, as the ſpring of my exiſtence, praiſe;
Tho' not with you, his happier race, allow'd
To view the bright unveil'd Divinity.
By no audacious glance from mortal eyes
Thoſe myſtic glories are to be profan'd:
Yet we may ſafely in reflection meet
His ſcatter'd beams, and find in all his works
The God in ſhining characters impreſt.

I TRACE him round me now with vaſt delight,
Among the laviſh ſprings that proudly roll
Their ſilver riches o'er the painted meads:
Here ſpreading into broad tranſparent lakes,
Smooth as the face of heav'n they ſilent flow;
The ſparkling ſun the beauteous ſurface gilds,

Which double glory to the sky reflects:
Here under close impending shades they creep,
And roll along complaining to their shores.
The verdant meadows, and extended plains,
In all their pride and springing beauties dress'd,
The winding valleys and ascending hills,
The mossy rocks, the bow'rs and lofty groves,
The ev'ning close, and chaunt of various birds,
The sportive wind, and softly whisp'ring breeze,
Consenting, all acknowledge thou art far
More lovely and surpassing fair than they.

THY glory in her silent course the moon,
And nightly lamps in their obscure sojourn,
The morning star with its bright circlet crown'd,
And early blushes of the day reveal.

THE circling sun thy glory manifests;
Whether ascending from the eastern wave,
With glancing smiles he cheers the dewy fields:
Or mounted to the zenith's lofty height,
He blazes with transcendent glory crown'd:
Or down the steep of heav'n he rolls amain
And ends his flaming progress in the sea;
From east to west thy greatness he proclaims,
And thro' his radiant kingdoms spreads thy praise.

THOU rid'st upon the wild, tempestuous wind,
And flying storms obey thy pow'rful voice;
Sublime on clouds thy dark pavilion's set,
With shades and gloomy majesty involv'd.

THY hands the pointed lightnings lance around,
While peals of thunder ſhake the firmament:
At thy approach the kindling foreſts ſmoke,
And from their baſe the trembling mountains ſtart;
The rivers ebb and flow at thy command,
Obſerve their wonted courſe, or run reverſe;
At thy rebuke the frighted waves divide,
And with ſtupendous motion backward roll
Their cryſtal volumes to their inmoſt ſprings.

THOU all things canſt—thy mighty mandates heard,
Neceſſity and nature are no more;
Th' obedient elements diſſolve their league,
And wonderful effects atteſt the God.

THUS far we trace thee by unerring lights,
But what thou art beyond is ſtill unknown;
We launch in vain into the deep abyſs,
Thro' vaſt infinity thou fly'ſt our ſearch.

SOLILOQUY XLI.

YE lagging months and years, take ſwifter wings,
And bring the promis'd day, when all my hopes
Shall be fulfill'd; when that reſplendent face,
Which yonder folding clouds conceal, ſhall dawn
With everlaſting ſmiles, ſmiles that inſpire
Immortal life and undecaying joy.
Bleſt period! why art thou ſo long delay'd?
O ſtretch thy ſhining wings, and leave behind
The lazy minutes in their tedious courſe!

I CALL

I CALL in vain; the hours muſt be fulfill'd,
And all their winding circles meaſur'd out;
In grief and wild complaints I yet muſt wait
The day, and tell my ſorrows to the winds;
Forlorn I thro' the gloomy woods muſt ſtray,
And teach the murm'ring ſtreams my tender theme:
The woods and ſtreams already know my grief,
And oft are witneſs to the mournful tale;
While the pale moon in ſilent majeſty
Her midnight empire holds, and all the ſtars
In ſolemn order on her ſtate attend.

THOU moon, I cry, and all ye ling'ring ſtars,
How long muſt you theſe tedious circles roll!
When ſhall the great commiſſion'd angel ſtay
Your ſhining courſe, and with uplifted hand,
Swear by the dread unutterable Name,
'That Time ſhall be no more?

THEN you no more ſhall turn the rolling year,
Nor lead the flow'ry ſpring, nor gently guide
The ſummer on with all her various ſtore;
Great nature then thro' all her diff'rent works
Shall be transform'd, the earth and thoſe gay ſkies
Shall be no more the ſame! A brighter ſcene
Succeeds, and paradiſe in all its charms
Renew'd; but far the bliſsful ſtate improv'd,
And fit for minds to whom the mighty Maker
Shall give the glorious viſion of his face,
Unveil'd and ſmiling with eternal love.

O INFINITE delight! my eager ſoul
Springs forward to embrace the promis'd joy,
And antedates its heav'n. The lightſome fields,
And bliſsful groves are open to my view,
The ſongs of angels and their ſilver lutes
Delight me, while th' Omnipotent they ſing.
On all his glorious titles long they dwell,
But Love, unbounded Love, commands the ſong;
Their darling ſubject this, and nobleſt theme.
Here let my raviſh'd ſoul forever dwell,
Here let me gaze, nor turn one careleſs look
On yonder hated world, here let me drink
Full draughts of bliſs, and bathe in boundleſs floods
Of life and joy, here let me ſtill converſe.

IT cannot be! mortality returns.
Ye radiant ſkies, adieu! ye ſtarry worlds,
Ye bliſsful ſcenes, and walks of paradiſe!
I muſt fulfil my day, and wait the hour
That brings eternal liberty and reſt.

YET while I ſojourn in this gloomy waſte,
And trace with weary ſteps life's doubtful road;
Permit me, ye gay realms, permit me oft
To viſit you, and meditate your joys.
Whether my part in this great theatre
Be joyous or ſevere, let the fair hopes,
The charming proſpect of eternal reſt,
Be preſent with my ſoul, mix with my joys,
And ſoften all my intervals of grief.

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY XLII.

I WILL not let thee go without a blessing;
By thy great name I enter my protest,
Never to leave thee, 'till I see thy word
Accomplish'd to my vows, 'till thou wish-full
And cloudless demonstration to my soul
Reveal thy promis'd grace. Regard my sighs,
My secret pantings to be near to thee!
Wilt thou forever fly my earnest search,
Shut out my pray'r, and keep this painful distance?

WHERE is the obstacle, the fatal bar,
The curst partition, that divides my soul
From all its joys? 'Tis sin, detested sin!
From hence arise these separating clouds,
These sullen shadows that conceal thy face,
And darken all the prospect of my bliss.

BUT thou the fair, the bright, the morning star,
Canst with thy darting glories chase these shades,
And break the thick, the complicated night.
In great forgiveness thou wilt hide thy shame;
And much forgiven, I shall love much,
And stand a glorious instance of thy grace;
Where sin abounds, its lustre shall abound.
My grateful heart and tongue to praises tun'd,
Shall tell with transport the amazing heights
Of love, of wisdom, of redeeming grace.

JESUS! my only hope, my advocate,
My gracious mediator! O defend
My trembling guilty soul, from all the storms
Of wrath divine! be thou a hiding-place,
A covert from the wind, a safe retreat
From all the terror of avenging pow'r,
And justice infinite! Thy blood can cleanse
My deepest stains, and purify my soul
From all its native, and contracted guilt:
In that clear fountain of immortal life
Let me be cleans'd and throughly sanctify'd.
I come a helpless, miserable wretch,
And throw myself, and all my future hopes
On mercy infinite; reject me not,
Thou Saviour of the sinful race of men!

A PARA-

A PARAPHRASE *on* CANTICLES.

In blank verse.

A DIVINE PASTORAL.

August, 1735.

CHAPTER I.

SHE.

O COME! and with thy balmy kisses sooth
These holy languishments, and let thy breath
With vital fragrance chear my drooping pow'rs:
Not spicy wines with their delicious scent,
And cordial flavour, so revive the soul.

THY name is music! when I mention thee,
Celestial sweetness fills the ambient air;
The lift'ning virgins find the heav'nly charm,
Confess thy worth, and catch the sacred flame.

O DRAW me with the soft, resistless bands
Of gentle love, and I will follow thee
To those fair chambers, where my gracious King
With royal banquets feasts my longing soul,
And seals his truth in sacramental wine.
But who can paint the rising ecstasy

His preſence gives, while on his charming face
Sit ſmiling beauty, and immortal love?

HAVE I deſerv'd this grace? my conſcious heart
Forbids the guilty boaſt; for I am black
As *Kedar*'s tents; expos'd at burning noon
The ſultry ſun has ſtain'd my native hue.
But who ſhall aſk my glorious Lover why
His favours, thus unmerited, are plac'd?

CONDUCT me, thou more dear to me than life!
Conduct me where thy ſnowy flocks are fed,
In verdant meads among the living ſprings
That gently wind around their flow'ry banks:
There let me ſhelter'd in the cool receſs
Of ſome delightful ſhade, repoſe at noon;
Nor ever from thy ſacred paſtures ſtray
In paths unknown, nor hear a ſtranger's voice.

H. E.

THOU faireſt object that the world can boaſt!
Keep near the ſhepherds tents; thy little kids
May there ſecurely feed, and ſafely reſt,
Follow the bleating of my harmleſs flocks,
And mark their foot-ſteps on the graſſy plain.

WHAT artleſs graces on thy mien appear!
Not *Pharaoh*'s manag'd ſteeds with eaſier ſtate,
In golden reins, the royal chariot draw.
Where'er I gaze, new beauties charm my ſight.
The ſparkling pendants on thy bluſhing cheeks
More warmly glow, while from thy lovely neck
The circling chain new blandiſhment receives.

YE nymphs of *Salem*, with your nicest art
Prepare the nuptial veil: On braided gold,
Let silver foliage round the border shine.

SHE.

WHILE at his royal board the heav'nly King
Vouchsafes to entertain his joyful guests,
Let all my spikenard yield its rich perfume:
But oh! what sweetness like his holy breath?
Not myrrhe new bleeding from the wounded tree,
Nor blest *Arabia* thro' her spicy groves
Such fragrance blows. He all the silent night
Shall lean his head upon my peaceful breast.

As cluster'ring camphire, with a livelier green
Distinguish'd, in *Engedi*'s vineyard stands,
Thus with peculiar charms thy heav'nly form
Surpasses all the pride of human race.
Not half so bright the eyes of doves as thine,
Their lustre all similitude exceeds:
Description faints, when I would talk of thee.

BUT I shall praise thee in a loftier strain,
When in the blissful bow'rs above we meet;
Those glorious mansions rais'd by skill divine,
Where crown'd with peace and ever verdant youth,
The jocund hours dance on their endless round.

CHAPTER II.

HE.

A BLOOM like thine the vernal roſe diſplays
On *Sharon*'s flow'ry lawn; ſo pure a white
The fragrant lily of the valley wears:
As theſe among the rambling briars ſhine,
My fair excels the daughters of the land.

SHE.

MY prince diſtinguiſh'd with ſuperior charms,
Out-ſhines the brighteſt of the ſons of men;
As ſome tall tree, with golden apples crown'd,
Stands eminent, the glory of the grove:
Beneath his cooling ſhade reclin'd I ſate,
And ſooth'd my taſte with the delicious fruit.

HE to his houſe of banqueting the King
With gracious ſmiles invites, and o'er my head
The banners of immortal love diſplays;
Its ſacred myſteries unfolded there,
Emblazon'd, ſhew the triumphs of his grace.

WITH flowing bowls from life's eternal ſpring,
And heav'nly fruits refreſh my fainting ſoul;
For I am ſick of love.—O let me lean
My drooping head upon thy downy breaſt;
While thy left arm ſupports me, let thy right
Kindly unfold me in a chaſte imbrace.

HE.

HE.

JERUSALEM's fair daughters, that attend
The princely bow'rs, I charge you by the hinds,
The nimble roe-bucks, and the ſportive fawns,
(Your ſylvan joys) I charge you not to wake
My ſleeping Love, nor break her golden reſt.

SHE.

WHAT heav'nly muſic ſteals upon the dawn?
'Tis my Beloved's voice! behold! he comes,
Light as a bounding hart along the hills;
Now thro' the lattice darts his radiant eyes,
And in this gentle language calls me forth.
'Ariſe, my Charmer! ſee! the morning breaks
'In roſy ſmiles; the win'try ſtorms are gone,
'The fragrant ſpring, with flow'ry chaplets crown'd,
'Leads on her jovial train; the feather'd race
'In artleſs harmony unite their ſtrains,
'While cooing turtles murmur in the glade;
'The pregnant fig-tree ſhoots, the purple vine
'With promis'd cluſters chears the prunet's hope;
'Nature in all her vernal glory ſhines:
'Ariſe, my Fair! ariſe, and come away!'

HE.

FROM the cool grotto's of the marble rock
Come forth, my Dove, diſplay thy lovely face,
And let thy charming voice delight mine ear;
Thy voice is muſick, harmony divine,
And in thy face celeſtial beauty ſmiles.

Ye keepers of my vineyard, ſpread the toils
To catch the wily foxes, that deſtroy
The ſwelling cluſters rich with purple juice.

SHE.

My Lord is mine, and I am wholly his
By purchas'd right, and voluntary vows,
Among the lilies he delights to walk,
Himſelf more fragrant, and more fair than they!

O STAY! nor leave me 'till the morning rays
Break from the eaſt, and diſſipate the gloom:
Then if I muſt a while thy abſence mourn,
Swift as the hart on *Bether*'s airy hills,
Return again, and bleſs my longing eyes.

CHAPTER III.

SHE.

'TWAS night, when on my reſtleſs bed I fought,
But fought in vain the partner of my cares,
For he was now withdrawn: In ſoft complaints
I breath'd my grief, but there was no reply.
With haſte I riſe, and thro' the ſpacious ſtreets
Diſtracted rove; at laſt, the nightly watch
I met, but they no conſolation give.

Not

Not far from them my weary feet had gone,
E'er the bright object of my love appear'd;
Eager I clasp'd him in my folded arms;
Then gently drew him to my mother's house,
The sacred seat where first our mutual flames
With solemn vows, and holy rites were seal'd.

VIRGINS of *Salem*, by the forest roe,
And skipping fawn, I charge you not to wake
My slumb'ring Lord, nor break his soft repose.

SEE! where he comes from his sequester'd bow'r,
And with celestial fragrance fills the air,
Perfum'd with all the aromatic cost,
That rich *Sabæa*'s spicy groves produce:
Such sweets in clouds of holy incense rise,
When eastern odours on the altar smoke.

THE regal bed a valiant guard surrounds;
Threescore the boldest sons of *Judah*'s race,
With each a sword girt on his manly thigh,
To free the night from terror and alarm.

KING *Solomon* with wond'rous art prepar'd
A chariot blazing with imperial cost:
The frame was polish'd wood from *Lebanon*,
Its pedestals of gold, in equal height
The silver pillars rose, the gay support
Of purple curtains, proud with *Tyrian* dye,
The seat beneath was softly pav'd with love.

DAUGHTERS

DAUGHTERS of *Salem*, ſee the *Hebrew* King
Crown'd with the beauteous wreath his mother plac'd
About his temples, on that happy day
When bridal rites completed all his bliſs!

CHAPTER IV.

HE.

WHAT ſparkling language can deſcribe my fair?
Not all the various charms that nature boaſts,
In gay ſimilitudes can reach her worth.

LESS mild than her's the eyes of doves appear.
Her treſſes waving to the ſporting wind,
Look like the friſking kids on *Gilead*'s plain.
In equal rows her teeth appear more white
Than ſheep new-ſhorn, waſh'd in the cryſtal brook.
Her lips like threads of ſcarlet: When ſhe ſpeaks
In ſweeteſt ſounds the melting accents flow.
Her roſy cheeks glow thro' the flowing curls,
Like ripe pomegranates bluſhing on the tree.
Like *David*'s lofty tow'r her graceful neck,
Circled with gems, as that with glitt'ring ſhields.
Her breaſts, the ſeat of innocence and truth,
Harmleſs and white as twins of gentle roes,
Which in ſome fragrant ſpot of lilies feed.

TILL the celeſtial morn with golden beams
Diſpels the gloom, and chears the duſky ſky,
I'll haſten to the hills of frankincenſe,
And dropping myrrhe; while thro' the ſilent ſhades
Refreſhing gales their balmy breath diffuſe.

How fair thou art! how ſpotleſs in my ſight!
Return, my Love, from *Lebanon* with me
To *Shenir*'s groves, and *Hermon*'s flowry plain.
Look from the top of *Amana*, nor fear
The ſpotted leopard, or the lion's range.

A THOUSAND graces lighten in thy eyes;
In pleaſing chains thy captive I am held,
My Spouſe! my Siſter!——If beyond theſe names
Of chaſte affection, there are dearer ties,
Still thou art more to me! My raviſh'd heart
Dwells on thy heav'nly beauties, and prefers
Thy love to all the joys of ſprightly wine.
Not honey dropping from the luſcious comb
Exceeds the ſweetneſs on thy balmy lips.
The vernal ſcents of *Lebanon* perfume
Thy flowing veſt with aromatic dews.

A GARDEN well incloſ'd, a fountain ſeal'd
From all unholy and profane acceſs,
Such is my Love to me: As fertile too,
As ſome fair orchard crown'd with ev'ry plant
Grateful in taſte or ſmell.——Thro' verdant leaves
The large pomegranate's ripen'd ſcarlet glows,

While ſpikenard, caſſia, frankincenſe and myrrhe
Their humid odours yield: The golden bloom
Of ſaffron ſpreads its treaſures to the ſun.

BUT thou art ſweeter than the flow'ry ſpring,
Or bleſt *Arabia* when her ſpices blow;
Thy mind unſully'd as the cryſtal ſtreams
That plenteous flow from tow'ring *Lebanon*.

SHE.

AWAKE, thou north, ye ſouthern breezes riſe,
With ſilken wings your balmy vapour ſpread,
And open ev'ry aromatic bloom!
While my Beloved with his preſence glads
The ſylvan ſcenes, and taſtes my pleaſant fruits.

CHAPTER V.

HE.

I COME, my lovely Siſter and my Spouſe!
Thoſe ſpicy groves, and ever-blooming bow'rs
Invite me often to their happy ſhades;
Balſamic odours and delicious fruits
With various plenty entertain me here.

O COME, my friends, the banquet is divine!
Indulge your taſte, and recreate your ſouls
With heav'nly food, and conſecrated wines.

SHE.

SHE.

UNWELCOME slumbers steal upon my sense,
I sleep, but still my list'ning fancy wakes.
'Tis my beloved speaks, I know the voice:
' My fair, my undefil'd! he gently cries,
' Unbolt these envious doors; 'tis I that call
' For entrance here: My locks with drizly dews,
' And falling moisture of the night are fill'd.
' My vesture's off, my cruel tongue reply'd,
' How can I put it on? My feet new-wash'd
' How can I groping thro' the dark defile?'

STILL at the door my injur'd Lord attends,
While on the lock his busy fingers move:
Touch'd with a soft remorse, at last I rise,
Flew to the door; but while with eager haste
The fasten'd lock I search, sweet smelling myrrhe
From ev'ry bolt its precious moisture shed;
The rich perfume my lover's hands had left.
With joyful speed the passage I unbarr'd,
But found my visionary bliss was gone.
My soul with anguish melted when he spoke,
And now with wild distraction sees her guilt.
I call'd in vain, for there was no reply,
In vain I search'd, for he was now withdrawn:
Then pensive wand'ring thro' the silent streets,
The watchmen found me, and with cruel scorn
Reproach my honour and unblemish'd name.
The scoffing centry took away my veil.

BUT you, bright maids of *Salem*, I adjure
By your own chaste affections, if you find

My

My Lord, with all your tender eloquence
Relate the anguiſh of my love ſick heart.

VIRGINS.

INFORM us then, thou faireſt of thy ſex!
For whom thoſe melting tears are ſhed in vain;
Tell us with what peculiar excellence
Superior to the race of men he ſhines.

SHE.

AMONG ten thouſand he diſtinguiſh'd ſtands.
A ſpotleſs white with roſy bluſhes ſtain'd
Adorns his face, bright as a cloudleſs morn,
With crimſon fluſh'd. In ſhining curls his hair
Flows graceful down, black as the raven's plumes.
His eyes, the eyes of doves, ſerene and mild.
A vernal bloom upon his youthful cheeks
And balmy lips perpetually reſides.
To what ſhall I his matchleſs hands compare,
And ſnowy fingers? whence the circling gems
Receive more grace and luſtre than they give.
His well-ſhap'd legs in juſt proportion riſe,
Like marble pillars on a baſe of gold.
Majeſtic and complete his form appears,
As tow'ring *Lebanon* with cedars crown'd.
Perſuaſion dwells upon his charming tongue,
And eloquence divine: Whene'er he ſpeaks
My ſoul with ecſtaſy attends the ſound.
He's altogether lovely!——This is he,
My friend, my life, and my eternal bliſs!

CHAPTER VI.

VIRGINS.

THOU prime of beauty! tell us where to find
Thy absent Lord; to what sequester'd shade
Does he retire? that we may seek him there.

SHE.

THE fertile gardens are his pleasing haunts:
With balmy scents and juicy fruits regal'd,
On flow'ry beds he takes his sweet repose.

THO' absent now, my well-beloved's mine,
And I am his: Immortal love has join'd
Our constant hearts; nor place, nor endless lengths
Of time shall e'er the sacred union break.

HE.

SEE here she comes!——but how divinely fair!
Should *Tirza* with its lofty turrets rise,
Or *Salem*'s golden spires the landscape paint,
A finer prospect in her face I view.
Should armies march along in pompous ranks,
With ensigns spread, and glitt'ring spears advanc'd,
Her glances yet more conqu'ring rays would dart—
O turn away thy bright resistless eyes!
They overcome me with their piercing light.

As

As *Gilead*'s riſing top with flocks adorn'd,
Thy temples thus the curling treſſes grace.
Not ſheep, new-waſh'd, with ſnowy twins, appear
More white and equal than thy poliſh'd teeth:
Nor half ſo fair the ripe pomegranate's bluſh,
As that which glows upon thy blooming cheek.

UNNUMBER'D beauties grace *Judæa*'s court,
And royal maids their ſov'reign's will attend;
But thou art one ſelected from the reſt,
Thy mother's blooming joy and only care.
The queens and virgins ſaw thy matchleſs form,
Approv'd thy charms, and bleſt thee with their ſmiles.

THY lovely aſpect, as the morning clear,
Fair as the ſilver moon, but darting light
More warm and ſplendid than the mid-day ſun!
Thy mien majeſtic, as the pompous ſhow
Of armies in a proud triumphant march!

ALONG the ſpicy groves and flow'ry vales,
Delighted with their various ſweets I walk'd,
Survey'd the ſpringing plants, the curling vines,
And fair pomegranates in their luſcious bloom.
But oh! the bleſt ſurprize, when unaware
Thy lovely form among the trees I ſaw:
Wing'd with deſire my haſty ſteps out-flew
Aminadab's light chariots in their ſpeed.

RETURN, my charming *Shulamite*, return
With me to thoſe inviting ſhades again;
Our joys the ſame as when two armies join'd
In peaceful leagues, forget their hoſtile claims.

CHAPTER VII.

H E.

THOU lovely offspring of a princely race,
How graceful is thy mien! Thy ſlender legs
With buſkins ty'd of ornamental coſt!
What juſt proportion ſhines in ev'ry part?
What artful hand ſuch excellence can trace?

LIKE ſummer harveſts fruitful, and as fair
As ſilver lilies in their ſnowy pride.
Her breaſts like twins of young unſpotted roes.
Her neck an iv'ry column fitly plac'd.
But what can match the ſplendor of her eyes?
Not *Heſhbon*'s limpid current, when the ſun
Reflected ſparkles on the cryſtal wave.
As *Lebanon*'s high palace, op'ning wide
In dazzling proſpect to the diſtant hills,
Such perfect ſymmetry her features boaſt.
As *Carmel*'s top with plenteous verdure crown'd,
Her head a flowing length of ſhining hair
With silken ringlets decks.—Th' enamour'd king,
Held by her beauty, in the gallery ſtays.

How fair thou art! how faſhion'd for delight!
Thy ſtature like the ſhapely palm, thy breaſts
Like ſwelling cluſters of the juicy vine:
I'll climb the palm, and with its verdant boughs
My joyful temples crown; the juicy vine
Shall with its ſwelling cluſters pleaſe my taſte.

THE

THE vernal sweetness of thy rosy lips
The ambient air perfumes; while in thy voice
Celestial music charms my list'ning ears:
Thy voice would stay, th' invading sleep of death,
And with immortal rapture fill the soul.

SHE.

WHAT joy can equal this transporting thought,
That my Beloved's mine, and I am his!
Come, let us to the peaceful village haste,
There lodge at night; and at the early dawn,
With thee I'll range the solitary fields,
Observe the vineyards, how their branches shoot,
How in its prime the fresh pomegranate glows;
These pleasing scenes shall tender thoughts inspire,
Improve our joys, and sooth the heav'nly flame.
Come, let us hasten to our country seat,
The blooming season in its prime appears;
The mandrakes at our gates perfume the air;
Within, what choice autumnal plenty yields,
Or early springs produce, fruits new and old
Of pleasing taste, are all reserv'd for thee.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHE.

O COULD I call thee by a brother's name,
That tender title would indulge my bliss;
While unrestrain'd by thy superior claims

I'd

I'd lead thee to my mother's rural ſeat,
And with domeſtic kindneſs treat thee there,
With ſpicy wines and ſweet pomegranate's juice;
Then leaning on thy boſom gently reſt,
While thou ſhouldſt fold me in a chaſte embrace.

YE virgin train, I charge you not to wake
My ſleeping lover from his ſoft repoſe.

HE.

COME lean, my fair, on this ſupporting arm,
The care to guide thy gentle ſteps be mine,
Along this bloomy foreſt's winding paths:
Theſe pleaſing ſcenes the pleaſing thought revive,
When firſt thy mother brought thee to my arms;
Beneath a ſpreading tree's delightful ſhade
I ſaw, and rais'd thee from the lowly ground.

SHE.

FOREVER bleſt be that auſpicious hour,
And may the ſoft impreſſion ne'er be loſt!
O ſet me as a ſignet on thy heart!
For love is ſtrong as death, and jealouſy
Relentleſs as the grave; and mine's a flame
That ſtreams, that ſwelling fountains cannot quench,
Nor all the ocean's boundleſs ſtores allay.

I HAVE a ſiſter yet obſcure and young,
A helpleſs orphan; let my gracious prince
With pity think on her defenceleſs ſtate.

HE.

HE.

IF worthy of our royal grace ſhe prove,
A palace rich with ſilver roofs we'll raiſe,
Inclos'd with doors of cedar for her guard.

SHE.

SUCH was the favour, ſo divinely free,
That firſt with gentle and propitious eyes
Beheld my humble charms, and rais'd me thus.

HE.

HIS vineyard *Solomon* to keepers lets;
But mine, intruſted to no hireling's hands,
With pleaſing toil employs my buſy hours,
And is my conſtant, my peculiar care.
With thee, my Love, converſing in the ſhades,
The downy moments wing'd with pleaſure fly;
Still I could liſten to thy charming voice:
Thy fair companions too inſtructed hear
Thy gracious words, and catch the heav'nly ſound.

SHE.

MY Lord! my Life; my ſoul's eternal bliſs!
Haſte to my longing arms! fly like the roe,
Or bounding hart, on *Bether*'s ſpicy hills!

An ODE *on* VIRTUE.

I.

CELESTIAL Virtue, offspring of the sky,
For thee alone I touch the trembling string:
Assist thy modest votary,
And take the humble incense that I bring:
Excuse at least the doubtful song,
While mortal lays the lofty subject wrong.

II.

THY charms, bright Virtue, all mankind confess;
And ev'n the monster Vice,
When she th' unpractis'd sinner would entice,
To meet his first attempt she borrows thy address,
Is bashful yet and nice,
A virgin delicacy seems to wear:
For should her own deformity
Without disguise appear,
What doating wretch but would the terror fly?
What desp'rate fool, should she unveil her face,
Would tempt perdition, for the curst embrace?

III.

PRECEDING times in great examples show
What human minds, inspir'd by thee, can do.
By gen'rous principles and honour led,
The lovely *Syrian*, in his blooming age,
Refus'd the fond *Egyptian*'s bed,
And stedfastly repuls'd her am'rous rage.

IV.

WHEN ancient *Tanis* in her glory ſtood,
Proud of her palmy groves and ſacred flood;
Which gently flowing from its heav'nly ſource,
Enrich'd her level borders with its courſe:
Vaſt pyramids, with elevated heads,
Pointed the plains, and ſtretch'd their ſpiral ſhades
To diſtant woods, and far-extended meads.
Rich *Thebes*, devoted to the God of day,
Stood, like her own reſplendent planet, gay.
The lofty domes with golden luſtre ſhone,
An hundred gates adorn'd the pop'lous town;
The buildings all were rais'd with wond'rous coſt,
With ſilver foliage the high roofs emboſs'd;
Well-finiſh'd ſculpture on the walls was ſhewn;
For art was here in full perfection known,
E'er *Phidias* wrought in *Parian* ſtone,
Or *Greece* her ſkilful *Dædalus* could boaſt.
Th' *Egyptian* court with ſoft *Aſſyria* vy'd
In all her luxury and pride:
But *Pharaoh*'s age no promis'd heir ſupply'd;
His beauteous daughter all his hopes betray'd,
To *Iſis* ſhe herſelf had vow'd
A conſecrated maid:
The ſacred creſcent on her breaſt ſhe wore,
Her robe with golden ſtars was ſpangled o'er.
To *Nilus*' banks the pious fair,
Performing holy rites, did now repair;
When from the ſhore an infant's feeble cries
Her virgin train ſurprize:
Among the reads a lovely boy they found,
His temples with an ambient glory crown'd,
Divine preſages ſparkled in his face,
Unvulgar beauty, and expreſsleſs grace.

The

The Gods have thus, the joyful princeſs cry'd,
My father's wiſhes with an heir ſupply'd.
Young *Moſes*, her adopted ſon ſhe nam'd;
But when his years had reach'd their manly prime,
The title he diſclaim'd;
Govern'd by motives more ſublime,
While heav'nly Virtue his high thoughts inflam'd.

V.

By heav'nly Virtue led,
Th' *Egyptian* court, and all its pomp he fled;
And wand'ring far away on *Midian* plains,
An humble life he choſe among the ſwains.
In moving lays he taught the rural throng
Celeſtial truths; while liſt'ning to his ſtrain,
The flying winds their breath retain,
And winding currents ſlowly glide along.
Of chaos and the world's great birth he ſung,
How from the word divine the fair creation ſprung.
High *Horeb* from his cloudy ſummit heard
The tuneful ſounds, long e'er the *Thracian* bard,
On *Hæmus'* banks, in potent numbers ſtrove
A ſavage nation wiſely to improve.

VI.

When on *Bethoron*'s plains great *Joſhua* chas'd
The *Amorean* kings;
Leſt darkneſs o'er their flight her veil ſhould caſt,
And from his ſword protect them with her wings,
Forward before his wond'ring troops he ſprang,
Pois'd in his hand a trembling jav'lin hung;
Mov'd by an inſtigation all divine,
Heroic Virtue, the great hint was thine.
When on the ſparkling ſkies
The daring warrior fix'd his eyes,

Some God the ſoldiers in his face regard,
While from his lips theſe mighty words they heard.
Thou ſun, he boldly cry'd, thou ſun, ſtand ſtill,
Nor ſtretch the ſhades on *Gibeah*'s lofty hill;
And thou, fair moon, retard thy haſty flight,
And gild the vales of *Ajalon* at night!
Aſtoniſh'd nature inſtantly obey'd,
And in a deep ſuſpenſe the heav'nly motions ſtay'd.

VII.

Nor leave the tuneful heroine un-nam'd,
Ye virgin muſes, who her breaſt inflam'd,
Virtue no brighter votary can boaſt,
No brighter names in all her liſt appear;
The warrior's crown, and poet's wreath ſhe claim'd,
She touch'd the lyre, and ſhook the pointed ſpear,
The life and glory of the *Hebrew* hoſt:
Old *Kiſhon* to her aid his billows brought,
And on her ſide the marſhall'd planets fought.

VIII.

The *Medes* ſubdu'd, and *Echatana* raz'd;
The haughty *Perſian* with freſh laurels grac'd,
To *Jordan*'s banks his num'rous forces led.
Wide as the eaſtern rule is ſpread,
The diſtant realms his glad aſſiſtants come:
From *Serica*, and *Oxus*' borders ſome,
From *Indus*' and imperial *Ganges*' ſhores,
And where *Jaxartes*' rapid current roars,
The hardy race on wild *Hyrcania* bred,
Advanc'd with bold intrepid breaſts.
The tall *Armenians* with their waving creſts,
And *Parthians* with their backward bows,
A gaudful ſcene on *Hebron*'s plains diſcloſe.

But

But none in courage or in splendor vy'd
With the gay troops that left the flow'ry fields,
Where royal *Ulai* rolls his crystal tide;
Their helmets gold, and gold their blazing shields,
With dancing plumes and *Tyrian* scarves, from far
They shone the pride and terror of the war:
With airy feet their coursers spurn'd the plains,
In silver trappings deck'd;
With silver curbs and scarlet reins
Their fiery rage their graceful riders check'd.
Incamp'd before the sacred hill they lay,
Where *Salem*'s lofty tow'rs their strength display.

IX.

While to their great forefather's aid
With stedfast zeal the sons of *Israel* pray'd;
The potent pray'r prevails; a *Hebrew* dame
By Heav'n was destin'd to the great event,
To fix a scandal on th' *Assyrian* name,
A lasting scandal, and immortal shame.
Led by the mighty impulse, *Judith* went
Undaunted to the *Persian* leader's tent;
The chief with wonder gazes on the fair,
Her gesture free, engaging all her air.
A nice reserve and modest pride
Chasten'd the native softness in her looks descry'd.
Her features nobly turn'd, her cheeks disclose
A fresher blush than paints the blooming rose.
Her eyes were black, and black her shining hair;
Black as the midnight clouds, which sometimes grace
With chequer'd shades the moon's refulgent face;
Part to the sight was in loose curls expos'd,
The rest a spangled caul inclos'd:

To that a white tranſparent veil was join'd,
Which negligently hover'd to the wind.
With envious art a ſhade of fineſt lawn
Was o'er her ſwelling boſom drawn.
A ſparkling diamond hung at either ear,
And rubies round her ſwelling neck appear.
Her robes were coſtly ſilk, and ev'ry fold
Vary'd with blue and winding ſtreaks of gold.
She ſoon protection and redreſs obtain'd;
While from the *Perſian* chief
Her moving words procur'd belief,
And eaſy credit gain'd.
A rich pavilion to his own adjoin'd,
Was to the fair that night aſſign'd,
Aſſur'd from all a juſt reſpect to find.
The charming *Hebrew* with her maid retir'd,
And left the gen'ral with her beauty fir'd;
But gentle ſleep his am'rous cares appeas'd,
While thro' the camp the midnight riot ceas'd.
Darkneſs and ſilence now combine
To favour *Judith* in her great deſign.
Undaunted Virtue fill'd her breaſt,
Undaunted Virtue her whole ſoul poſſeſt;
While by a glimm'ring taper led,
She found the ſleeping warrior's bed:
His ſword with an audacious air ſhe took,
And freed her nation at one noble ſtroke.

X.

By *Grecian* heroes wonders have been done,
And laſting fame for great atchievements won;
But all they tell wild fictions prove,
[illegible]ated armor, and aſſiſting *Jove*.

No

No partial Goddess to *Achilles* brought
A spear and seven-fold shield by *Vulcan* wrought.
No *Pallas* to the field *Atrides* led,
Nor grac'd the chariot with young *Diomed*,
When from his raging sword the *Trojans* fled;
But Virtue own'd the *Argive*'s cause,
Avenging breach of faith and hospitable laws:
Their best success was owing still to thee,
Their prosp'rous Genius thou, and aiding Deity.

XI.

AT ancient *Rome* thy name was long ador'd,
For thee they drew, for thee they sheath'd the sword.
Great *Numa* oft' convers'd with thee,
Amidst the gloomy night's solemnity.
While the pale moon with silver beams
Chequer'd the shades, and glimmer'd on the streams,
Egeria or *Urania*, nymphs divine,
He oft' invok'd by some clear fountain's fall:
However nam'd, the lovely form was thine
That answer'd still his call;
From thee he learn'd by gentle arts t' assuage
The *Sabines* sullen hatred, and the *Roman* rage
Nor *Faunus* gave (as story tells)
The peaceful prince fantastic spells;
To charm fierce lions from their prey,
Or swelling torrents in their banks to stay;
To turn the lightning's fatal force,
Or break the raging thunder's course;
These great effects, celestial Piety,
These great effects belong alone to thee.

XII.

MANLIUS and great *Camillus* owe to thee
Their fame and glorious immortality.

Horatius fought by thee sustain'd,
When singly he th' unequal war maintain'd;
In vain to pass the bridge the *Tuscans* strove,
Backward whole squadrons with his spear he drove;
Fix'd as his country's guardian God,
On *Tyber*'s banks the hero stood,
And stain'd the foaming stream with hostile blood.

XIII.

In vain ill omens would *Flaminius* fright;
In vain his courser, with unusual fears,
Still backward from the fight
The furious warrior bears;
Unmanag'd o'er the wide campaign he flew,
And from his seat the daring rider threw:
The daring rider mounts again,
And urg'd the battle on the destin'd plain:
Unterrify'd with *Hannibal*'s great name,
And full of martial flame,
Still foremost on the glitt'ring spears he prest,
The *Roman* Genius, for his life distrest,
With a prodigious earthquake shook the ground;
The violent force
Pour'd back the rivers to their inmost source,
Revers'd the floods, and chang'd their native course.
Thrice from the skies portentous thunders sound,
And thrice ill boding lightnings blaz'd around;
Nor earthquakes, lightnings, nor the thund'ring skies,
A breast with Virtue guarded can surprize:
Still resolute and bold,
Flaminius on the thickest dangers flies,
And bravely met the fate the warning Gods foretold.

XIV.

IF ever praise to *Roman* worth was due,
If ever Virtue could distinction claim,
Great *Scipio*, thy illustrious name
Shall stand the foremost in the lists of fame,
And future times thy triumphs shall renew.
The conduct of *Fabritius'* age,
And young *Minutius'* martial rage,
In thee were eminently found:
With all that men revere, or Heav'n applauds,
Thy glorious life was crown'd.
Rome's mighty empire seem'd alone on thee
Dependent for security:
Without thee, ev'n her boasted Gods
Had ill defended their own gay abodes.
Whatever wreaths at *Thebes* or *Troy* were gain'd,
Whatever fame at *Salamis* obtain'd,
Or at *Arbella*'s fatal field;
Their most illustrious deeds to thine must yield.
Nor wast thou in thy public life more great,
Than in thy last retreat
To the *Linternian* shades, thy humble seat.
In all things thou wast modest still and brave,
Neither to Vice, nor Virtue's self a slave;
Virtue was choice, delib'rate choice, in thee,
Not philosophic pride, nor dull necessity.

XV.

BRIGHT Goddess, what resistless charms are thine,
That men for thee all human things forego,
And willingly resign
The dearest ties and softest names below?
By what strange arguments dost thou engage
Unpractis'd youth, and spiritless old age,
To brave, for thee, the fiercest tyrant's rage?

Bright Goddeſs, thou the cauſe alone canſt tell,
And all the ſacred myſtery reveal.

XVI.

'Tis done! immortal light without controul
Comes ruſhing like a mighty torrent on my ſoul.
Tranſporting ſcenes are open'd to my eyes,
I ſee the inmoſt glories of the ſkies;
I ſee the bright diſtinguiſh'd crown,
That led the conqu'ring martyrs on;
I walk among the manſions of the Gods,
The ſoft receſſes, and the bleſt abodes;
I trace the happy vales and lightſome plains,
Where pleaſure, peace and love triumphant reigns:
Thro' all the region round
The voice of feſtival, and nuptial ſongs
Perpetually reſound.
Ineffable the reſt,
And by immortal tongues
Alone to be expreſt.
All hail, ye ſcourges, flames and tort'ring wheels!
Your force no more the ſhiv'ring fancy feels.
Enlighten'd thus, *Romanus* try'd
The tyrant's utmoſt cruelty and pride.
Lucius, with theſe bright proſpects fir'd,
And young *Horniſda*, their tormentors tir'd;
Rhea and *Dionyſia* trampled down
Oppoſing hell, and gain'd the martyr's crown.

XVII.

WITH arts more fatal *Decius* ſtrove
Nicetas' fortitude to move.

In